the American Scholar

WINTER 1980/81 PRICE $3.00

A Bilingual Childhood
RICHARD RODRIGUEZ

What Is It All About?
W. V. QUINE

In Praise of Memory
CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

C.S. Lewis
JOHN WAIN

Marjorie Hope Nicolson
MORRIS FREEDMAN

A Special Section

ART BOOKS
CREIGHTON GILBERT · WILLIAM HALEY · JAMES KAUFMANN
HILTON KRAMER · BEAUMONT NEWHALL · SONYA RUDIKOFF
DENYS SUTTON · WYLIE SYPHER · EUGENE VICTOR THAW
GEORGE WOODCOCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This arresting book will make you think, in a whole new way, about the things you say

Metaphors We Live By

George Lakoff and **Mark Johnson**

Metaphors, Lakoff and Johnson hold, are not mere poetical or rhetorical embellishments but part of everyday language that affects the ways in which we perceive, think, and act. The authors show how reality is defined by metaphor and how, as metaphors vary from culture to culture, so do the realities they define.

"The book is the most original and valuable thing I've seen on the much-discussed topic of metaphor...I found the book extremely readable and well-argued. It maintains a high standard of precision despite the authors' avoidance of formalism and their great restraint in introducing technical terms."—James D. McCawley, University of Chicago

"A well-written and entertaining book and a gold mine of examples and ideas to researchers outside of linguistics...A door has been opened to a new aspect of human language."—Jaime G. Carbonell, Carnegie-Mellon University

$13.95

University of Chicago Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO FEED THEIR HOPES

A Book of American Women

JOHN SANFORD

Foreword by Annette K. Baxter

A stunning collection of vignettes depicting the hardships, determination, despair, and redemption of women living in a society dominated by men. Such familiar women as Eleanor Roosevelt, Isadora Duncan, Georgia O'Keeffe, Josephine Baker, Helen Keller, Flannery O'Connor, Pocahontas, Alice B. Toklas, Sally Hemings, Joan Crawford, and Kate Chopin are to be found in Sanford's gallery, as well as many others, both fictional and real, from nearly every walk of American life. "Sanford demonstrates that it is possible for men, willing to equip themselves with knowledge and empathy, to scale the tangled emotional barbed wire between the sexes and cross over into understanding. . . . His canvas is broad, his sympathies tender, his insights keen." — Annette K. Baxter, Barnard College. $12.95

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
Box 5081, Station A., Champaign, IL 61820

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RENAISSANCE SELF-FASHIONING

From More to Shakespeare

Stephen Greenblatt

"[Greenblatt] uses literary works and literary figures as ways of investigating and gaining access to the inner shape of English Renaissance culture, the particular forces that defined this period as a culture. . . .His book opens paths which I believe scholars will and ought to be treading for years to come."
—Richard Strier, University of Chicago

Cloth 272 pages $20.00

MATHEMATICS AND HUMOR

John Allen Paulos

"With Dr. Paulos's breakthrough, Americans may have the means to recover the capacity to spot baloney no matter how it is sliced. . . . Paulos ventures the definition of a joke that is the very essence of smart political rhetoric—'a sort of structured ambiguity.' "—*Time*

Cloth 120 pages $12.95

THE CULTURE OF PUBLIC PROBLEMS

Drinking-Driving and the Symbolic Order

Joseph R. Gusfield

Using drinking and driving as a case-example of a public problem, Gusfield emphasizes the role of language and ritual in creating a sense of order and authority in human behavior.

Cloth 272 pages $20.00

THE CULT OF THE SAINTS

Its Rise and Function in Latin Christianity

Peter Brown

Brown contends that the cult of the saints was not a survival of the worship of ancient gods, but a stabilizing force in the harsh world of the late Roman Empire and its barbarian aftermath.

Cloth 200 pages $15.00

Now in Paperback

Three of **R. K. Narayan's** Best

SWAMI AND FRIENDS

Paper 192 pages $3.95
Also available in cloth

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

With an Introduction by Graham Greene
Paper 268 pages $3.95
Also available in cloth

THE ENGLISH TEACHER

Paper 184 pages $3.95
Also available in cloth

University of Chicago Press Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the American Scholar

Published for
General Circulation
by
PHI BETA KAPPA

EDITORIAL BOARD

JERVIS ANDERSON
JEREMY BERNSTEIN
FREEMAN DYSON
PAUL FREUND
PETER GAY
CLIFFORD GEERTZ
OWEN GINGERICH
HELEN VENDLER
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB
CARL KAYSEN
HILTON KRAMER
ARNALDO MOMIGLIANO
ROBERT NISBET
EDWARD SHILS
BARBARA TUCHMAN

JOSEPH EPSTEIN, *Editor*
EDGAR F. SHANNON, JR., *Consulting Editor*
JEAN STIPICEVIC, *Managing Editor*
LISA McAULIFFE, *Associate Editor*
MARY ELINORE SMITH, *Editorial Assistant*
CARLEY STRAUGHAN, *Subscription Manager*

Advertising Representative: CREATIVE IMAGES, INC., 2108 Kingshouse Road, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904. Telephone: 301-384-2440.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR (ISSN 0003-0937), published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C., and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1980 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

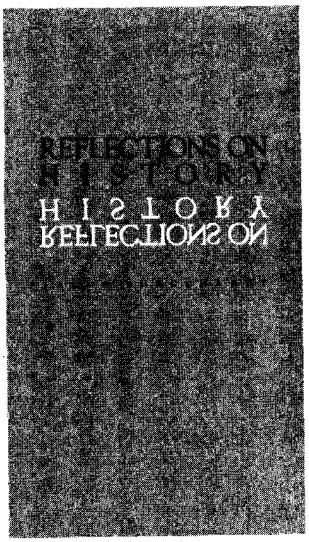
Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders, and other mail to Editorial and Circulation Offices, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

Subscription rates: $3.00 a copy, $10.00 one year, $18.00 two years, $24.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $1.00 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Reflections on History

By Jacob Burckhardt

Jacob Burckhardt, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian and humanist, was a friend of liberty and a skeptic of power. He foresaw the coming of collectivism, and Nietzsche found in Burckhardt an historian who "was not dominated by the general whims and dared to see things realistically." First translated into English in 1943, *Reflections on History* was previously published in the United States under the title *Force and Freedom*. With an introduction by Gottfried Dietze. "No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately"–Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Nation*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"–*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. 884
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

Topless in Hamburg
Jeremy Bernstein 7

Onomastics, You and Me Is Quits
Aristides 15

Aria: A Memoir of a Bilingual Childhood
Richard Rodriguez 25

What Is It All About?
W. V. Quine 43

The Mother of the Muses:
In Praise of Memory
Clara Claiborne Park 55

C. S. Lewis
John Wain 73

Marjorie Hope Nicolson
Morris Freedman 81

N. R. F.
John Weightman 91

Sherlock Holmes and Sociology
Bonnie Menes 101

POETRY

Louie
Caroline Knox 14

I Remember the Sea When I Was Six
Frederick Morgan 71

Audiences
Robert Hollander 72

Night Window
James K. Bowen 90

Bad Debts
Alan Shapiro 100

ART BOOKS

The "Apples" of Meyer Schapiro
Hilton Kramer 106

Reviews
Eugene Victor Thaw, Creighton E. Gilbert, George Woodcock, Wylie Sypher, Denys Sutton, Beaumont Newhall, William Haley, Sonya Rudikoff, and *James Kaufmann* 111

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Last, the Real Distinguished Thing

The Late Poems of Eliot, Pound, Stevens, and Williams

By Kathleen Woodward. In an attempt not so much to test Emerson's theory that "there is a proportion between the designs of a man and the length of his life" as to assess our culture's need of the possibility it offers, Professor Woodward undertakes systematic examination of four of the greatest modern American poets through a sustained analysis of a major meditative poem that each completed near the end of his career and, except in one instance, at an advanced age. She finds that each poet moved in his own way toward a kind of closure to his career and his life; and though their poems are very different, one from the other, they are characterized by a central image, "the still point," and a new way of reflection—a meditative mode that denies the long-held Cartesian view of the act of the mind, and stresses instead an easy interpenetration of sensibility and world, an ecology of mind. $14.50

The Knot of Artifice

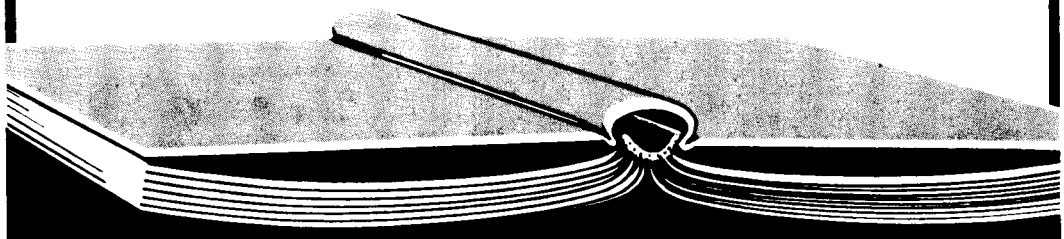
A Poetic of the French Lyric in the Early Seventeenth Century

By David Lee Rubin. French lyric poetry of the early seventeenth century has long enjoyed a dubious reputation for disunity and disorder. Proceeding from the assumption that a given lyric may involve a multiplicity of mental and verbal activities, Professor Rubin contends that, to the contrary, local disruptions and discontinuities may, under close scrutiny, prove to be integral parts of tightly constructed wholes. $11.00

To Build a Canal

Sault Ste. Marie, 1853–1854 and After

By John N. Dickinson. The story of the construction of a bypass to the formidable St. Mary's Falls in the river that joins Lake Superior and Lake Huron, which was designed to ensure the free passage of raw materials from the American Midwest to the great commercial centers of the eastern United States and beyond. Work on the canal was begun in 1853, after years of legislative haggling and political maneuvering. It opened on June 18, 1855, in the wake of labor disputes, epidemics, scandals, lawsuits, damaged careers, disrupted schedules, and constant financial difficulty. Within five years, the canal had fulfilled the promise of its planners, as the nation embarked upon a period of rapid development that was to make it the industrial giant of the modern world. Published for Miami University. $21.50



OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS

2070 NEIL AVENUE, COLUMBUS, OHIO 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of My Mind

Topless in Hamburg

JEREMY BERNSTEIN

A few years ago I had the pleasure of interviewing Murray Gell-Mann for *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town." Our subject was the quark. Gell-Mann and, independently, George Zweig—who, like Gell-Mann, is now a professor at the California Institute of Technology—invented the quark in 1963. I will come to *why* they did it shortly, but, if I may quote myself, I will begin by explaining where the name quark came from. The quote is from the July 18, 1977, issue of *The New Yorker*.

"For a while Gell-Mann did not give them a name. Zweig called them 'aces' and the particles made out of them 'deuces' and 'treys' [thank God *that* didn't stick]. But Gell-Mann had a *sound* for them, and it came out something like 'quark'—which, by the way, he pronounces to rhyme with 'stork,' while many of the European physicists pronounce it to rhyme with 'ark.' The sound was given an orthography and an etymology by a stroke of serendipity. [I have no recollection of actually having written this sentence, but I am certainly happy to take credit for it.] Gell-Mann had been leafing through and studying 'Finnegans Wake' ever since 1939, when his brother bought a first edition of it. And in late 1963, while leafing through it once again, he came across the phrase 'Three quarks for Muster Mark!' That did it: now the three objects had a name to go with the sound. But where did Joyce get the word? Gell-Mann, one of whose hobbies is historical linguistics, told us what some of the theories are. Certain Teutonic scholars have noted that *Quark* is the German word for 'cottage cheese,' and that it traces back to the Late Middle High German *Twarc*, which in turn traces back to the Slavic (ТВОРОГ in Russian)—perhaps cognate with the Greek *τυρός* and probably a semantic parallel with the Italian word for cheese, *formaggio*, which came from the Vulgar Latin word *formaticum*, or something made in a 'form.' They speculate that Joyce might have come across a grocery-store sign in Zurich: '*Drei Mark für Muster-Quark*' ('Three marks for model cottage cheese') and transposed *Mark* and *Quark*. A famous reference to 'quark' is a phrase from Goethe—'*Getretner Quark wird breit, nicht stark*' ('Cottage cheese that has been stepped on becomes flattened out, rather than strengthened'), which is a comparison, unfavorable, between cottage cheese and steel. In any case, Joyce scholars think that 'quark' is the sound made by the four gulls that mock King Mark in the book, and Gell-Mann thinks that Joyce may also have had a pun in mind on 'quark' and 'quart,' since the book is the dream of a publican—a bartender. Whatever its origin, the name has now become part of the language. There is even, in a projected television series, a pilot of a spaceship (an interplanetary garbage scow) who is called Adam Quark."

Well, as the Italians say, "Se non è vero, è ben trovato," and furthermore I don't think that you are going to find a fuller explanation of the name unless Gell-Mann writes it himself.

The reason that I bring this up now is that I have just received in the mail a preprint of a paper from MIT entitled, in part, "Search for the Production of a New Quark Flavor. . . ." Before I discuss the significance of its contents I want to make a few sociological obser-

JEREMY BERNSTEIN is a professor of physics at the Stevens Institute of Technology and a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. His latest book is *Hans Bethe: Prophet of Energy*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vations about it. In the first place, it has a total of *fifty-eight* authors—a good many more, I would imagine, than the total number of physics majors at Harvard when I was an undergraduate. The names of the last eight authors are, respectively, Wu, Wu, Xi, Yang, Yu, Yu, Zhang, and Zhu, which might naively lead one to believe that the paper originated in China. But before jumping to hasty conclusions, bear in mind that one of the authors, Samuel C. C. Ting, although Chinese, is from MIT. He shared the Nobel Prize in 1977 with Burton Richter—who is neither Chinese nor from MIT but works at Stanford—for their part in starting what is sometimes referred to as "the glorious revolution of 1973"—a sequence of events (of which more later) that appears to have confirmed the existence of the so-called "charmed" quark. All that having been said, I hasten to add that several of the authors of the paper *are* from China, including, quite possibly, Wu, Wu, Xi, Yang, Yu, Yu, Zhang, and Zhu. The work described in the paper was, in fact, done on a large electron accelerator called PETRA, no doubt an acronym for something, which is located in Hamburg, which is neither in China nor at MIT, but in West Germany. Five laboratories collaborated, notably the Physikalisches Institut Techniche Hochschule in Aachen, the Deutches Elektronen-Synchrotron in Hamburg, the Laboratory for Nuclear Science at MIT, the Nationaal Institut voor Kernfysica en Hoge-Energiefysica in Amsterdam, and the Institute of High Energy Physics in Peking. I do not know if this is the first physics paper in recent times to be co-authored by Western laboratories and a laboratory from the People's Republic, but it is certainly one of the first. The thrust of the paper, which has ten pages of text and five pages of diagrams, is that these gentlemen, and perhaps ladies, have not found any evidence for the existence of the so-called "top" quark. Gell-Mann, what have you wrought?

In the good old days, before the Second World War, physicists had actually observed a mere six so-called elementary particles. They were the neutron and proton, which are the constituents of the atomic nucleus; the electron, which is the lightest known particle that carries an electric charge; its anti-particle, now known as the positron; and a thing which behaves like a heavy electron but which is known, for historical reasons, as the "mu meson." Finally, there was the photon—the quantum of electromagnetic energy. In addition, two other particles were conjectured to exist: the so-called "pi meson" and the neutrino. In fact, when the mu meson first turned up in cosmic rays in 1936, it was, for a brief time, thought to be the pi meson, whose existence had been conjectured the year before by Hideki Yukawa as the hypothetical "glue" which was supposed to hold the nucleus together. When it was learned that this was not the pi meson, I. I. Rabi asked, "Who ordered *that*?"—an excellent question to which, as far as I am concerned, there is still no completely convincing answer. In 1947 the pi meson was finally located. It turned out that nature had played a trick. The pi meson is unstable and decays almost instantaneously—in a few billionths of a second—into a mu meson and a neutrino. The neutrino—an incredibly elusive object that can penetrate some 3,500 *light-years* of lead without a single interaction with a lead nucleus—was finally observed in 1953.

Also in the year 1947 a veritable plethora of new particles began showing up in cosmic ray experiments. It would take an entire book to describe the elation, confusion, and dismay among the physics community as the new particles began to appear. Some flavor of the atmosphere is conveyed by a remark that I heard Oppenheimer make at the time. He proposed awarding a Nobel Prize to the first experimental physicist in the field who, in a given year, did *not* discover a new particle. To get some idea of where we are now, let me remark that the *Reviews of Modern Physics* publishes an annual compendium of data on particles. The most recent issue, dated April 1980, is 286 pages long, each page dense with charts and tables of the properties of these objects. My own reaction in the early days—and I think it was not entirely atypical—was that physics was rapidly turning into zoology. To ask *why* there was a K meson or a lambda hyperon seemed to me akin to asking why there are giraffes. Just about this time Gell-Mann appeared at Harvard to give a lecture. When I saw him, some bell rang. Upon looking through some ancient high school yearbooks, which I still have, I re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIKING PRESENTS

Two words that introduce the best of literature

CINEMA: A CRITICAL DICTIONARY
The Major Film-makers
Edited by Richard Roud
A two-volume collection of specially commissioned articles by forty-one film experts, this "critical" dictionary covers such international masters of cinema as Griffith, Truffaut, Eisenstein, and Bergman and includes studies of the major studios and film genres. Illustrated with 240 photographs, *Cinema: A Critical Dictionary* is an authoritative and indispensable reference.
0-670-22257-7 1136 pp. $75.00

A SOLDIER'S EMBRACE
Nadine Gordimer
A magnificent collection of twelve new short stories by the award-winning South African novelist and author of the acclaimed *Burger's Daughter*. "All twelve of these stories testify to the power of Gordimer's pen"—*Booklist.*
0-670-65638-0 144 pp. $ 8.95

DREAM PALACES: Malcolm, The Nephew, and 63: Dream Palace
James Purdy
Foreword by Edward Albee
Back in print, James Purdy's three classic tales are now available to a new generation of readers. Here is the best work of "a writer of the highest rank in originality, insight, and power"—DOROTHY PARKER.
0-670-28463-7 444 pp. $19.95

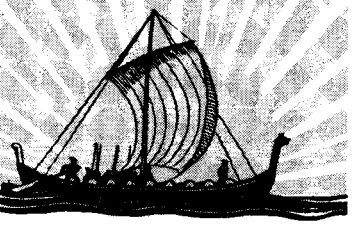
THE AMERICAN CLOCK: A Mural for Theatre
Arthur Miller
This major new play from America's foremost playwright is an eloquent, powerful, epic drama about Americans during the Depression discovering their personal and national destinies.
0-670-11728-5 144 pp. $10.95

THEATER AND REVOLUTION: The Culture of the French Stage
Frederick Brown
Interwoven biographies of Copeau, Dullin, Barrault, and other actors and directors illuminate this provocative essay on the politics of theater, and the theater of politics, in France since the Revolution of 1789. "A fascinating book ... intellectually stimulating and often delightfully epigrammatic"—VICTOR BROMBERT, Princeton University.
0-670-69802-4 512 pp. $20.00

JOURNEY AROUND MY ROOM: The Autobiography of Louise Bogan
A Mosaic by Ruth Limmer
Like Colette's *Earthly Paradise*, a posthumous autobiography assembled from fragments of unpublished journals, memoirs, poetry, and prose by a poet who wrested "beauty and truth out of dark places"—W. H. AUDEN.
0-670-40942-1 224 pp. $12.95

LEAF AND BONE: African Praise Poems
An Anthology, with commentary by Judith Gleason
One of the few remaining oral traditions is explored in this first anthology compiled in English of 122 praises. Gathered from African and European sources and translated with commentary by Judith Gleason, these poems provide a unique introduction to a beautiful and important art form.
0-670-42178-2 288 pp. $15.95

THE VIKING PRESS
College Department
625 Madison Ave. New York, New York 10022



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alized why: he and I had overlapped briefly at Columbia Grammar School in New York. Although he is only a few months older than I am, he graduated three years earlier and matriculated at Yale at the age of thirteen. We both took mathematics from the same teacher, a Mr. Reynolds, and Gell-Mann was one of the students Reynolds cited when he wanted to make the point that giants used to roam the corridors of Columbia Grammar. (When someone would make a particularly bad mistake in class, Reynolds used to comment, "In Tarrytown we bury our dead.") In any event, Gell-Mann gave the most lucid lecture I had ever heard about the new particles, and he succeeded (the same scheme was invented independently by a Japanese physicist named Kazuhiko Nishijima) in giving a precise set of rules which governed their interactions. Gell-Mann, who has always had a wonderful facility for inventing names, christened the new objects "strange particles," and it was their "strangeness"—a new kind of non-electromagnetic charge—which governed many of their interaction properties. The field had been transformed from zoology back to physics.

In 1959 Gell-Mann suggested that I use a National Science Foundation fellowship which I had won to come to Paris to work with him. I remember his saying, "Stick with me, kid, and I will put you on Broadway." For a year we worked together with some French theoretical physicists. Even then, Gell-Mann was groping toward some unifying scheme that would bring the particles together under one roof. His creative energy was incredible. After a session with him I used to hide out for a day or two to think things over. There would be various telephone messages asking me to call him, and when I finally got my head together I would go to see him. He used to say, "Where have you been? I have discovered *millions* of things!" And he had. This work culminated a little later in the discovery of what Gell-Mann called "the eightfold way." (Some of it was done independently in a Ph.D. thesis by the Israeli physicist Yuval Ne'eman.) For some reason, Gell-Mann's original paper on the eightfold way was never published. It was widely circulated in 1961 as a Caltech report and has been reprinted in a book edited by Gell-Mann and Ne'eman called *The Eightfold Way* (W. A. Benjamin, 1964). It is an extraordinary paper because, to make the scheme work, particles were needed which at that time had not yet been discovered. They all were discovered, and with just the right properties—or, at least, those that one really wanted.

As the term eightfold way would suggest, something in this scheme must have to do with the number eight. Well, one of the things that had to do with that number is that some particles were predicted to come in families of eight. (They were also predicted to come in families of ten and twenty-seven—a point to which I shall return.) But what is a "family"? It has been known for many years that one of the ways nature reveals symmetries is by grouping together apparently distinct objects into states with nearly the same energies. In atomic physics, for example, one often finds two or more levels for the atomic electrons with nearly the same energies—something that is revealed by studying the spectra of these atoms. This sort of "energy degeneracy" was also evident in the particles even in the 1930s. For instance, the neutron and proton have nearly the same mass-energy. It has long been believed that if one could somehow turn off electromagnetism, then the neutron and proton would have the same mass and would become essentially identical. Such a pair of objects is called a doublet. After the pi meson was discovered, it was soon found that there were three kinds: one positively charged, one negatively charged, and a neutral one. They have nearly the same mass—the positive and negative ones have exactly the same mass and the neutral one is slightly lighter—and so, naturally, they are known as a triplet. But until Gell-Mann and Ne'eman did their work, this was about the extent of it. The other particles did not seem to connect together into families in any obvious way. The boldness of the eightfold way was to suggest that, despite superficial differences, there really were families. In fact, the neutron and proton are two members of a family of eight, and the pi mesons are three members of another family of eight. Gell-Mann also noted that it looked as if a family of ten was appearing, and this idea was dramatically confirmed in 1964 in a paper (with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only thirty-three authors) which announced the discovery of the so-called "omega minus" particle—the missing member of the "decuplet" family. (Families of eight are called octets; families of ten are called decuplets; and bachelors are called singlets.)

Where, then, is the quark? I do not, needless to say, have any idea when the first inkling came into Gell-Mann's head that underlying the eightfold-way scheme there might be triplets of particles. When I interviewed him, he thought that the first glimmerings were probably in the early spring of 1963 when he was visiting MIT. What I *do* remember distinctly is a visit that Gell-Mann paid to Columbia University in March 1963 to give a colloquium. At Columbia on these occasions it has long been a tradition for the whole group, as well as any visitors who may be around, to go out for a Chinese lunch somewhere on Broadway near the university. T. D. Lee, himself a Nobel Prize winner and a member of that distinguished physics department, usually chooses the restaurant and selects the menu. (It is not a "one from group A and one from group B" selection, I can assure you—nothing but the best.) In any event, I remember walking up Broadway in a freezing wind with a small group that included Gell-Mann and Robert Serber (a very soft-spoken and exceedingly profound theoretical physicist who is now professor emeritus at Columbia and spends much of his time floating around the Caribbean in a sailboat). As we were walking along, Serber asked Gell-Mann where in his scheme—the eightfold way—was the "fundamental representation." What I did not realize at the time was that I had just witnessed the birth of the quark.

The fundamental representation of a symmetry group is the family with the smallest number of members—excluding the bachelor family, which is too small to be interesting. Gell-Mann's eightfold-way group is called by mathematicians "SU(3)," which stands for the "special unitary group in three dimensions." But Gell-Mann's smallest family had eight members, whereas the smallest family possible has only three members. I believe, although my recollection may be faulty, that by the end of the lunch Gell-Mann had worked out the properties of the fundamental representation. I even have a vague memory that he mentioned this in his talk that afternoon. His paper, however, was not published for nearly a year. (As far as I know, Zweig's paper was never published.) What held it up? Perhaps it was the fact that the quarks appeared to be crazy. All particles that have ever been observed have electric charges that are simple integer multiples of the charge of the electron. Why this is we are not sure, but it is a fact. The quarks, however, have fractional charges. In Gell-Mann's original scheme, there were just three quarks and three anti-quarks. Now, we would say that the quarks come in three "flavors." The "up" quark has a charge that is two-thirds of the charge of the electron, while the "down" and "strange" quark both have charges that are minus one-third. No such objects have ever been seen to this day. Many experiments have been done in a search for real quarks in cosmic rays on the moon, in the ocean, and nearly everywhere else, but—with the exception of a few not completely explained, anomalous experiments—they have never been observed directly.

Why, then, do we believe in them? In the first place, all the observed particles can be made naturally out of quarks. The pi mesons are made out of a quark and an anti-quark, while the proton and neutron can be manufactured from three quarks. In fact, one gets just the right families. The reader may recall that the eightfold way predicted a family of twenty-seven. This family has never been seen, but the simple quark model allows for families of one, eight, and ten members and these alone. It is almost too good to be true. In the second place, these particles can be examined microscopically by bouncing very high-energy electrons off them. If one does this, their quark structure becomes "visible" in a very real sense. The evidence for the quark model seems overwhelming. By now the model has undergone a few very important refinements and I will end this brief survey by describing them, since it will lead me back where I started—namely, being "topless in Hamburg."

One refinement was that Gell-Mann was awarded the Nobel Prize in physics for 1969. There has never been a better merited award. But almost from the beginning it was realized that the so-called "Pauli exclusion prin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciple"—named after the great Austrian physicist Wolfgang Pauli—was a potential headache for the quark model.

The exclusion principle is such an interesting bit of modern physics that it is worth spending a moment on. In real life, when we say that two things are "identical," we don't really mean it. Even identical twins have different names. But in quantum physics when we say that two photons are identical, we *do* mean it, and this has far-reaching implications. All quantum mechanical particles have a wave nature. One of the most important characteristics of waves is that two or more of them can interfere: they can overlap to produce bright spots and dark spots. When two identical particles occupy the same state, their wave functions can interfere. At this point the discussion divides, since there are two generic classes of particles. One class includes the pi meson and the photon, for which this interference is constructive; these identical particles like to get together. Then there is a second class, where the interference is destructive. This is the Pauli exclusion principle. No two particles of this class can occupy exactly the same state. Its members include the electrons, protons, and neutrons, and Pauli used his principle to give an accounting of the periodic table of elements, among other things. But this class of particles also includes the quarks, and here is where the headache came in.

The most graphic illustration of it is the quark constitution of the omega minus particle, which, as I have mentioned, completed the decuplet. In the original quark model, this object was supposed to consist of three identical strange quarks. But how to stick them together without violating Pauli's principle? It could be done, but only at the expense of standing on one's ear. It then dawned on a number of people—especially O. W. "Wally" Greenberg in 1964—that the way out was to make the quarks non-identical. This meant attaching a new property to them which could distinguish the three strange quarks in the omega minus.

I think that Gell-Mann invented the name "color" for this new property. At least I heard him give a number of early lectures on it in which the quarks were called "red, white, and blue," or whatever color suited the occasion. No one is claiming that the quarks *are* red, white, and blue. Color is just a name given to this new property; one might have called it "dog, cat, and rat." By combining these colored quarks in a lucid fashion, one can beat the Pauli principle, but at the expense of triplicating the number of constituent particles. This might seem like a chimera except that there are experiments—I cannot give the details here—which, in effect, count the number of quarks. These experiments appear to show that this triplication is really there. Gell-Mann christened the theory of these objects "quantum chromodynamics," and its practitioners claim to have shown, with varying degrees of mathematical rigor, that the quarks are dynamically confined to their particles and should not be observed as free, independent objects. Should a certifiable free quark show up, then it will be back to the drawing board.

As early as 1964, a number of theoretical physicists suggested that up, down, and strange quarks, even with color, were not enough. I do not think that Gell-Mann had a hand in this one. The name of the next quark "flavor"—namely, "charm"—first appeared, as far as I know, in a paper by J. D. Bjorken and S. L. Glashow in 1964. This proposal was taken with varying degrees of solemnity until the "glorious revolution of 1973." That year, two experimental groups—one led by the aforementioned Ting and the other by the aforementioned Richter—discovered a new particle which Ting called the J particle and Richter called the ψ particle. (It turned out that "J," if written in the correct way in Chinese, stands for "Ting.") In the interests of fraternal harmony it is often referred to as the "J"/ψ meson. After a certain amount of initial confusion, it became clear that the particle was made up of a charmed and an anti-charmed quark. This was called the discovery of "hidden charm," since charm and anti-charm cancel. "Naked charm" was discovered soon afterward, when several particles were found which were made up of charmed and non-charmed quarks. At the time I recall hearing a delightful lecture by the Italian theorist Sergio Fubini. He had attended a conference in New Orleans and reported that, after a tour of the bars in that city, he had observed a great deal of naked charm but that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Potpourri of Paperbacks from Penguin

Nadine Gordimer
BURGER'S DAUGHTER
"Burger's Daughter is that rarity in our time—a novel of social and political import which is also an intensely subjective prose poem, mesmerizing in the subtle cadences of its language" —JOYCE CAROL OATES.
0-14-005593-2 368 pp. $3.95

Garry Wills
CONFESSIONS OF A CONSERVATIVE
"Wills ranges from Jack Ruby to Cardinal Newman, from Everett Dirksen's Washington to St. Augustine's City of God. The pace is brisk, the intellectual hurdles high, the glimpses of autobiography charming"—*Time.*
0-14-005563-0 240 pp. $3.95

David Sudnow
TALK'S BODY: A Meditation between Two Keyboards
A brilliant analysis of the creative processes involved in improvisation with words and with melodies from the author of *Ways of the Hand.*
0-14-005700-5 144 pp. $3.95

Ronald Blythe
THE VIEW IN WINTER
The author of *Akenfield* explores the joys, problems, needs and desires of old age in this insightful and exquisitely written collection of essays and oral histories. "A classic in the literature of old age" —*The New York Times.*
0-14-005663-7 288 pp. $4.95

Frederic Morton
A NERVOUS SPLENDOR: Vienna 1888/1889
Combining original research, the insights of a historian and the narrative voice of a novelist, Frederic Morton provides a brilliant and haunting portrait of Viennese life in the ten months surrounding the spectacular suicide of Crown Prince Rudolf. An ALA Notable Book.
0-14-005667-X 352 pp. $4.95

Ralph Rosenblum and Robert Karen
WHEN THE SHOOTING STOPS...THE CUTTING BEGINS: A Film Editor's Story
A fascinating inside look at what goes on in the cutting room by one of America's leading film editors. "An intriguing mixture of film history and criticism, personal experience and demonstration" — *Washington Post.* Illustrated.
0-14-005698-X 320 pp. $4.95

Ben Forkner, editor
MODERN IRISH SHORT STORIES
From George Moore and James Joyce to William Trevor, the twenty-six pieces gathered in this first-rate collection provide a complete and varied representation of modern Irish stories and offer a historical survey of their development in the 20th century.
0-14-005669-6 546 pp. $5.95

PENGUIN BOOKS
College Department
625 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had found no evidence of hidden charm.

Now we had four quark flavors and three colors, or a total of twelve quarks. But in 1977 yet a new object was discovered, the so-called Υ – particle, which could be made up of none of the above. This did not come as a surprise to many theorists who had been saying all along that there had to be at least two more flavors, which, for reasons known best to them, they called "top" and "bottom." The Υ particle is made up of a "bottom" and an "anti-bottom" quark. No comment.

Now we had five flavors and three colors, or fifteen quarks. There were high hopes that the Hamburg experiment would turn up the top quark. It did not, but very likely it is there, waiting to be discovered. Where will it all end? No one knows for sure. If some new quarks turn up in the near future, I will let you know. In the meantime we all have a lot to think about.

Louie

CAROLINE KNOX

You told me I would be your
light star and I said aha
that's bright that's great

Meet me where the lights
of the World's Fair never
go out We are the

Elgin Marbles We are
the Crystal Palace of 18-aught
54 We are the cow

at the Springfield Exposition
balancing a peck of
cucumbers on her back

No other cow could
but we see us do it

✪ CAROLINE KNOX's poems have appeared in *Poetry*, the *Minnesota Review*, and other journals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life and Letters

Onomastics, You and Me Is Quits

ARISTIDES

Show me a man or woman entirely happy with his or her name and I'll show you a somehow defective human being. Our name is another of those decisive items in life that we have not been called in to decide upon, another card dealt us while we were away from the table, along with the quality of our intelligence, our physique, the geographical and social location of our birth. However suitable it may appear to others, one's own name almost always seems rather a poor fit to oneself. But there it is, like a shoe that either pinches or flops loosely over the heel, and such as it is we are compelled to wear it through life. Names not our own generally seem more appropriate to us. For myself, had I been given a choice in my own name, I think I might have been content with Julian Havilan, or Jean-Louis Beaumarchais, though in earlier years the name Blackie Thurston had a certain ineffable allure for me.

Heraclitus says that character is destiny, but I wonder if, when accounting for destiny, one's name ought not to be thrown into the hopper as well. Until the current season there was, on the roster of the Chicago Bears, a wide receiver named Golden Richards. Now Golden Richards sounds less like a name than a Homeric or Arthurian epithet. Is Mr. Richards happy with his name, shimmering thing that it is? Has that name determined much in his life—for example, his becoming a football player and in one of the more glamorous positions at that? The name Golden Richards is unthinkable in the middle of the line, at the position, say, of nose guard. The name seems to have been modeled to go with the phrase "touchdown by," as in "Touchdown by Golden Richards." Yet even this altitudinous name has potential problems. As Mr. Richards's career begins to fade, as he becomes less adept at what he does, will not sportswriters begin to talk about "Golden's tarnished record" or "Golden's hands of brass"? Every name, it seems, carries the seeds of its bearer's possible humiliation.

Be it in a given name or surname, a middle name or suffix to a name, somewhere in every name there lurks trouble for its owner. Either one's name is unpronounceable or inherently comic, pretentious or too plain, rhymes with or is reminiscent of something ignoble—one way or another cognominal impedimenta await nearly everyone. Even simple but uncommon names can cause problems. Four-letter names seem to be especially troublesome. I have known two men with the surnames, respectively, of Fike and Delp, and I have watched them wince as, inevitably, Fike (intended to rhyme with Mike) is pronounced Fick, and Delp, just as inevitably, was spelled by others as Delph or Delt. In the Army, in basic training, I served with a most unstuffy fellow named Daniel Thomas III. You can perhaps imagine what jollity the sergeants found in the poor fellow's regal suffix. "Hey, you, Third, get your [fill in your own blank] over to the orderly room!"

In the United States the comedy of names has been exacerbated by the fact that—apart from those people who emigrated from England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales—so many immigrants found it convenient if not necessary to alter their names upon settling in their new country. H. L. Mencken has written charmingly and nearly exhaustively on this subject in his chapters on "Proper Names" in *The American Language* and in *Supplement Two* to *The American Language*, and much of what I know about the history of the subject I have learned—not to say lifted—from him. The names that first underwent change in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America were those that were either unpronounceable or unspellable. Longish Slavic and Arabic names fell immediately. Many German names disappeared by way of translation: Schwartz to Black, for example, or Pfund to Pound. Greek names were dealt with by the clippers; Mencken cites the name Pappapolychronopoulos, which in America became Chronos. Still other names were altered by transliteration: Reuss becoming Royce, de l'Hotel becoming Doolittle. Now that ethnic feeling is running high in the United States, these name changes may in retrospect seem a betrayal of native heritage. Yet it can have been no comforting thing to have one's name perpetually bollixed up on the lips of one's newfound countrymen. My sympathies here are with the former Mr. Pappapolychronopoulos.

The most common American surnames offer few surprises. Among them are Smith and Johnson, Brown and Williams, Miller and Jones, trailed by Davis and Anderson, Wilson and Taylor, with Thomas and Moore, White and Martin not far behind. From this list it would appear that the United States remains chiefly a country of Protestants, most of English descent. The appearance, however, is wrong. Many of the Smiths were once Schmidts, the Johnsons Johannsons, the Moores Mohrs, the Millers Müllers, Davises Davidovitches. When we formulate demographic generalizations about the ethnic composition of America on the basis of certain common names, it is useful to remember that the Baltimore Orioles have an outfielder named Pat Kelly who is a Negro. Pershing, Hoover, Custer, Westinghouse, Rockefeller, to cite the names of five famous Americans, are none of them names that their forebears brought to this country; each was at some point altered as an accommodation to the less than supple Yankee larynx. "A self-made man," wrote Judge Learned Hand (and what a finely appropriate name his is!) "may prefer a self-made name."

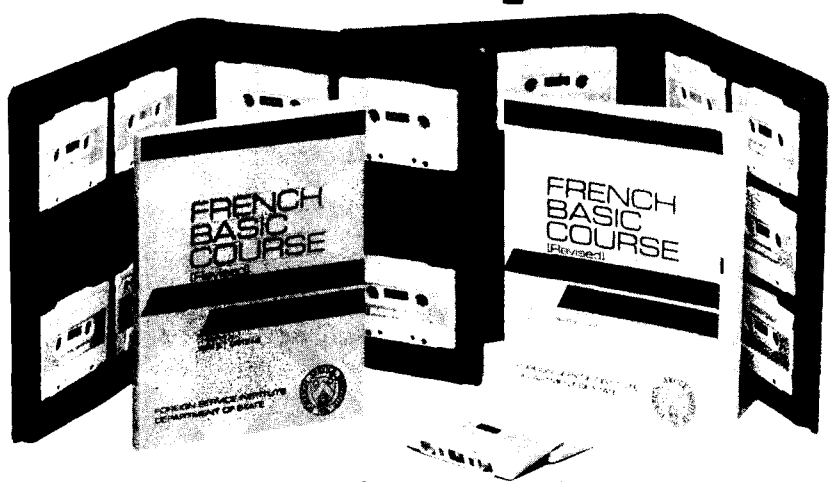
But the greatest American name-changers have been the Jews—and for manifold reasons. In many European countries it was not until the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that Jews were compelled to adopt surnames. Frequently the names officials gave them were deliberately outlandish, and Russian Jews often attempted to bribe those officials to avoid being stuck with ridiculous or even obscene names. The changing of Jewish names went on in the old world as well as in the new; perhaps the most famous old world instance in this century being that of Leon Trotsky, née Bronstein. In the new world there is many a story about Jewish immigrants having names slapped upon them by impatient officials at Ellis Island. But generalizations are difficult. Although many Jews seem more ready to change their names the further they get from the religious faith of their fathers, this is not everywhere so. In Israel, where anti-Semitism can scarcely be an issue, many Jews have shed names acquired in the Diaspora and taken on post-exilic or Israeli names, usually Hebrew in origin.

As so often in life, so with names: the grass is generally just as brown on the other side. Many a person with a plain surname would seem to prefer a gaudier handle. Primitive doctrine held that a man's or woman's name was intended to express his or her personality, and this doctrine, primitive though its origins may be, still retains some of its hold. I have rarely met a Smith or Jones who did not feel that his or her name was a bit too plain, too common—too drained, if not of distinction, then of the distinctiveness sufficient to express his or her by no means plain or common or indistinct personality. Whether they would be ready to trade in that Smith or Jones for a Scheittauer or an Abjørnsen is another question. Hollywood has long subscribed to the theory that names express personality. The actress Dyan Cannon (née something else) has the name she now bears because a Hollywood producer thought her looks required a name that was "explosive." Who is to say that, in their commercial instincts at least, the fantasy moguls of the West Coast were wrong? Would you go to see a movie starring Archie Leach and Issur Demsky, with Betty Perske in the female lead, a Gelbfisch Production? (Translation: a movie starring Cary Grant, Kirk Douglas, and Lauren Bacall, a Goldwyn Production.)

In this matter of names, apart from nomenclatural surgery or legal name changing, there appears to be nothing for it except to choose your parents with the greatest care—which is to say, there is nothing for it. Parents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speak French like a diplomat!



What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now *you* can make a start on learning to speak French just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Basic French Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent tens of thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn French at your convenience and at your own pace.

The Basic French Course consists of a series of audio cassettes and an accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course you'll find yourself learning and speaking entirely in French!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "pattern drill" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Introductory Basic French Course comes in two parts. Part A provides an introduction to the simpler forms of the language plus a basic vocabulary. Part B introduces more complex structures and additional vocabulary.

You may order one or both parts of the Basic French Course:

☐ Basic French, Part A. 11 cassettes (16 hours) and 200-page text, $115.

☐ Basic French, Part B. 18 cassettes (25½ hours) and 300-page text, $149.

(New York State residents add sales tax)

Your cassettes are shipped to you in handsome library binders.

TO ORDER, JUST CLIP THIS AD and mail it with your name and address and a check or money order. Or, charge to your credit card (American Express, VISA, Master Charge, Diners Club) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's French course is *unconditionally guaranteed*. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's *the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn French*, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid! Order today!

Many other FSI language courses also available. Write us.

AUDIO-FORUM®

Dept. 892 145 East 49th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 753-1783

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pass on surnames to their children, yet they confer first names—or, as they used to be called, Christian or baptismal or font names. I am at one with the father of Tristram Shandy in thinking that this is a serious matter, "that there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct." I have always wondered, for example, why certain parents played the cruel trick on their children of matching up their names fore and aft, sending them into the world as Robert Roberts, or Thomas Thomas, or Johnny Johnson, or Edward Edwards? Possibly the only thing worse than a name of such silly symmetry is to have a first and last name that rhyme: Joan Cohen, say, or Art Hart. There is also the danger of names with internal rhymes. In this respect the French literary critic Jacques Derrida is fortunate in not having been named either Gerald or Jerome; if he had, he might have been known to family and friends as Jerry Derrida.

Such names leave their bearers very much at the mercy of Profane Wits, a sect that never dies out. Profane Wits show up early in life; they take their basic training on grade-school playgrounds, and God protect the fancifully named child from them, though, it must be said, He usually doesn't. I went to grade school with a boy named Cyril Jabowicz, whose chances for a quiet school career were demolished the first day he walked into kindergarten. He was roly-poly, wore glasses that perpetually slid down his nose even as his knicker stockings slid down his chubby calves; the only thing on him that seemed to stay up were his cowlicks, of which he had a fine crop. He was, in short, a mess—a real Cyril Jabowicz. This was a boy who needed a cognominal break. He needed to be Jim or Steve Jabowicz to have any kind of chance in life. But no such luck.

A Connolly or a Ritchard could get away with, even make elegant, a name such as Cyril, but a Jabowicz—never! Yet it is interesting how a particular bearer can bring dignity to an otherwise not particularly dignified name. What a debt the Freds of this world owe to the one whose last name was Astaire! Or take Oscar. In past decades it was borne by the pianist and show-business wit Oscar Levant—but only that, borne, like so many of the late Mr. Levant's tics, twitches, and other afflictions. Its diminutive, Ozzie, placed before the surname Nelson, as in that of the late bandleader, is no better than trivial. Before the name Hammerstein, Oscar becomes passable; before that of Handlin, a historian of solid accomplishment, it grows dignified. But in the name Oscar Robertson, a basketball player of seemingly limitless cool, skill, and physical grace—the Big O, as the sportswriters took to calling him—Oscar becomes as elegant as its bearer, in fact almost princely. Yet not all names are subject to such transformation. Not Abraham Lincoln himself could have brought seriousness to the name Lum. Debbie, for women, seems to me similarly frozen; not even Rita Hayworth—Debbie Hayworth?—could have made it other than cloyingly cute.

Given names, of course, owe nearly everything to fashion, and what is of special interest in this connection is how long certain common names have stayed in use. E. G. Withycombe, in her very useful *Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names*, remarks that "in the late 12th century and early 13th century there were probably more Christian names in use than at any subsequent period until the 20th century." Along with the old English names still in use, "there was the rich Norman stock with a sprinkling of Breton, in addition to the newly adopted saints' names which were drawn from Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and other tongues." But as the thirteenth century advanced, the number of names shrank, so that by the fourteenth century Henry, John, Richard, Robert, and William accounted for 64 percent of all masculine names. Biblical names came into fashion in the seventeenth century, Miss Withycombe reports, as part of the Puritan reaction against Catholic saints' names. But by the close of the eighteenth century the three commonest masculine names in England were William, John, and Thomas, and the three commonest feminine names were Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne.

For fairly obvious reasons, America followed England in the bestowal of given names. The most popular masculine names in America have been John, William, James, Charles, George, Thomas, Henry, Robert, Joseph, and Edward, while the most popular feminine names have been Anne, Dorothy, Elizabeth, Helen, Jane, Katherine, Margaret,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Mary. But it was very much in the cards that Americans would bring to their selection of first names an eclecticism that would have more than occasional comic effects. When ingenuity joins up with ignorance, pretension with a touch of poor taste, there are certain to be plenty of laughs all round.

H. L. Mencken simply couldn't get enough of comical American names, and in *Supplement Two* to *The American Language* he provided a list of more than twelve pages of nutty feminine names, from Adenesia through Jessoise through ReDonda and ending with Zzelle. From fancy spellings—Feby, Gladdis, Rhey, Qay—to monstrous inventions—Flouzelle, Vomera, Uretha, Margileth, Kewpie—Mencken prized every breach of tradition and decorum. But lest we think all goofy names are the province of the poor and uneducated, he adduced the names of Irita Van Doren, the reviewer for the old New York *Herald-Tribune*, and Tallulah Bankhead, and threw in for full measure a little list from the New York *Social Register* that included Ambolena, Dinette, Isophene, and Velvalee. It makes all too real that snippet of dialogue in Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*, in which two women, thinking of how to interest the husband of one of them in another woman, have the following conversation:

> "There's always old Sybil."
> "Darling, he's known her all his life."
> "Or Souki de Foucauld-Esterhazy."
> "He isn't his best with Americans."

How do parents decide upon names for their children? "Ah, my son," says an American Indian in an old joke, "in our tribe a child is named for the first thing his father sees after being told of the infant's birth. I was fishing in the brook when I learned of your sister's birth, so I named her Laughing Brook. When informed of your older brother's birth, I was hunting, and a bear dashed across my path; hence your brother is now named Running Bear. Does this help you to understand how you came by your own name, Copulating Dogs?"

As names go, Copulating Dogs may be no bargain, but at least there is a certain logic in its mode of selection. Can the same be said for the major league infielder with the nononsense name of Mike Tyson who named his two sons Tory and Courtney? Or for the parents of the twin sisters who are University of Texas cheerleaders named Deirdre and Dawn Dodson? Or for the parents of the child—known to a friend of mine—who have named him Irony, and whose schooldays do not figure to be smooth.

A penchant for elegant names seems predominant at present. Novelists can be an aid in such choices, though there is nothing new about this. Goldsmith's Vicar, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, complains that his wife, "who during her pregnancy had been reading romances," named their children after characters in novels. In our time I suspect that the influence of F. Scott Fitzgerald on the bestowal of names has been considerable. Above all, the name Scott among young men still under thirty has grown exceedingly common. Boys' names beginning with J that are tony and also hint at strength appear in the ascendant at the moment: Justin and Jason, Joshua and Jonathan. Among girls, Jessica and Jennifer are riding high, but then, J-less, so are Tracy and Stacy.

Nothing wrong with these names, of course, except that nowadays they are frequently harnessed to surnames with which they simply do not fit. Scott Schwartz is an example of a name I cannot hear without smiling. But this only proves that many people have neither a good ear nor any sense that one's name is at least a two-piece ensemble in which the pieces need to be worn together. Samantha O'Toole, Justin Lipschitz, Shannon Warshovski—these ritzy first names joined with earthy ethnic names suggest something like the snug and elegant fit of a tiara worn over a baseball cap.

Some surnames present a problem of fit that is nearly insuperable: Klutz for one, Fink for another, Grubnik for a third. Finding a first name to go with any of them is no easy job. No less easy, I suppose, than those first names that are nearly impossible to mate up with last names. Obadiah, Uriah, and Zekedia are among such names; so, in an only slightly less exotic way, are Veronica, Hepzibah, and Hildegarde. Elmer and Clyde, which today seem rural names, are no picnic either. (In the National League in the 1940s there was a catcher named Clyde Kluttz—a man who, nomenclaturally, appears to have had the worst of both worlds.) If the choice of names

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appears of no moment, recall the question asked by Tristram Shandy's father: "Your Billy, Sir—would you, for the world, have called him Judas?" Which is itself a reminder that history can wreak hell on a name. After Hitler, Adolph, really a quite beautiful name, must be put in the cognominal freezer for at least a century and possibly much longer. In a less dramatic way, some years ago the comedian Jerry Lewis developed a character, the pure type of the nebbish, to whom he gave the name Melvin; for a long spell afterward no boy in America whose name was Melvin—and who could not pack a powerful punch—breathed easily. In the same wise, James Thurber's story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" softened up the name Walter, giving it, in the United States at least, a patina of milk toast.

Contrariwise, a big first name can do a good deal for a man. The name Alistair not only greatly enhances the rather plain name Cooke but, in a country as anglophile in its cultural interests as America is, such a name is an ornament nearly as valuable as an Oxbridge accent. As one who thinks Alistair Cooke's reputation a hugely inflated one, I find it immeasurably helpful to let the air out of him, in my own mind if nowhere else, by thinking of him as Al Cooke.

Like endangered species, some first names seem to be dying out: Harry, Julius, and Max for men; Sylvia, Gladys, Fanny for women. In some seven years of teaching I do not recall having had a student named George or Alice. Other names apparently carry a time line; most men named Irving seem to have been born in the 1920s. The once-prevalent three-barreled names—Nicholas Murray Butler, Edwin Arlington Robinson, George Fielding Eliot, Raymond Gram Swing—are of an older vintage. In the late twenties through the early forties Jewish parents in the United States took to giving their sons English surnames for first names, names that have always seemed to me more appropriate for hotels: Seymour, Norman, Sheldon; Sherwin and Irwin; Arnold, Howard, and Myron. (A wit of my acquaintance suggested that such two-syllable names were excellent for calling a boy from the back porch: "Mor-ton!" "Harvey!" "Mon-roe!") Southerners seem still to go in for two short given names back to back: Don Bob, Billy Ray, Johnny Jack. They also go in for diminutive versions of names, as witness Mrs. Carter's never referring to her husband as anything but "Jimmy." What, one wonders, is the outer age limit for a diminutive name? Can one still call a woman in her seventies "Judy"? Donald seems to be another of those names with a built-in youthful element, and to be a Mickey past fifty is unseemly, to say the least.

Most people, when naming their children, tend to select a name that has pleasant associations in their own experience. They frequently choose a name borne by solid or beautiful or winning people they have known or heard about. I never met a David I didn't like, at least during the first twenty-five or so years of my life. Yet I have never met a Seymour who didn't seem rather troublesome. But some names are altogether too common to apply the test of personal association to. Such names as Jack, Dick, and Tom, Tristram Shandy's father called "neutral names, affirming of them, without satire, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at least as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them. . . . " If the debit side of too common a name—Robert or Joseph, Mary or Barbara—is its undistinctiveness, the credit side is that it neither tells too much about one nor prejudices other people in one's disfavor straight off.

Better, surely, a quiet, even quite common name than one that perpetually confuses a person with someone else. Although my own fame as a scribbler is certainly slight, I once met a man, roughly twenty years older than I, whose name was the same as mine and who told me that on more than one occasion something I had written had been attributed to him. A good-humored fellow, he allowed that it was all right with him if I continued to write, but asked if I would mind muting my opinions a bit. Coming at things the other way, I not long ago discovered, in the obituary pages, that I also shared my name with a man well known as a bookmaker in the 1920s and 1930s. He turns out to have been a bookish bookie, of all things, and was described in the headline over his obituary as "Gentleman Bookie."

But greater, more maddening confusions abound. I know that on more than one occasion I have had to explain that John Wain, the excellent English writer, is not John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Find a new release this winter.

Two or Three Things I Know about Her
Analysis of a Film by Godard
Alfred Guzzetti

Close analysis by this experienced filmmaker of the themes and techniques of Godard's most complex work, with spoken text in both French and English.
Harvard Film Studies 280 halftones, 7 line illus.
$27.50

Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups
Stephan Thernstrom, Editor
Ann Orlov, Managing Editor
Oscar Handlin, Consulting Editor

A uniquely authoritative and entertaining guide to the history, culture, and distinctive characteristics of the more than 100 ethnic groups living in the United States. "A landmark publication...something our grandchildren will thank us for."
—Daniel Patrick Moynihan
Belknap 87 maps
$49.50 until Dec. 31, 1980; $60.00 thereafter

The Letters of Henry James
Volume III, 1883-1895
Leon Edel, Editor

These letters, some never before published, reveal James's personality at the time he was composing *The Bostonians, The Princess Casamassima, The Tragic Muse,* and many of his finest international tales. "These are extraordinary letters... They offer a more direct access to James."
—*Times Literary Supplement*
Belknap $20.00

Jean Renoir
The French Films, 1924-1939
Alexander Sesonske

Renoir's French films. In detail. In stills. In his own words, "With Sesonske's book I have my arch of triumph." "...The most intense and convincing description of Renoir's visual style that has ever been offered."—*Times Literary Supplement*
Illustrated. Cloth $25.00; paper $9.95
Harvard Film Studies

GNYS AT WRK
A Child Learns to Write and Read
Glenda L. Bissex

"A fascinating drama of one little boy's acquisition of the first stages of literacy."
$17.50 —Jeanne Chall

Harvard University Press
79 Garden Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wayne, the cowboy impersonator. How often must Mr. Wain have had to suffer bad jokes about the similarity between his own name and—if you will pardon the familiarity—the Duke's! I note that a man at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace is named W. Glen Campbell, the same name, less the first initial, of a particularly vacuous country-western singer. Tom Wolfe, the contemporary journalist, must have chosen to use his first name in the familiar form in order to distinguish himself from the novelist Thomas Wolfe. Willie Morris, I suspect, used the diminutive to distinguish himself not only from William Morris, the nineteenth-century writer and designer, but from the William Morris who gave his name to the famous talent agency.

Tom and Willie seem fit enough for Messrs. Wolfe and Morris, yet some people's names are unthinkable in the diminutive. Chuck de Gaulle, Maury Bowra, Wally Stevens—all are clearly impossible. Yet Eliot was called Tom by his friends; Russell was Bertie; and Churchill, Winnie. While many people do not mind having their names reduced to the familiar or diminutive, others are repelled by it. An acquaintance of mine, a fairly formal fellow, does not mind his name James being reduced to Jim but felt things had gotten out of hand when a real estate salesman he had met five minutes before addressed him as Jimbo. His wife, who was seated behind him at the time, reported that until that moment she had never realized the hairs on the back of her husband's neck had the ability to stand straight up.

Jimbo comes near to shading off from a diminutive to a nickname. A nickname is usually a form of verbal caricature, and behind most nicknames is the spirit of fun—though fun, be it said, that can sometimes turn a touch vicious. In *The Lore and Language of School Children*, Iona and Peter Opie remind one that perhaps the majority of childhood nicknames refer to physical irregularities, and their own categories of nicknames are divided off into those reserved for Fatties, Skinnies, Little 'Uns, Redheads, and the Funny Faced. Are nicknames among school children less frequent than they once were? My guess is that they are—a guess based on the weak fact that I seldom hear children in my own neighborhood call one another by anything other than their first names. But even if I am correct in this, I do not know whether it means that children have become kinder or just less imaginative.

In my own youth, nicknames did not set in in a big way until high school. Here is a short list of some of the more exotic; nearly all of them are by no means self-explanatory, but all have a touch of street poetry:

Dickie "The Owl" Levinson
Fred "Remus" Richmond
Daniel "The Mikado" Brodsky
Lloyd "The Lump" Stein
Loren "Boss Tweed" Singer
Leslie "Magwa" Handler
Richard "Rags" Rosen
Robert "Jose Nosé" Cole
Harvey "Cess" Poole

Our crowd was, I have since come to believe, exceptionally fertile verbally, but I also believe that more energy went into nicknames then than now. Sports was a fecund field, and sportswriters awarded athletes such wondrous sobriquets as The Big Train, The Manassa Mauler, The Georgia Peach, Bullet-Bill, and Three-finger Mordecai Brown. The Granges' son Harold had a nickname and sobriquet both, being Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost. In baseball there was no shortage of Caseys, Babes, Dizzys, and Leftys, but, so far as I know, only one Yogi. Gangsters wore nicknames like hundred-dollar shirts, and no bigtime gangster seemed complete without one. This started in the 1920s but has carried over into the modern era, where we have had Murray "The Camel" Humphrey, Sam "Teets" Battaglia, and Tony "Big Tuna" Acardo. Al Capone's nickname was Scarface, though it was recommended never to call him that when meeting him.

Certain once-standard boys' nicknames seem to have departed the scene—Butch, Spike, Bud, Buzzy—and to have done so unmourned. The nickname Whitey must now be quite dead, a casualty of racial tensions. Red is still current, clinging to life even after outliving its accuracy when a man's red hair has turned white. Zoological nicknames hang on. Bear Bryant seems apposite for the University of Alabama football coach, but Bunny has never seemed apposite for that most uncuddly of literary men, Edmund Wilson. Perhaps the best zoological nickname I have ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard was in college, when I heard one young man refer to another as Pro. "Why Pro?" I asked. "It's short for Protozoan," I was told. "But why Protozoan?" "Because he is an organism of extremely simple organization."

Some nicknames derive from middle names. Even slightly irregular middle names, once revealed, can be a potential source of taunting by the Profane Wits of the playground. Let it be discovered that between his first and last name a boy is harboring a middle name such as Reginald, or Eustace (rhymes with Useless), or Percy, or Ezekiel, and his days generally become less easeful. According to George Philip Krapp, in his *The English Language in America*, "throughout the 17th and 18th centuries it was extremely rare for a person to bear more than one given name," and hence middle names were largely unknown. "But," Professor Krapp continues, "in the early 19th century in America, grandiosity was in the air." In many instances, especially among southerners, one kept one's mother's maiden name as a middle name, particularly if there were pretensions to aristocracy on the maternal side. The increasing bestowal of middle names also allowed one to spread around the largesse acquired in naming a child, for now he or she could be named after two persons instead of one. As for the people on whom middle names were bestowed, it gave them more nomenclatural material—"nomenclay"?—to work with in shaping names for themselves. They could thus use the three-barreled name, or two names parted by a middle initial, or a first initial followed by the middle and last name, or two initials in place of any given names, or drop the first name if it did not please them and use only their middle name.

As far as I am aware, only Americans seem to use a middle initial, as in Thomas L. Menzenberger. The English do not go in for it, and neither do the French. No major writer has ever used a middle initial, and merely to insert one betwixt the names of a few such writers is to make a bit of a mockery of the practice: William G. Shakespeare, or Dante P. Alighieri, or Marcel C. Proust. The best middle initials are the exotic ones. The Q. in the name James Q. Wilson is a fine touch, distinguishing, by separating, two otherwise very plain names. So too is the X. in Francis X. Bushman, an actor none of whose silent movies I remember ever having seen, but whose name, because of that X., I can never forget.

The two-initial ploy has had many fine adherents, among them W. C. Fields, O. J. Simpson, and L. L. Bean. It has been especially strong in the literary line, its adherents including D. H. Lawrence, H. L. Mencken, A. J. Liebling, T. H. White, the T. E.'s, Lawrence and Hulme, V. S.'s, Pritchett and Naipaul, and T. S. Eliot. The last named gentleman, Mr. Eliot, made things a trifle hot for those who have chosen a first-initial approach to the name problem by his invention of the pathetic Mr. Prufrock, J. Alfred. F. Scott Fitzgerald has doubtless regained some ground for names of the first-initial kind (and much earlier there was a most interesting Numidian named L. Aurelius Augustinius, who later became known as Saint Augustine). But for me there has always been some hint of the con man, the spats-and-weskit-wearing bunko artist—as played by W. C. Fields—in first-initial names. One ought to be very rich, and probably Texan, to walk around with such a name. The editor of the journal *The American Spectator* carries the moniker R. Emmet Tyrrell, Jr., a name that has everything but a hyphen and represents a distinct case, it seems to me, of cognominal overload.

A radical change in one's name seems in most cases a betrayal—of one's birthright, of one's group, of one's own identity. The only classes of people who seem to be able to change their names, to throw off the names they were born with and take on a pseudonym without being subject to the above charge are crooks and authors. As a boy, I used to love to read the Wanted posters in the post office. Wanted: Joseph Gelatso, alias Joseph Gillette, alias Joe Geo, alias Joey Gee. Under which of those names, I used to wonder, did Mr. Gelatso commit his most serious crimes? As Joey Gee, clearly he had his pleasanter moments. Eric Blair, Cicily Fairfield, and Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski became, respectively, George Orwell, Rebecca West, and Joseph Conrad—the first to shuck off the social class into which he was born, the second to name herself after a feminist heroine in Ibsen, the last to simplify his name for an English audience. Yet how right those names now seem, how completely their owners have taken possession of them!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now a confession. As a magazine editor I once edited, actually changed, a man's name. I am changing his name again here to protect the guilty—myself—and so I shall call him A. Stephen Pottle. Mr. Pottle sent the magazine I worked for quite a good manuscript on a subject that much interested us. We accepted it, though with the proviso that he make certain alterations. Although it was clearly none of my damned business, something about that A. in his name put me off, so when I wrote to him I dropped his first initial in my correspondence. When he wrote to me, he put the A. back in his name. In my response I took it out again. What is more, when I sent his manuscript to the printer, I deleted the A. from his name yet again. If he had chosen to put it back on galley proof, I should of course have let it stand; after all, an author has certain rights, including that to his own name. As it turned out, he didn't, and the article appeared under the unadorned name Stephen Pottle. But if he had queried me about his disappearing first initial, asking what the devil was going on, I had determined to write back to him, "What do you want to be *A.* Stephen Pottle for, when you can be *the* Stephen Pottle?"

I do not say that one necessarily comes to love one's name, but gradually one grows used to it. Like thinning hair, or wide feet, one learns to live with it. From time to time one's name can even seem rather comfortable. One has, after all, worn it for so long; and, unlike nearly everything else in life, it truly isn't any the worse for wear. Still, hearing it so often, one can never altogether cease thinking about it. In *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, T. S. Eliot wrote:

When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

But, then, when it comes to our names, we are all rather strange cats.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aria

A Memoir of a Bilingual Childhood

RICHARD RODRIGUEZ

I REMEMBER, TO START WITH, THAT DAY IN SACRAMENTO, in a California now nearly thirty years past, when I first entered a classroom—able to understand about fifty stray English words. The third of four children, I had been preceded by my older brother and sister to a neighborhood Roman Catholic school. But neither of them had revealed very much about their classroom experiences. They left each morning and returned each afternoon, always together, speaking Spanish as they climbed the five steps to the porch. And their mysterious books, wrapped in brown shopping-bag paper, remained on the table next to the door, closed firmly behind them.

An accident of geography sent me to a school where all my classmates were white and many were the children of doctors and lawyers and business executives. On that first day of school, my classmates must certainly have been uneasy to find themselves apart from their families, in the first institution of their lives. But I was astonished. I was fated to be the "problem student" in class.

The nun said, in a friendly but oddly impersonal voice: "Boys and girls, this is Richard Rodriguez." (I heard her sound it out: *Rich-heard Road-ree-guess.*) It was the first time I had heard anyone say my name in English. "Richard," the nun repeated more slowly, writing my name down in her book. Quickly I turned to see my mother's face dissolve in a watery blur behind the pebbled-glass door.

Now, many years later, I hear of something called "bilingual education"—a scheme proposed in the late 1960s by Hispanic-American social activists, later endorsed by a congressional vote. It is a program that seeks to permit non-English-speaking children (many from lower class homes) to use their "family language" as the language of school. Such, at least, is the aim its supporters announce. I hear them, and am forced to

---

✪ RICHARD RODRIGUEZ's last contribution to these pages was the much discussed "Going Home Again: The New American Scholarship Boy" (Winter 1974/75). This essay will be the opening chapter of an intellectual autobiography he intends to publish under the title *The Achievement of Desire.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say no: It is not possible for a child, any child, ever to use his family's language in school. Not to understand this is to misunderstand the public uses of schooling and to trivialize the nature of intimate life.

Memory teaches me what I know of these matters. The boy reminds the adult. I was a bilingual child, but of a certain kind: "socially disadvantaged," the son of working-class parents, both Mexican immigrants.

In the early years of my boyhood, my parents coped very well in America. My father had steady work. My mother managed at home. They were nobody's victims. When we moved to a house many blocks from the Mexican-American section of town, they were not intimidated by those two or three neighbors who initially tried to make us unwelcome. ("Keep your brats away from my sidewalk!") But despite all they achieved, or perhaps because they had so much to achieve, they lacked any deep feeling of ease, of belonging in public. They regarded the people at work or in crowds as being very distant from us. Those were the others, *los gringos*. That term was interchangeable in their speech with another, even more telling: *los americanos*.

I grew up in a house where the only regular guests were my relations. On a certain day, enormous families of relatives would visit us, and there would be so many people that the noise and the bodies would spill out to the backyard and onto the front porch. Then for weeks no one would come. (If the doorbell rang, it was usually a salesman.) Our house stood apart—gaudy yellow in a row of white bungalows. We were the people with the noisy dog, the people who raised chickens. We were the foreigners on the block. A few neighbors would smile and wave at us. We waved back. But until I was seven years old, I did not know the name of the old couple living next door or the names of the kids living across the street.

In public, my father and mother spoke a hesitant, accented, and not always grammatical English. And then they would have to strain, their bodies tense, to catch the sense of what was rapidly said by *los gringos*. At home, they returned to Spanish. The language of their Mexican past sounded in counterpoint to the English spoken in public. The words would come quickly, with ease. Conveyed through those sounds was the pleasing, soothing, consoling reminder that one was at home.

During those years when I was first learning to speak, my mother and father addressed me only in Spanish; in Spanish I learned to reply. By contrast, English (*inglés*) was the language I came to associate with gringos, rarely heard in the house. I learned my first words of English overhearing my parents speaking to strangers. At six years of age, I knew just enough words for my mother to trust me on errands to stores one block away—but no more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was then a listening child, careful to hear the very different sounds of Spanish and English. Wide-eyed with hearing, I'd listen to sounds more than to words. First, there were English (gringo) sounds. So many words still were unknown to me that when the butcher or the lady at the drugstore said something, exotic polysyllabic sounds would bloom in the midst of their sentences. Often the speech of people in public seemed to me very loud, booming with confidence. The man behind the counter would literally ask, "What can I do for you?" But by being so firm and clear, the sound of his voice said that he was a gringo; he belonged in public society. There were also the high, nasal notes of middle-class American speech—which I rarely am conscious of hearing today because I hear them so often, but could not stop hearing when I was a boy. Crowds at Safeway or at bus stops were noisy with the birdlike sounds of *los gringos.* I'd move away from them all—all the chirping chatter above me.

My own sounds I was unable to hear, but I knew that I spoke English poorly. My words could not extend to form complete thoughts. And the words I did speak I didn't know well enough to make distinct sounds. (Listeners would usually lower their heads to hear better what I was trying to say.) But it was one thing for *me* to speak English with difficulty; it was more troubling to hear my parents speaking in public: their high-whining vowels and guttural consonants; their sentences that got stuck with "eh" and "ah" sounds; the confused syntax; the hesitant rhythm of sounds so different from the way gringos spoke. I'd notice, moreover, that my parents' voices were softer than those of gringos we would meet.

I am tempted to say now that none of this mattered. (In adulthood I am embarrassed by childhood fears.) And, in a way, it didn't matter very much that my parents could not speak English with ease. Their linguistic difficulties had no serious consequences. My mother and father made themselves understood at the county hospital clinic and at government offices. And yet, in another way, it mattered very much. It was unsettling to hear my parents struggle with English. Hearing them, I'd grow nervous, and my clutching trust in their protection and power would be weakened.

There were many times like the night at a brightly lit gasoline station (a blaring white memory) when I stood uneasily hearing my father talk to a teenage attendant. I do not recall what they were saying, but I cannot forget the sounds my father made as he spoke. At one point his words slid together to form one long word—sounds as confused as the threads of blue and green oil in the puddle next to my shoes. His voice rushed through what he had left to say. Toward the end, he reached falsetto notes, appealing to his listener's understanding. I looked away at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lights of passing automobiles. I tried not to hear any more. But I heard only too well the attendant's reply, his calm, easy tones. Shortly afterward, headed for home, I shivered when my father put his hand on my shoulder. The very first chance that I got, I evaded his grasp and ran on ahead into the dark, skipping with feigned boyish exuberance.

But then there was Spanish: *español*, the language rarely heard away from the house; *español*, the language which seemed to me therefore a private language, my family's language. To hear its sounds was to feel myself specially recognized as one of the family, apart from *los otros*. A simple remark, an inconsequential comment could convey that assurance. My parents would say something to me and I would feel embraced by the sounds of their words. Those sounds said: *I am speaking with ease in Spanish. I am addressing you in words I never use with* los gringos. *I recognize you as someone special, close, like no one outside. You belong with us. In the family. Ricardo.*

At the age of six, well past the time when most middle-class children no longer notice the difference between sounds uttered at home and words spoken in public, I had a different experience. I lived in a world compounded of sounds. I was a child longer than most. I lived in a magical world, surrounded by sounds both pleasing and fearful. I shared with my family a language enchantingly private—different from that used in the city around us.

Just opening or closing the screen door behind me was an important experience. I'd rarely leave home all alone or without feeling reluctance. Walking down the sidewalk, under the canopy of tall trees, I'd warily notice the (suddenly) silent neighborhood kids who stood warily watching me. Nervously, I'd arrive at the grocery store to hear there the sounds of the gringo, reminding me that in this so-big world I was a foreigner. But if leaving home was never routine, neither was coming back. Walking toward our house, climbing the steps from the sidewalk, in summer when the front door was open, I'd hear voices beyond the screen door talking in Spanish. For a second or two I'd stay, linger there listening. Smiling, I'd hear my mother call out, saying in Spanish, "Is that you, Richard?" Those were her words, but all the while her sounds would assure me: *You are home now. Come closer inside. With us.* "*Sí,*" I'd reply.

Once more inside the house, I would resume my place in the family. The sounds would grow harder to hear. Once more at home, I would grow less conscious of them. It required, however, no more than the blurt of the doorbell to alert me all over again to listen to sounds. The house would turn instantly quiet while my mother went to the door. I'd hear her hard English sounds. I'd wait to hear her voice turn to soft-sounding Spanish, which assured me, as surely as did the clicking tongue of the lock on the door, that the stranger was gone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plainly it is not healthy to hear such sounds so often. It is not healthy to distinguish public from private sounds so easily. I remained cloistered by sounds, timid and shy in public, too dependent on the voices at home. And yet I was a very happy child when I was at home. I remember many nights when my father would come back from work, and I'd hear him call out to my mother in Spanish, sounding relieved. In Spanish, his voice would sound the light and free notes that he never could manage in English. Some nights I'd jump up just hearing his voice. My brother and I would come running into the room where he was with our mother. Our laughing (so deep was the pleasure!) became screaming. Like others who feel the pain of public alienation, we transformed the knowledge of our public separateness into a consoling reminder of our intimacy. Excited, our voices joined in a celebration of sounds. *We are speaking now the way we never speak out in public—we are together*, the sounds told me. Some nights no one seemed willing to loosen the hold that sounds had on us. At dinner we invented new words that sounded Spanish, but made sense only to us. We pieced together new words by taking, say, an English verb and giving it Spanish endings. My mother's instructions at bedtime would be lacquered with mock-urgent tones. Or a word like *sí*, sounded in several notes, would convey added measures of feeling. Tongues lingered around the edges of words, especially fat vowels. And we happily sounded that military drum roll, the twirling roar of the Spanish *r*. Family language, my family's sounds: the voices of my parents and sisters and brother. Their voices insisting: *You belong here. We are family members. Related. Special to one another. Listen!* Voices singing and sighing, rising and straining, then surging, teeming with pleasure which burst syllables into fragments of laughter. At times it seemed there was steady quiet only when, from another room, the rustling whispers of my parents faded and I edged closer to sleep.

Supporters of bilingual education imply today that students like me miss a great deal by not being taught in their family's language. What they seem not to recognize is that, as a socially disadvantaged child, I regarded Spanish as a private language. It was a ghetto language that deepened and strengthened my feeling of public separateness. What I needed to learn in school was that I had the right, and the obligation, to speak the public language. The odd truth is that my first-grade classmates could have become bilingual, in the conventional sense of the word, more easily than I. Had they been taught early (as upper middle-class children often are taught) a "second language" like Spanish or French, they could have regarded it simply as another public language. In my case, such bilingualism could not have been so quickly achieved. What I did not believe was that I could speak a single public language.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without question, it would have pleased me to have heard my teachers address me in Spanish when I entered the classroom. I would have felt much less afraid. I would have imagined that my instructors were somehow "related" to me; I would indeed have heard their Spanish as my family's language. I would have trusted them and responded with ease. But I would have delayed—postponed for how long?—having to learn the language of public society. I would have evaded—and for how long?—learning the great lesson of school: that I had a public identity.

Fortunately, my teachers were unsentimental about their responsibility. What they understood was that I needed to speak public English. So their voices would search me out, asking me questions. Each time I heard them I'd look up in surprise to see a nun's face frowning at me. I'd mumble, not really meaning to answer. The nun would persist. "Richard, stand up. Don't look at the floor. Speak up. Speak to the entire class, not just to me!" But I couldn't believe English could be my language to use. (In part, I did not want to believe it.) I continued to mumble. I resisted the teacher's demands. (Did I somehow suspect that once I learned this public language my family life would be changed?) Silent, waiting for the bell to sound, I remained dazed, diffident, afraid.

Because I wrongly imagined that English was intrinsically a public language and Spanish was intrinsically private, I easily noted the difference between classroom language and the language of home. At school, words were directed to a general audience of listeners. ("Boys and girls . . .") Words were meaningfully ordered. And the point was not self-expression alone, but to make oneself understood by many others. The teacher quizzed: "Boys and girls, why do we use that word in this sentence? Could we think of a better word to use there? Would the sentence change its meaning if the words were differently arranged? Isn't there a better way of saying much the same thing?" (I couldn't say. I wouldn't try to say.)

Three months passed. Five. A half year. Unsmiling, ever watchful, my teachers noted my silence. They began to connect my behavior with the slow progress my brother and sisters were making. Until, one Saturday morning, three nuns arrived at the house to talk to our parents. Stiffly they sat on the blue living-room sofa. From the doorway of another room, spying on the visitors, I noted the incongruity, the clash of two worlds, the faces and voices of school intruding upon the familiar setting of home. I overheard one voice gently wondering, "Do your children speak only Spanish at home, Mrs. Rodriguez?" While another voice added, "That Richard especially seems so timid and shy."

That Rich-heard!

With great tact, the visitors continued, "Is it possible for you and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your husband to encourage your children to practice their English when they are home?" Of course my parents complied. What would they not do for their children's well-being? And how could they question the Church's authority which those women represented? In an instant they agreed to give up the language (the sounds) which had revealed and accentuated our family's closeness. The moment after the visitors left, the change was observed. "*Ahora,* speak to us only *en inglés,*" my father and mother told us.

At first, it seemed a kind of game. After dinner each night, the family gathered together to practice "our" English. It was still then *inglés,* a language foreign to us, so we felt drawn to it as strangers. Laughing, we would try to define words we could not pronounce. We played with strange English sounds, often over-anglicizing our pronunciations. And we filled the smiling gaps of our sentences with familiar Spanish sounds. But that was cheating, somebody shouted, and everyone laughed.

In school, meanwhile, like my brother and sisters, I was required to attend a daily tutoring session. I needed a full year of this special work. I also needed my teachers to keep my attention from straying in class by calling out, "*Rich-heard!*"—their English voices slowly loosening the ties to my other name, with its three notes, *Ri-car-do.* Most of all, I needed to hear my mother and father speak to me in a moment of seriousness in "broken"—suddenly heartbreaking—English. This scene was inevitable. One Saturday morning I entered the kitchen where my parents were talking, but I did not realize that they were talking in Spanish until, the moment they saw me, their voices changed and they began speaking English. The gringo sounds they uttered startled me. Pushed me away. In that moment of trivial misunderstanding and profound insight, I felt my throat twisted by unsounded grief. I simply turned and left the room. But I had no place to escape to where I could grieve in Spanish. My brother and sisters were speaking English in another part of the house.

Again and again in the days following, as I grew increasingly angry, I was obliged to hear my mother and father encouraging me: "Speak to us *en inglés.*" Only then did I determine to learn classroom English. Thus, sometime afterward it happened: one day in school, I raised my hand to volunteer an answer to a question. I spoke out in a loud voice and I did not think it remarkable when the entire class understood. That day I moved very far from being the disadvantaged child I had been only days earlier. Taken hold at last was the belief, the calming assurance, that I *belonged* in public.

Shortly after, I stopped hearing the high, troubling sounds of *los gringos.* A more and more confident speaker of English, I didn't listen to how strangers sounded when they talked to me. With so many English-speaking people around me, I no longer heard American accents. Con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versations quickened. Listening to persons whose voices sounded eccentrically pitched, I might note their sounds for a few seconds, but then I'd concentrate on what they were saying. Now when I heard someone's tone of voice—angry or questioning or sarcastic or happy or sad—I didn't distinguish it from the words it expressed. Sound and word were thus tightly wedded. At the end of each day I was often bemused, and always relieved, to realize how "soundless," though crowded with words, my day in public had been. An eight-year-old boy, I finally came to accept what had been technically true since my birth: I was an American citizen.

But diminished by then was the special feeling of closeness at home. Gone was the desperate, urgent, intense feeling of being at home among those with whom I felt intimate. Our family remained a loving family, but one greatly changed. We were no longer so close, no longer bound tightly together by the knowledge of our separateness from *los gringos.* Neither my older brother nor my sisters rushed home after school any more. Nor did I. When I arrived home, often there would be neighborhood kids in the house. Or the house would be empty of sounds.

Following the dramatic Americanization of their children, even my parents grew more publicly confident—especially my mother. First she learned the names of all the people on the block. Then she decided we needed to have a telephone in our house. My father, for his part, continued to use the word gringo, but it was no longer charged with bitterness or distrust. Stripped of any emotional content, the word simply became a name for those Americans not of Hispanic descent. Hearing him, sometimes, I wasn't sure if he was pronouncing the Spanish word *gringo,* or saying gringo in English.

There was a new silence at home. As we children learned more and more English, we shared fewer and fewer words with our parents. Sentences needed to be spoken slowly when one of us addressed our mother or father. Often the parent wouldn't understand. The child would need to repeat himself. Still the parent misunderstood. The young voice, frustrated, would end up saying, "Never mind"—the subject was closed. Dinners would be noisy with the clinking of knives and forks against dishes. My mother would smile softly between her remarks; my father, at the other end of the table, would chew and chew his food while he stared over the heads of his children.

My mother! My father! After English became my primary language, I no longer knew what words to use in addressing my parents. The old Spanish words (those tender accents of sound) I had earlier used—*mamá* and *papá*—I couldn't use any more. They would have been all-too-painful reminders of how much had changed in my life. On the other hand, the words I heard neighborhood kids call their parents seemed equally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsatisfactory. "Mother" and "father," "ma," "papa," "pa," "dad," "pop" (how I hated the all-American sound of that last word)—all these I felt were unsuitable terms of address for *my* parents. As a result, I never used them at home. Whenever I'd speak to my parents, I would try to get their attention by looking at them. In public conversations, I'd refer to them as my "parents" or my "mother" and "father."

My mother and father, for their part, responded differently, as their children spoke to them less. My mother grew restless, seemed troubled and anxious at the scarceness of words exchanged in the house. She would question me about my day when I came home from school. She smiled at my small talk. She pried at the edges of my sentences to get me to say something more. ("What . . . ?") She'd join conversations she overheard, but her intrusions often stopped her children's talking. By contrast, my father seemed to grow reconciled to the new quiet. Though his English somewhat improved, he tended more and more to retire into silence. At dinner he spoke very little. One night his children and even his wife helplessly giggled at his garbled English pronunciation of the Catholic "Grace Before Meals." Thereafter he made his wife recite the prayer at the start of each meal, even on formal occasions when there were guests in the house.

Hers became the public voice of the family. On official business it was she, not my father, who would usually talk to strangers on the phone or in stores. We children grew so accustomed to his silence that years later we would routinely refer to his "shyness." (My mother often tried to explain: both of his parents died when he was eight. He was raised by an uncle who treated him as little more than a menial servant. He was never encouraged to speak. He grew up alone—a man of few words.) But I realized my father was not shy whenever I'd watch him speaking Spanish with relatives. Using Spanish, he was quickly effusive. Especially when talking with other men, his voice would spark, flicker, flare alive with varied sounds. In Spanish he expressed ideas and feelings he rarely revealed when speaking English. With firm Spanish sounds he conveyed a confidence and authority that English would never allow him.

The silence at home, however, was not simply the result of fewer words passing between parents and children. More profound for me was the silence created by my inattention to sounds. At about the time I no longer bothered to listen with care to the sounds of English in public, I grew careless about listening to the sounds made by the family when they spoke. Most of the time I would hear someone speaking at home and didn't distinguish his sounds from the words people uttered in public. I didn't even pay much attention to my parents' accented and ungrammatical speech—at least not at home. Only when I was with them in public would I become alert to their accents. But even then their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sounds caused me less and less concern. For I was growing increasingly confident of my own public identity.

I would have been happier about my public success had I not recalled, sometimes, what it had been like earlier, when my family conveyed its intimacy through a set of conveniently private sounds. Sometimes in public, hearing a stranger, I'd hark back to my lost past. A Mexican farm worker approached me one day downtown. He wanted directions to some place. *"Hijito, . . ."* he said. And his voice stirred old longings. Another time I was standing beside my mother in the visiting room of a Carmelite convent, before the dense screen which rendered the nuns shadowy figures. I heard several of them speaking Spanish in their busy, singsong, overlapping voices, assuring my mother that, yes, yes, we were remembered, all our family was remembered, in their prayers. Those voices echoed faraway family sounds. Another day a dark-faced old woman touched my shoulder lightly to steady herself as she boarded a bus. She murmured something to me I couldn't quite comprehend. Her Spanish voice came near, like the face of a never-before-seen relative in the instant before I was kissed. That voice, like so many of the Spanish voices I'd hear in public, recalled the golden age of my childhood.

Bilingual educators say today that children lose a degree of "individuality" by becoming assimilated into public society. (Bilingual schooling is a program popularized in the seventies, that decade when middle-class "ethnics" began to resist the process of assimilation—the "American melting pot.") But the bilingualists oversimplify when they scorn the value and necessity of assimilation. They do not seem to realize that a person is individualized in two ways. So they do not realize that, while one suffers a diminished sense of *private* individuality by being assimilated into public society, such assimilation makes possible the achievement of *public* individuality.

Simplistically again, the bilingualists insist that a student should be reminded of his difference from others in mass society, of his "heritage." But they equate mere separateness with individuality. The fact is that only in private—with intimates—is separateness from the crowd a prerequisite for individuality; an intimate "tells" me that I am unique, unlike all others, apart from the crowd. In public, by contrast, full individuality is achieved, paradoxically, by those who are able to consider themselves members of the crowd. Thus it happened for me. Only when I was able to think of myself as an American, no longer an alien in gringo society, could I seek the rights and opportunities necessary for full public individuality. The social and political advantages I enjoy as a man began on the day I came to believe that my name is indeed *Rich-heard Road-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ree-guess. It is true that my public society today is often impersonal; in fact, my public society is usually mass society. But despite the anonymity of the crowd, and despite the fact that the individuality I achieve in public is often tenuous—because it depends on my being one in a crowd—I celebrate the day I acquired my new name. Those middle-class ethnics who scorn assimilation seem to me filled with decadent self-pity, obsessed by the burden of public life. Dangerously, they romanticize public separateness and trivialize the dilemma of those who are truly socially disadvantaged.

If I rehearse here the changes in my private life after my Americanization, it is finally to emphasize a public gain. The loss implies the gain. The house I returned to each afternoon was quiet. Intimate sounds no longer greeted me at the door. Inside there were other noises. The telephone rang. Neighborhood kids ran past the door of the bedroom where I was reading my schoolbooks—covered with brown shopping-bag paper. Once I learned the public language, it would never again be easy for me to hear intimate family voices. More and more of my day was spent hearing words, not sounds. But that may only be a way of saying that on the day I raised my hand in class and spoke loudly to an entire roomful of faces, my childhood started to end.

I grew up the victim of a disconcerting confusion. As I became fluent in English, I could no longer speak Spanish with confidence. I continued to understand spoken Spanish, and in high school I learned how to read and write Spanish. But for many years I could not pronounce it. A powerful guilt blocked my spoken words; an essential glue was missing whenever I would try to connect words to form sentences. I would be unable to break a barrier of sound, to speak freely. I would speak, or try to speak, Spanish, and I would manage to utter halting, hiccuping sounds which betrayed my unease. (Even today I speak Spanish very slowly, at best.)

When relatives and Spanish-speaking friends of my parents came to the house, my brother and sisters would usually manage to say a few words before being excused. I never managed so gracefully. Each time I'd hear myself addressed in Spanish, I couldn't respond with any success. I'd know the words I wanted to say, but I couldn't say them. I would try to speak, but everything I said seemed to me horribly anglicized. My mouth wouldn't form the sounds right. My jaw would tremble. After a phrase or two, I'd stutter, cough up a warm, silvery sound, and stop.

My listeners were surprised to hear me. They'd lower their heads to grasp better what I was trying to say. They would repeat their questions in gentle, affectionate voices. But then I would answer in English. No,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no, they would say, we want you to speak to us in Spanish (*"en español"*). But I couldn't do it. Then they would call me *Pocho.* Sometimes playfully, teasing, using the tender diminutive—*mi pochito.* Sometimes not so playfully but mockingly, *pocho.* (A Spanish dictionary defines that word as an adjective meaning "colorless" or "bland." But I heard it as a noun, naming the Mexican-American who, in becoming an American, forgets his native society.) *"¡Pocho!"* my mother's best friend muttered, shaking her head. And my mother laughed, somewhere behind me. She said that her children didn't want to practice "our Spanish" after they started going to school. My mother's smiling voice made me suspect that the lady who faced me was not really angry at me. But searching her face, I couldn't find the hint of a smile.

Embarrassed, my parents would often need to explain their children's inability to speak fluent Spanish during those years. My mother encountered the wrath of her brother, her only brother, when he came up from Mexico one summer with his family and saw his nieces and nephews for the very first time. After listening to me, he looked away and said what a disgrace it was that my siblings and I couldn't speak Spanish, *"su propria idioma."* He made that remark to my mother, but I noticed that he stared at my father.

One other visitor from those years I clearly remember: a long-time friend of my father from San Francisco who came to stay with us for several days in late August. He took great interest in me after he realized that I couldn't answer his questions in Spanish. He would grab me, as I started to leave the kitchen. He would ask me something. Usually he wouldn't bother to wait for my mumbled response. Knowingly, he'd murmur, *"¿Ay pocho, pocho, donde vas?"* And he would press his thumbs into the upper part of my arms, making me squirm with pain. Dumbly I'd stand there, waiting for his wife to notice us and call him off with a benign smile. I'd giggle, hoping to deflate the tension between us, pretending that I hadn't seen the glittering scorn in his glance.

I recount such incidents only because they suggest the fierce power that Spanish had over many people I met at home, how strongly Spanish was associated with closeness. Most of those people who called me a *pocho* could have spoken English to me, but many wouldn't. They seemed to think that Spanish was the only language we could use among ourselves, that Spanish alone permitted our association. (Such persons are always vulnerable to the ghetto merchant and the politician who have learned the value of speaking their clients' "family language" so as to gain immediate trust.) For my part, I felt that by learning English I had somehow committed a sin of betrayal. But betrayal against whom? Not exactly against the visitors to the house. Rather, I felt I had betrayed my immediate family. I knew that my parents had encouraged me to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learn English. I knew that I had turned to English with angry reluctance. But once I spoke English with ease, I came to feel guilty. I sensed that I had broken the spell of intimacy which had once held the family so close together. It was this original sin against my family that I recalled whenever anyone addressed me in Spanish and I responded, confounded.

Yet even during those years of guilt, I was coming to grasp certain consoling truths about language and intimacy—truths that I learned gradually. Once, I remember playing with a friend in the backyard when my grandmother appeared at the window. Her face was stern with suspicion when she saw the boy (the *gringo* boy) I was with. She called out to me in Spanish, sounding the whistle of her ancient breath. My companion looked up and watched her intently as she lowered the window and moved (still visible) behind the light curtain, watching us both. He wanted to know what she had said. I started to tell him, to translate her Spanish words into English. The problem was, however, that though I knew how to translate exactly what she had told me, I realized that any translation would distort the deepest meaning of her message: it had been directed only to me. This message of intimacy could never be translated because it did not lie in the actual words she had used but passed through them. So any translation would have seemed wrong; the words would have been stripped of an essential meaning. Finally I decided not to tell my friend anything—just that I didn't hear all she had said.

This insight was unfolded in time. As I made more and more friends outside my house, I began to recognize intimate messages spoken in English in a close friend's confidential tone or secretive whisper. Even more remarkable were those instances when, apparently for no special reason, I'd become conscious of the fact that my companion was speaking *only to me.* I'd marvel then, just hearing his voice. It was a stunning event to be able to break through the barrier of public silence, to be able to hear the voice of the other, to realize that it was directed just to me. After such moments of intimacy outside the house, I began to trust what I heard intimately conveyed through my family's English. Voices at home at last punctured sad confusion. I'd hear myself addressed as an intimate—in English. Such moments were never as raucous with sound as in past times, when we had used our "private" Spanish. (Our English-sounding house was never to be as noisy as our Spanish-sounding house had been.) Intimate moments were usually moments of soft sound. My mother would be ironing in the dining room while I did my homework nearby. She would look over at me, smile, and her voice sounded to tell me that I was her son. *Richard.*

Intimacy thus continued at home; intimacy was not stilled by English. Though there were fewer occasions for it—a change in my life that I would never forget—there were also times when I sensed the deep

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truth about language and intimacy: *Intimacy is not created by a particular language; it is created by intimates.* Thus the great change in my life was not linguistic but social. If, after becoming a successful student, I no longer heard intimate voices as often as I had earlier, it was not because I spoke English instead of Spanish. It was because I spoke public language for most of my day. I moved easily at last, a citizen in a crowded city of words.

As a man I spend most of my day in public, in a world largely devoid of speech sounds. So I am quickly attracted by the glamorous quality of certain alien voices. I still am gripped with excitement when someone passes me on the street, speaking in Spanish. I have not moved beyond the range of the nostalgic pull of those sounds. And there is something very compelling about the sounds of lower-class blacks. Of all the accented versions of English that I hear in public, I hear theirs most intently. The Japanese tourist stops me downtown to ask me a question and I inch my way past his accent to concentrate on what he is saying. The eastern European immigrant in the neighborhood delicatessen speaks to me and, again, I do not pay much attention to his sounds, nor to the Texas accent of one of my neighbors or the Chicago accent of the woman who lives in the apartment below me. But when the ghetto black teenagers get on the city bus, I hear them. Their sounds in my society are the sounds of the outsider. Their voices annoy me for being so loud—so self-sufficient and unconcerned by my presence, but for the same reason they are glamorous: a romantic gesture against public acceptance. And as I listen to their shouted laughter, I realize my own quietness. I feel envious of them—envious of their brazen intimacy.

I warn myself away from such envy, however. Overhearing those teenagers, I think of the black political activists who lately have argued in favor of using black English in public schools—an argument that varies only slightly from that of foreign-language bilingualists. I have heard "radical" linguists make the point that black English is a complex and intricate version of English. And I do not doubt it. But neither do I think that black English should be a language of public instruction. What makes it inappropriate in classrooms is not something in the language itself but, rather, what lower-class speakers make of it. Just as Spanish would have been a dangerous language for me to have used at the start of my education, so black English would be a dangerous language to use in the schooling of teenagers for whom it reinforces feelings of public separateness.

This seems to me an obvious point to make, and yet it must be said. In recent years there have been many attempts to make the language of the alien a public language. "Bilingual education, two ways to under-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stand . . ." television and radio commercials glibly announce. Proponents of bilingual education are careful to say that above all they want every student to acquire a good education. Their argument goes something like this: Children permitted to use their family language will not be so alienated and will be better able to match the progress of English-speaking students in the crucial first months of schooling. Increasingly confident of their ability, such children will be more inclined to apply themselves to their studies in the future. But then the bilingualists also claim another very different goal. They say that children who use their family language in school will retain a sense of their ethnic heritage and their family ties. Thus the supporters of bilingual education want it both ways. They propose bilingual schooling as a way of helping students acquire the classroom skills crucial for public success. But they likewise insist that bilingual instruction will give students a sense of their identity apart from the English-speaking public.

Behind this scheme gleams a bright promise for the alien child: one can become a public person while still remaining a private person. Who would not want to believe such an appealing idea? Who can be surprised that the scheme has the support of so many middle-class ethnic Americans? If the barrio or ghetto child can retain his separateness even while being publicly educated, then it is almost possible to believe that no private cost need be paid for public success. This is the consolation offered by any of the number of current bilingual programs. Consider, for example, the bilingual voter's ballot. In some American cities one can cast a ballot printed in several languages. Such a document implies that it is possible for one to exercise that most public of rights—the right to vote—while still keeping oneself apart, unassimilated in public life.

It is not enough to say that such schemes are foolish and certainly doomed. Middle-class supporters of public bilingualism toy with the confusion of those Americans who cannot speak standard English as well as they do. Moreover, bilingual enthusiasts sin against intimacy. A Hispanic-American tells me, "I will never give up my family language," and he clutches a group of words as though they were the source of his family ties. He credits to language what he should credit to family members. This is a convenient mistake, for as long as he holds on to certain familiar words, he can ignore how much else has actually changed in his life.

It has happened before. In earlier decades, persons ambitious for social mobility, and newly successful, similarly seized upon certain "family words." Workingmen attempting to gain political power, for example, took to calling one another "brother." The word as they used it, however, could never resemble the word (the sound) "brother" exchanged by two people in intimate greeting. The context of its public delivery made it at best a metaphor; with repetition it was only a vague echo of the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timate sound. Context forced the change. Context could not be overruled. Context will always protect the realm of the intimate from public misuse. Today middle-class white Americans continue to prove the importance of context as they try to ignore it. They seize upon idioms of the black ghetto, but their attempt to appropriate such expressions invariably changes the meaning. As it becomes a public expression, the ghetto idiom loses its sound, its message of public separateness and strident intimacy. With public repetition it becomes a series of words, increasingly lifeless.

The mystery of intimate utterance remains. The communication of intimacy passes through the word and enlivens its sound, but it cannot be held by the word. It cannot be retained or ever quoted because it is too fluid. It depends not on words but on persons.

My grandmother! She stood among my other relations mocking me when I no longer spoke Spanish. *Pocho,* she said. But then it made no difference. She'd laugh, and our relationship continued because language was never its source. She was a woman in her eighties during the first decade of my life—a mysterious woman to me, my only living grandparent, a woman of Mexico in a long black dress that reached down to her shoes. She was the one relative of mine who spoke no word of English. She had no interest in gringo society and remained completely aloof from the public. She was protected by her daughters, protected even by me when we went to Safeway together and I needed to act as her translator. An eccentric woman. Hard. Soft.

When my family visited my aunt's house in San Francisco, my grandmother would search for me among my many cousins. When she found me, she'd chase them away. Pinching her granddaughters, she would warn them away from me. Then she'd take me to her room, where she had prepared for my coming. There would be a chair next to the bed, a dusty jellied candy nearby, and a copy of *Life en Español* for me to examine. "There," she'd say. And I'd sit content, a boy of eight. *Pocho,* her favorite. I'd sift through the pictures of earthquake-destroyed Latin-American cities and blonde-wigged Mexican movie stars. And all the while I'd listen to the sound of my grandmother's voice. She'd pace around the room, telling me stories of her life. Her past. They were stories so familiar that I couldn't remember when I'd heard them for the first time. I'd look up sometimes to listen. Other times she'd look over at me, but she never expected a response. Sometimes I'd smile or nod. (I understood exactly what she was saying.) But it never seemed to matter to her one way or the other. It was enough that I was there. The words she spoke were almost irrelevant to that fact. We were content. And the great mystery remained: intimate utterance.

I learn nothing about language and intimacy listening to those social

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activists who propose using one's family language in public life. I learn much more simply by listening to songs on a radio, or hearing a great voice at the opera, or overhearing the woman downstairs at an open window singing to herself. Singers celebrate the human voice. Their lyrics are words, but, animated by voice, those words are subsumed into sounds. (This suggests a central truth about language: all words are capable of becoming sounds as we fill them with the "music" of our life.) With excitement I hear the words yielding their enormous power to sound, even though their meaning is never totally obliterated. In most songs, the drama or tension results from the way that the singer moves between words (sense) and notes (song). At one moment the song simply "says" something; at another moment the voice stretches out the words and moves to the realm of pure sound. Most songs are about love: lost love, celebrations of loving, pleas. By simply being occasions when sounds soar through words, however, songs put me in mind of the most intimate moments of life.

Finally, among all types of music, I find songs created by lyric poets most compelling. On no other public occasion is sound so important for me. Written poems on a page seem at first glance a mere collection of words. And yet, without musical accompaniment, the poet leads me to hear the sounds of the words that I read. As song, a poem moves between the levels of sound and sense, never limited to one realm or the other. As a public artifact, the poem can never offer truly intimate sound, but it helps me to recall the intimate times of my life. As I read in my room, I grow deeply conscious of being alone, sounding my voice in search of another. The poem serves, then, as a memory device; it forces remembrance. And it refreshes; it reminds me of the possibility of escaping public words, the possibility that awaits me in intimate meetings.

The child reminds the adult: to seek intimate sounds is to seek the company of intimates. I do not expect to hear those sounds in public. I would dishonor those I have loved, and those I love now, to claim anything else. I would dishonor our intimacy by holding on to a particular language and calling it my family language. Intimacy cannot be trapped within words; it passes through words. It passes. Intimates leave the room. Doors close. Faces move away from the window. Time passes, and voices recede into the dark. Death finally quiets the voice. There is no way to deny it, no way to stand in the crowd claiming to utter one's family language.

The last time I saw my grandmother I was nine years old. I can tell you some of the things she said to me as I stood by her bed, but I cannot quote the message of intimacy she conveyed with her voice. She laughed, holding my hand. Her voice illumined disjointed memories as it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passed them again. She remembered her husband—his green eyes, his magic name of Narcissio, his early death. She remembered the farm in Mexico, the eucalyptus trees nearby (their scent, she remembered, like incense). She remembered the family cow, the bell around its neck heard miles away. A dog. She remembered working as a seamstress, how she'd leave her daughters and son for long hours to go into Guadalajara to work. And how my mother would come running toward her in the sun—in her bright yellow dress—on her return. "MMMMAAAAMMMMÁÁÁÁÁ," the old lady mimicked her daughter (my mother) to her daughter's son. She laughed. There was the snap of a cough. An aunt came into the room and told me it was time I should leave. "You can see her tomorrow," she promised. So I kissed my grandmother's cracked face. And the last thing I saw was her thin, oddly youthful thigh, as my aunt rearranged the sheet on the bed.

At the funeral parlor a few days after, I remember kneeling with my relatives during the rosary. Among their voices I traced, then lost, the sounds of individual aunts in the surge of the common prayer. And I heard at that moment what since I have heard very often—the sound the women in my family make when they are praying in sadness. When I went up to look at my grandmother, I saw her through the haze of a veil draped over the open lid of the casket. Her face looked calm—but distant and unyielding to love. It was not the face I remembered seeing most often. It was the face she made in public when the clerk at Safeway asked her some question and I would need to respond. It was her public face that the mortician had designed with his dubious art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Is It All About?

W. V. QUINE

ALL WE KNOW OR EVER HOPE TO KNOW ABOUT THINGS—*what* things there are and *how* they are—we owe to the triggering of our nerve endings, our sensory receptors. That is where the information gets fed in.

Evidently, then, all our talk of external things, our very notion of things, is just an elaborate conceptual apparatus by which we foresee and to a degree even control the triggering of our receptors, in the light of previous triggering of our receptors. The triggering, first and last, is all we have to go on.

In saying all this, I too am talking of external things, namely people and their nerve endings. Thus all that I have been saying applies in particular to what I have myself been saying.

This is as it should be, and if I sounded skeptical about external things I must correct the impression. I have complete confidence in them. There is nothing we can be more confident of than external things—some of them, anyway: other people, sticks, stones.

But the fact remains that we have nothing to go on beyond the impacts that activate our nerve endings. Now, what is more remarkable is that this fact itself is known to us only because of what we know about the external world. Natural science is where we learn that there is no possible mechanism for clairvoyance or telepathy, no avenue of information about external objects except through physical forces that emanate from those objects and impinge on our sensory surfaces. Natural science is its own severest critic. It is science itself that teaches that the evidence for science must be sensory.

We are left still with the fact—a fact of science itself—that science is a conceptual bridge of our own making, linking sensory stimulation to sensory stimulation. I should like now to consider how this bridging operation works. What does it mean to assume external objects? And what about objects of an abstract sort, such as numbers? How do objects of both sorts help us in developing systematic connections between our sen-

W. V. QUINE, philosopher and mathematical logician, is professor emeritus at Harvard University. Among his books are *The Web of Belief* and *The Roots of Reference*. This essay has been adapted from his Gail Caldwell Stine Memorial Lecture at Mount Holyoke College and from the 1980 Immanuel Kant Lectures presented at Stanford University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sory stimulations? We have here a cluster of problems generated within science itself, and in coping with them we can make free use of scientific knowledge.

We recognize, then, that we and others are bodies moving among bodies. We would like to get clearer on what it means to recognize this. We may begin with some elementary points of psychology. Similar causes tend to have similar effects, and so, in particular, similar stimulations of an individual's senses tend to induce similar responses. So, when confronted repeatedly with some distinctive substance, say milk, the individual may very well react in some distinctive way. It is perhaps just this near-uniformity of response that we are remarking on when we say that he recognizes milk.

This simple account works better for substances than for bodies, for a body is apt not to produce very similar stimulations on succeeding encounters. Unless it is spherical, it presents different visual shapes from different angles. Also, if it is alive, it goes into various contortions. True, a substance likewise can come in various shapes, but in recognizing a substance we do not go by the shape. In recognizing a body we do go by the visual shape, even though it is so variable. So recognition of a body is not a simple matter of responding similarly to similar stimulations; not a simple matter of similar causes having similar effects. The various visual shapes that a given body presents are related to one another less by similarity than by continuity in time; the body presents them in continuous succession. In addition to association by similarity, thus, a second psychological principle is called into play: association by succession. These are two powerful principles, similarity and succession, for they are what make people expect similar stimulations to have sequels that are similar to each other; and it is this expectation that is the root of all science, all induction, all learning by experience. But my present point is that this pair of principles accounts for the early tendency to react similarly to repeated presentations of a body, despite visual diversity of the presentations. And it is perhaps just this near-uniformity of response that we are remarking on when we say of someone that he recognizes the body.

But now we must bear in mind that it is *we* who are saying, on the strength of the subject's near-uniformity of response, that *he* recognizes the substance or body in question. We are assuming such objects, and are talking about his reactions to them; but does he assume them? Instead of saying in the light of his similar reactions to milk that he can recognize milk, we could have said that he can recognize a certain recurrent sensory pattern. Instead of saying in the light of his similar reactions to a repeatedly given body that he can recognize the body, we could have said that he can recognize a certain continuous range of sensory patterns. We could describe the regularity of his behavior either way, according as we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prefer to talk of substances and bodies or of sensory patterns and ranges of sensory patterns. But what about him? Which sort of object is he assuming, or recognizing as existing?

Ask him, someone may suggest. However, the matter is not clear. There is a threat, at least, of a curious predicament here, and I can best indicate the nature of it by switching temporarily to an analogous case that is simpler and already familiar. This is the question whether someone sees the same colors you see, or always sees the complementary ones. Asking is no good; he will call the same things red that you do, because he learned the word as you did by hearing such objects called red. Efforts to pin him down by talking perhaps of warm and cool colors will not help either; what he calls red will be associated in his mind with heat, with fire and hot iron and inflamed skin, however green it may really be to his inverted senses.

Now a similar predicament may be feared when we ask our subject what sort of objects he is recognizing. He learned such words as "milk" and "chair" and "Fido" as we did: people uttered them in the appropriate presences, perhaps with some appropriate pointing. Perhaps, then, as in the case of colors, there will be no discrepancy between his talk and ours, though he may be talking of sensory patterns and ranges thereof while we talk of substances and bodies.

This particular dilemma is a credible one only in the primitive situation where we are assessing the subject's responses to objects with which he is presented. When we get to talking with him at more theoretical levels, having to do ostensibly with abstract objects or other unobservables, we cannot very well imagine that he is continuing to talk of sensory patterns. But there continues, even so, to be room for a similar dilemma in other terms; we may wonder whether he must be construed as talking of the same theoretical objects that we have in mind, or whether he is really talking, all inscrutably, of something else. I will develop this point later. For the present let us limit our horizon to the observational level. For we see that already at this level we may well ask what objects are being assumed, and what the assuming of them consists in. It is not enough that the subject recognize them in the sense of reacting distinctively to them; the difficulty of deciding between external objects and sensory patterns is evidence of that.

What, then, does the assuming of objects consist in? It is a mental act, and mental acts are notoriously difficult to pin down—this one more than most. Little can be done in the way of tracking thought processes except as we can put words to them. For something objective that we can get our teeth into we must go after the words. Words accompany thoughts for the most part anyway, and it is only as thoughts are expressed in words that we can specify them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we turn our attention to the words, then what had been a question of assuming objects becomes a question of verbal *reference* to objects. To ask what the *assuming* of an object consists in is to ask what *referring* to the object consists in. Our old starting point, stimulation of the sensory receptors, shifts correspondingly; we look now to the linguistic *expressions* that are most directly *conditioned* to sensory stimulation.

These are the linguistic expressions that we learn first. They serve as reports of what we are witnessing when we utter them. We learn them from our elders, who encourage us to utter them on the appropriate occasions or to assent to them if anyone asks us. It is a matter of associating words with stimulations, a matter of conditioning, or stimulus generalization. If the child is to learn the expression in this way, there must be a suitable subjective kinship among the occasions that the expression is to be used to report. The stimulations may be similar, or they may be related in the more devious manner of two views of a body.

The occasions that such an expression is to serve to report must meet also a second requirement: representative occasions from among them, at least, must be publicly recognizable. This is necessary in order that the adult from whom the child is learning the expression be able to share the scene and see if the expression suits it. A further prerequisite of this social transaction is that a fairly wide range of occasions must be appropriate to one and the same expression, in order to allow for the fact that the child and the teacher are viewing the scene from different angles.

Thus it stands to reason that the expressions we learn to apply very early will not be expressions for specific shapes projected on the eye. Such an expression lacks the required versatility. What projects a square on one retina projects a trapezoid on a neighbor's retina. An expression for a specific shape meets only the similarity condition required for conditioning, and not the further condition required for teaching: namely, tolerance of differences of viewpoint. And language has to be learned from other people.

The expression "It's raining" is one that could be learned early; rain is recognizable from all angles. Similarly for words for substances: "milk," "sugar," "water," "wood." And similarly for words for bodies: "Fido," "Mama," "chair"—applying, as they do, regardless of angle. I have already remarked on our readiness to recognize an identical body in its varied aspects and contortions; and it is thanks to this readiness that words for bodies can be learned so early, on a par with words for substances and such expressions as "It's raining."

In characterizing the words "milk," "sugar," "Fido," "chair," and so on just now as words for substances and bodies, I was speaking still from the point of view of our sophisticated adult ontology. We have yet to decide at what point these or other references should be ascribed to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

child's use of the words, and what it would mean to ascribe them. Meanwhile we should look upon such words noncommittally as sentences, on a par with "It's raining." They are occasion sentences, true or false from occasion to occasion. Seen as a report, the word "milk" amounts to "That's milk" and is a one-word declarative sentence. It admits also of imperative and interrogative moods. Its status as a name of a substance is something derivative.

The view of sentences as primary in semantics, and of names or other words as dependent upon sentences for their meaning, is a fruitful idea that began perhaps with Jeremy Bentham's theory of fictions. In the Aristotelian and Scholastic tradition a term was defined by its genus and differentia. Man was a rational animal: genus animal, differentia rational. Language required also some irregular particles in the interstices—prepositions and conjunctions among other things—and they were called syncategorematic. A definition of such a word, if possible at all, had to proceed by showing how to paraphrase the sentences in which it occurs into sentences already satisfactorily intelligible. What Bentham observed was that what is sauce for the syncategoremata is sauce for the categoremata as well. There is no call to insist on term-by-term equivalence anywhere; you have explained any term quite adequately if you have shown how all contexts in which you propose to use it can be paraphrased into antecedently intelligible language. This truth is bound to be recognized once it is stated; and once it is recognized, the philosophical analysis of concepts or explication of terms comes into its own. Contextual definition is celebrated by Frege and Russell and becomes standard procedure. Sentences come to be seen as the primary repository of meaning, and words imbibe their meaning through their use in sentences.

First we learn some short sentences; next we get a line on some words through their use in short sentences; and then, on that basis, we manage to grasp longer sentences in which those same words recur. But it is the sentences, long and short, that make full sense—that express, as Frege and others used to say, a complete thought.

Recognition of sentences as primary makes it easier for us to begin to reconstruct the development leading from sensory stimulation to objective reference. For we can begin with the flat conditioning of simple occasion sentences to stimulatory events, and then watch for glimmerings more forthrightly identifiable with objective reference as language develops.

As long as the word "milk" can be accounted for simply as an occasion sentence on a par with "It's raining," nothing is added by saying that it is a name of something. Nothing really is said. Similarly for "sugar," "water," "wood." Similarly even for "Fido" and "Mama." We would be idly declaring there to be designata of the words, counterparts,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shadows, one apiece—danglers, serving only as honorary designata of expressions whose use as occasion sentences would continue as before.

The outlook changes when individuative words emerge, words like "chair" and "dog." These differ from the previous examples in the complexity of what has to be mastered in learning them. By way of mastery of any of those previous words, all that was called for was the ability to pass a true-false test regarding points or neighborhoods taken one at a time. It is merely a question, in the case of Fido or milk, of what visible points are on Fido or on milk and what ones are not. To master "dog" or "chair," on the other hand, it is not enough to be able to judge of each visible point whether it is on a dog or chair; we also have to learn where one dog or chair leaves off and another sets in.

In the case of such words, individuative ones, the idea of objective reference seems less trivial and more substantial. The word "dog" is taken to denote each of many things, each dog, and the word "chair" each chair. It is no longer an idle one-to-one duplication, a mirroring of each word in an object dreamed up for that exclusive purpose. The chairs and dogs are indefinite in number and, for the most part, individually nameless.

However, the contrast between the individuatives and the previous words does not even become detectable until a further device has become available: predication. The contrast emerges only when we are in a position to compare the predication "Fido is a dog" with the predication "Milk is white." Milk's being white comes down to the simple fact that whenever you point at milk you point at white. Fido's being a dog does *not* come down to the simple fact that whenever you point at Fido you point at a dog; it involves that and more. For whenever you point at Fido's head you point at a dog, and yet Fido's head does not qualify as a dog.

It is in this rather subtle way that predication creates a difference between individuative terms and others. Prior to predication, such words as "dog" and "chair" differ in no pertinent way from "milk" and "Fido"; they are simple occasion sentences that herald, indifferently, the presence of milk, Fido, dog, chair.

Thus I feel that reference emerges only when we take to predicating individuative terms, as in "Fido is a dog." "Dog" then comes to qualify as a general term denoting each dog, and thereupon—thanks again to the predication "Fido is a dog"—the word "Fido" comes at last to qualify as a singular term naming one of them. In view, then, of the analogy of "Milk is white" to "Fido is a dog," it becomes natural to view the word "milk" likewise as a singular term naming something, this time not a body but a substance.

I will not pause over the question of how we learn predication or, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that matter, individuative terms; but I have speculated somewhat on these matters in various writings. Moreover, the acquisition of "not," "and," and other sentence connectives is easily enough accounted for—the various truth functions. We must allow also for dyadic general terms, such as "darker than," "bigger than," "beside," and for predication of them: thus "Tom is bigger than Fido," "Fido is darker than milk." We must allow also for plural predication: thus "Dogs are animals."

Predication of individuatives, singular and plural, was a major leap forward. Another, just as momentous, was the relative clause. The relative clause is a way of segregating what a sentence says about an object, and packaging it as a complex general term. Here is a sentence about the Matterhorn: "Mont Blanc is higher than the Matterhorn but the Matterhorn is steeper." What it says about the Matterhorn is packaged in the relative clause: "object that is not as high as Mont Blanc but is steeper." Predicating this of the Matterhorn—saying that the Matterhorn is such an object—carries us back in effect to the original sentence.

The grammar of relative clauses can be made simpler and more graphic if we rewrite them in the "such that" idiom: "object x such that Mont Blanc is higher than x but x is steeper." This keeps the word order of the original sentence. The "x" is just a relative pronoun written in mathematical style. We need to be able to change the letter—now "x," now "y"—to avoid ambiguity in case one relative clause is embedded in another.

The relative clause serves no purpose in singular predication, since, as we saw, such predication just carries us back to a sentence of the original form. But it pays off in plural predication: "Objects x such that Fx are objects x such that Gx." Once we have this equipment, we have the full benefit of universal and existential quantification, the central devices of latter-day logic.

Let me survey the little linguistic apparatus that I have been collecting. There are singular terms like "Fido," "milk." There are monadic general terms like "dog" and "chair" and dyadic ones like "bigger than"; perhaps also triadic and higher. That is the lexicon. In the way of grammatical constructions there is predication, singular and plural; also the truth functions; and finally the relative clause. This grammar is equivalent in strength to that of standard predicate logic, and I would like to think that it is adequate in principle to theoretical science in general, given an appropriate lexicon of simple terms. I feel, at any rate, that I have not clearly understood a theory until I see how it can be expressed in a language of this form or, what is equivalent, of the form of predicate logic.

The apparatus of objective reference is now full blown. Variables are at hand, we see, the bound variables of quantification; they entered the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene as relative pronouns. These variables range, as we say, over all objects; they admit all objects as values. To assume objects of some sort is to reckon objects of that sort among the values of our variables.

Evidently we have assumed bodies; they were charter members of our universe, followed closely by substances. But we need more. We need all sorts of portions of substances, so that we may refer by general terms to pints and pounds of this and that substance, and cords of wood. Pieces of wood already made the grade as bodies, but cords did not, and neither did pints and pounds. For lack of a definable stopping place, the natural course at this point is to admit as an object the content of any portion of space-time, however diffuse and discontinuous. This is the generalization of the primitive and ill-defined category of bodies to what I call physical objects. Substances themselves then fall into place as physical objects: milk is the discontinuous four-dimensional physical object comprising all the world's milk, past and future.

Physical objects in this generous sense constitute a fairly lavish universe, but more is wanted—notably numbers. The pints and pounds are of little use unless we can count them. What is more to the point, measurement enters into quantitative laws that require our variables to range over not only whole numbers but ratios and irrational numbers and worse. Numbers belong in our ontology.

Classes do too. A classical case in which we need classes as values of our variables is in defining ancestor in terms of parent. Many other cases can be cited. Statistical generalizations about populations, or output of motorcars, require generalizing about classes; for whenever we count things we measure a class.

So we assume abstract objects over and above the physical objects. For a better grasp of what this means, let us consider a simple case: the natural numbers—that is, 0 and the positive integers. The conditions we need to impose on them are simple and few: we need to assume an object as first number and an operator that yields a unique new number whenever applied to a number. In short, we need a progression. Any progression will do, for the following reasons: The fundamental use of natural numbers is in measuring classes, in saying that a class has n members. Other serious uses prove to be reducible to this use. But any progression will serve *this* purpose; for we can say that a class has n members by saying that its members are in correlation with the members of the progression up to n—not caring which progression it may be.

There are ways of defining specific progressions of classes, no end of ways. When we feel the need of natural numbers, we can simply reach for members of one of these progressions instead—whichever one comes handy. On the basis of natural numbers, in turn, it is possible, with the help of classes, to define the ratios and the irrational numbers in well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known ways. In one such construction they turn out to be simply certain classes of natural numbers. So when we feel the need of ratios and irrationals, we can simply reach for appropriate subclasses of one of the progressions. We need never talk of numbers, though in practice it is convenient to carry over the numerical jargon.

Numbers, then, except as a manner of speaking, are by the board. We have physical objects and we have classes—not just classes of physical objects, but classes of classes, and so on up. Some of these higher levels are needed to do the work of numbers and other appurtenances of applied mathematics, and one then assumes the whole hierarchy if only for want of a natural stopping place.

But now what are classes? Consider the bottom layer, the classes of physical objects. Every relative clause or other general term determines a class, the class of those physical objects of which the term can be truly predicated. Two terms determine the same class of physical objects just in case the terms are true of just the same physical objects. Now are Peter's classes the same as Paul's? For all anyone can tell, they might be diametrically opposed: Peter's might be the complements of Paul's. Peter's class of all dogs might be Paul's class of all physical objects *except* dogs, and Peter's dyadic general term "member of" might then be a translation of Paul's "non-member of"; the two discrepancies would cancel out, and one would never know. We are reminded again of the old riddle about complementary colors. We must recognize again that it is a bad question.

We thus seem to see a profound difference between abstract objects and concrete ones. A physical object, one feels, can be pinned down by pointing—in many cases, anyway, and to a fair degree. But I am persuaded that this contrast is illusory.

By way of example, consider again my liberalized notion of a physical object as the material content of any place-time, any portion of space-time. This was an intuitive explanation, intending no reification of space-time itself. But we could just as well reify those portions of space-time and treat of them instead of the physical objects—or, indeed, call them physical objects. Whatever can be said from the old point of view can be paraphrased to suit the new point of view, with no effect on the structure of scientific theory or on its links with observational evidence. Wherever we had a predication "x is a P," said of a physical object x, we would in effect read "x is the place-time of a P"; actually we would just reinterpret the old "P" as "place-time of a P," and rewrite nothing.

Nothing would change, and therefore there is no real sense in saying, even as of now, whether we are talking of physical objects or their place-times. If we accept a redundant ontology containing both physical objects and place-times, then we can indeed declare them distinct; but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even then it makes no objective sense to say which domain is which. If we switch the physical objects with their place-times, and then compensate by reinterpreting the dyadic general term "is the material content of" to mean "is the place-time of," and vice versa, no one can tell the difference. We could choose either interpretation indifferently if we were translating from an unrelated language.

These last examples are unnatural, for they work only if the empty place-times are repudiated and only the full ones are admitted as values of the variables. If we were seriously to reconstrue physical objects as place-times, we would surely enlarge our universe to include the empty ones and thus gain the simplicity of a continuous system of coordinates.

This change in ontology, the abandonment of physical objects in favor of pure space-time, proves to be more than a contrived example. The elementary particles have been wavering alarmingly as physics progresses. Situations arise that curiously challenge the individuality of a particle, not only over time but even at a single time. A field theory in which states are ascribed directly to place-times may well present a better picture, and there are physicists who think so.

At this point a further transfer of ontology suggests itself: we can drop the space-time regions in favor of the corresponding classes of quadruples of numbers according to an arbitrarily adopted system of coordinates. We are left with just the ontology of pure set theory, for the numbers and their quadruples can of course be modeled within it. There are no longer any physical objects to serve as individuals at the base of the hierarchy of classes, but there is no harm in that. It is common practice in set theory nowadays to start merely with the null class, form its unit class, and so on, thus generating an infinite lot of classes, from which all the usual luxuriance of further infinites can be generated.

One may object to thus identifying the world with the output of so arbitrarily chosen a system of coordinates. On the other hand, one may condone this on the ground that no numerically specific coordinates will appear in the laws of truly theoretical physics, thanks to the very arbitrariness of the coordinates.

We have now looked at three cases in which we interpret or reinterpret one domain of objects by identifying it with part of another domain. In the first example, numbers were identified with some of the classes in one way or another. In the second example, physical objects were identified with some of the place-times—namely, the full ones. In the third example, place-times were identified with some of the classes—namely, classes of quadruples of numbers. In each such case simplicity is gained, if to begin with we had been saddled with the two domains.

There is a fourth example of the same thing that is worth noting, for it concerns the long-debated dualism of mind and body. I hardly need

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say that the dualism is unattractive. If mind and body are to interact, we are at a loss for a plausible mechanism to the purpose. Also we are faced with the melancholy office of talking physicists out of their cherished conservation laws. On the other hand, an aseptic dualistic parallelism is monumentally redundant, a monument to everything multiplicacious that William of Occam so rightly deplored. But now it is easily seen that dualism with or without interaction is reducible to physical monism, unless disembodied spirits are assumed. For the dualist who rejects disembodied spirits is bound to agree that for every state of mind there is an exactly concurrent and readily specifiable state of the accompanying body. Readily specifiable certainly; the bodily state is specifiable simply as the state of accompanying a mind that is in that mental state. But then we can settle for the bodily states outright, bypassing the mental states in terms of which I specified them. We can just reinterpret the mentalistic terms as denoting these correlated bodily states, and who is to know the difference?

These four cases of reductive reinterpretation are satisfying, enabling us as they do to dispense with one of two domains and make do with the other alone. But I find the other sort of reinterpretation equally instructive, the sort where we save nothing but merely change, or seem to change, our objects without disturbing either the structure or the empirical support of a scientific theory in the slightest. All that is needed, clearly, is a rule whereby a unique object of the supposedly new sort is assigned to each of the old objects. I call it a proxy function. Then, instead of predicating a general term "*P*" of an old object "*x*," saying that *x* is a *P*, we reinterpret *x* as a new object and say that it is the *f* of a *P*, where "*f*" expresses the proxy function. Or really we just adhere to the old term "*P*" and reinterpret it as "*f* of a *P*." Nothing really has changed. This is the general strategy that we have now seen in various examples.

The conclusion I draw is the inscrutability of reference. To say what objects someone is talking about is to say no more than how we propose to translate his terms into ours; we are free to vary the decision with a proxy function. Structure is what matters to a theory, and not the choice of its objects.

Fifty years ago F. P. Ramsey made this point, arguing along other lines, and in a vague way it had been a persistent theme also in Russell's *Analysis of Matter*. But Ramsey and Russell were talking only of what they called theoretical objects, as opposed to observable objects.

I extend the doctrine to objects generally, for I see all objects as theoretical. This is a consequence of taking seriously the insight that I traced from Bentham through Frege and Russell: namely, the semantic primacy of sentences. Occasion sentences, not terms, are to be seen as conditioned to stimulations. These report the observations on which science

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rests. The scientific output is likewise sentential: true sentences, we hope; truths about nature. The objects, or values of variables, are just reference points along the way, and we may permute or supplant them as we please as long as the sentence-to-sentence structure is preserved.

I am not banishing reality in favor of words. The richness of nature is undiminished, and it is expressed in true sentences independently of how we may choose to parcel it out or project it into objects denoted by terms. When we talk of trees, islands, and rocks, as we suppose, and visualize and describe them as vividly as you please, we could just as well be talking of some shapeless, colorless correlates. What difference would there be? All associated observation sentences carry over verbatim, since the proxy function can be read into the interpretation of all terms to compensate for the ontological shift; it would even be read into the demonstrative "here" that accompanies the ostension. The vivid descriptions and images remain as before, linked as they are to the observation sentences. Only the ulterior connections have been rearranged. The objects to which these lively observation sentences bear witness are now the new dull objects, because of the intrusion of the proxy function into the interpretation of the referential apparatus.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mother of the Muses

In Praise of Memory

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

Sing, goddess, the anger of Peleus' son Achilles . . .

Tell me, Muse, of the man of many turnings

Yours am I, holy Muses. Calliope, rise . . .

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse . . .

& THERE ARE GOLDEN
CONTAINERS LABELED CLIO ERATO CALLIOPE
& OF THESE 9 WE KNOW ONLY THE RUSHING OF THEIR WINGS . . .

THE MUSES. THESE GODDESSES WHO SPAN SO MANY CENTURIES, whose presence, real or allegorical, has carried meaning for so many poets, who survive in our own mouths whenever we say "music." Who are they? Hesiod begins his account of the genesis of the gods by showing the Muses dancing with soft feet by a spring of violet water, then rising in mist to walk in the night, singing. They are indeed a seductively lovely assembly, if we ignore the forbidding classical polysyllables and listen to their names with a Greek ear. Calliope of the beautiful voice, Euterpe in whom we well delight, Erato the desirable, Melpomene who sings and dances, Thalia the blooming, Terpsichore who delights in the dance, Polyhymnia of the many songs, Clio the glory giver, Urania the heavenly. Who are these lovely ladies, or—since we no longer so easily personify the forces that are important to us—what are they? What are Homer and Hesiod talking about, and Dante and Milton, and James Merrill in a poem no older than yesterday? For whatever we may think about Homer and Hesiod, we know quite well that Dante and Milton

✪ CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK teaches English at Williams College and is the author of *The Siege: The First Eight Years of an Autistic Child.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Merrill do not believe in the literal reality of the heavenly Nine. And yet if we are sensitive to when a poet's words grow warm with meaning, we know just as well that they do not invoke the Muses for mere decoration. The important place given these invocations confirms the message of the words and rhythms. To call on the Muses is a way of talking about what are, if not actual presences, still realities which poets take utterly seriously—as must any of us who have found words taking shape in our heads, and wondered where on earth (on earth?) they were coming from.

What do the Muses do? Milton continues:

> . . . Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
> Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst *inspire*
> That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed . . .

They sing and they *inspire*. And most of us would agree that if they mean anything at all, the Muses are a way of talking about what we call Inspiration. For want of a better word. And when we are impelled into reaching for abstractions "for want of a better word" so we can name forces we don't understand, we would do well to wonder if what the Greeks would have called a god is hovering in the offing, and if we can explain what we are talking about any better than they did.

Or perhaps there is a better word—we could use the twentieth-century name for Inspiration: Creativity. We are just as interested in Creativity as Homer and Dante and Milton were in the Muses. "Inspiration" sounds old-fashioned, but psychological studies are made, tests are devised, books are written on Creativity. Advertising agencies have Creative Directors. Invisible as she is, Creativity must be real.

So let's strip off their gauzy robes down to the bare abstraction and say that the Muses represent Inspiration or Creativity. And then let's robe them again and recall that Hesiod gave them a parentage, as was his habit when seeking to explain his world. They are the daughters of almighty Zeus, father of gods and men, and—who? What goddess is powerful enough, full enough, fecund enough to give birth to the Muses—to music and dance and poetry and drama, to history and astronomy, even to the eloquence that a ruler needs so sorely in order to govern and that our own rulers so sorely lack? The Muses, for Hesiod, inspire all those arts of communication that inform, delight, civilize, and link us with the past and with our fellows. *And the Muses are the daughters of Mnemosyne, Memory*. It is my antique conviction that the Greeks knew what they were talking about—that to make the Muses the daughters of Memory is to express a fundamental perception of the way in which Creativity operates.

Yet it doesn't suit us at all. Heirs of the Romantics whether we know

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it or not, we are more likely to think of Memory and Inspiration as enemies than as mother and daughter. Blake, for instance—in the same long poem in which he called for his bow of burning gold to build Jerusalem in England—proclaimed a new age in which "the daughters of Memory" (and of course he knew quite well they were the Muses) "shall become the daughters of Inspiration." For Blake, out of Memory could come only a cold and abstract art: "Mathematic," not "Living Form." And hordes of us agree. We ask ourselves, and our children, to remember nothing these days—not the multiplication table, for we have calculators; not the presidents or the periodic table or the great dates of history; not 1066, not 1453, not 1517, not 1789, not even, perhaps, 1914 and 1917 and 1939. We may make an exception for things we really care about—baseball statistics, for instance. The educated man, however, need not burden his memory. He has learned how to look things up. And if we do not expect to remember facts, which, after all, we respect, we certainly do not expect to remember those rhythmic evocations of meaning that we call poetry.

In fact, over the years I have noticed a curious transmogrification in the spelling of the word "memory." It now begins with an R, and it is pronounced "rotememory"—one word. Students say it that way, but not students only. Just a few months ago a college president, talking to a *Times* reporter, called rotelearning, memorization, "the lowest form of human intellectual activity." All of us resist the work of memory, which holds so large a place in the educational practice of so many cultures and until only yesterday held so large a place in our own. We have come a long way from Hesiod's Muses; from Saint Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, for whom the cultivation of Memory was a part of Prudence and one of the four cardinal virtues; from the elaborate Renaissance methods of memory training; even from the illiterate Vermont countryman of a hundred years ago who took the orders of isolated farm wives on back country roads and brought back from town unerringly the three spools of thread, the packet of embroidery needles, the pound of tea. Memory now is the marker of outmoded and sterile education. What is important, after all? Not, surely, meaningless cultural facts, still less the great stories of the past or the great, weighted sentences and phrases. What is important is to *learn to think*. As for carrying around something in your head to think *about*, to think *with*, a range of language to think and speak *in*—well, what we learn today will be obsolete tomorrow; nobody can hope to keep up with the present explosion of knowledge; the task of education is not to teach us to hold on to the old stuff but to adapt to the new. And the prophecy fulfills itself as our educational practice changes to reflect our convictions. Papers substitute for examinations; exam questions are given out in advance; exams are written at home;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teachers discover that they can grade their students just as readily if they give no exams at all. We license ourselves to forget. Who needs memory? Those who live by the word—politicians, commentators, TV ministers, professors—speak from prompt boards or read their texts.

But the Muses are the daughters of Memory. Hear Homer, as he prepares to sing that curious catalogue of ships in the second book of the *Iliad*—261 long lines crammed with 509 discrete facts which in a nonliterate culture he had no way of looking up:

> Tell me now, you Muses who have your homes on Olympos,
> for you, who are goddesses, are there and you know all things,
> and we have heard only the rumour of it and know nothing.
> Who then of those were the chief men and lords of the Danaans?
> I could not tell over the multitude of them nor name them,
> not if I had ten tongues and ten mouths, not if I had
> a voice never to be broken and a heart of bronze within me,
> not unless the Muses of Olympia, daughters
> of Zeus of the aegis, remembered all those who came beneath Ilion.
> (Richmond Lattimore's translation)

Not alone, not unassisted could such a catalogue be composed and transmitted, or the almost 16,000 lines of the *Iliad*—not without the help of the Muses, the daughters of Memory, who know all things. And what could they do for Homer? What is he talking about?

Well, what can they do for us, on the rare occasions when we ask their assistance? How do we remember the number of days in the months? "Thirty days hath September, / April, June, and November," the rhymes and strong fourfold beat combining to give us instant recall of needed facts we otherwise would have to figure out on our knuckles? How did my mother remember the kings of England, so surely that she still knew them at eighty?

> First William the Norman, then William his son,
> Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
> Next Henry Third, Edwards One, Two, and Three;
> Again, after Richard, three Henrys we see.
> Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
> Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
> Next Jamie the Scot; then Charles, whom they slew,
> Then Oliver Cromwell, another Charles too;
> Then James, called the Second, ascended the throne;
> Then William and Mary, and William alone;
> Then Anne, Georges four, fourth William, all passed—
> God sent then Victoria—may she long be the last!

Homer remembers that way. It's much more elaborate, of course. The Homeric poems are freely composed out of thousands of rhythmic verbal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formulas; to quote Denys Page, "about nine tenths of the Iliad's language was supplied by memory in ready-made verses or parts of verses."

> Leïtos and Peneleos were leaders of the Boiotians,
> with Arkesilaos and Prothoenor and Klonios;
> they who lived in Hyria and in rocky Aulis,
> in the hill-bends of Eteonos, and Schoinos, and Skolos, . . .
> they who held Koroneia, and the meadows of Haliartos, . . .
> they who held Arne of the great vineyards, and Mideia,
> with Nisa the sacrosanct, and uttermost Anthedon.

Not if he had ten tongues and ten mouths would Homer be able to tell his story without the Muses to remember for him all those who came beneath Ilion and what they did there. If he is to keep all that information in mind, and transmit it to others, it must be by *mousike*, music, by the beating, measured, repetitive sound patterns that preserve. "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments / Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The Muses remember for Homer all that he knows. The bard's essential skill is to have mastered those traditional verse formulas and the information they contain so well that he can create within and around and with them as spontaneously as if the Muses were singing in his ear. The Muses are *how* he remembers. And *what* they remember is all that it is his business to know in order to be that indispensable member of his society, a poet—bard, historian, keeper of the past, who knows who his people are and where they have been, what they have done and suffered, what significances that action and suffering can bear. The Muses remember through the music that bears their name. They *sing*—that is, they put sounds and sounding meanings into an order that can please the ear, light the imagination, and accommodate the memory, so that they can reach the mind and heart and lodge there.

It is through the Daughters of Memory that Homer remembers how to make a sacrifice, how to launch a ship—those word patterns that repeat over and over again through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Thousands of bits of information are kept accessible through the Muses' rhythmic eloquence. Whatever society has a need for, the Muses are the means of remembering. Through the Muses the bard transmits the genealogies of gods and men, and the myths and legends that embody the existential and moral understanding of the culture. Through the Muses he transmits the proverbial wisdom. And the Muses are preservers of real historical knowledge too, for those who know how to listen: Clio too is a Muse. In Homer's own time the Mycenaean greatness he sang was long past. He himself was probably an Ionian Greek from the islands, who had never seen Greece. But Homer's Muses know the names of Bronze Age towns

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all over the Greek mainland, complete with details of their topography and agriculture. *The meadows of Haliartos. Arne of the vineyards.* I could not tell over the arguments about the historicity of the Homeric poems, not if I had ten tongues and ten mouths and a heart of brass within me. Not everybody agrees with Denys Page, who argues that the Muses' formulas preserve the names, even the characteristics, of a real Agamemnon and a real Achilles who led a real expedition and destroyed a real city. Not everyone trusts Clio; the Muses themselves told Hesiod that they knew how to sing false things as well as true. Schliemann dug for Troy and found walls under the hill of Hissarlik, but scoffers can point out that the gold beads he dug up were not King Priam's treasure, as he thought they were; that the Troy he found was a mere five acres in extent; and that the gold mask of Mycenae could never have been Agamemnon's. Nevertheless, Schliemann went where he went and dug where he dug because the Muses told him to, and but for their testimony the gold of Mycenae, and the shaft graves, and the burned city of Troy VII would still be underground.

When Homer talks of the Muses, he has nothing to say about Inspiration. Certainly he knows about it. What poet does not? Hesiod, who if later than Homer was not very much later, describing that visit of the Muses which made him a poet, says that they "breathed into" him—literally *inspired* him with—the power of song, mysterious and divine, so that he might sing of things past and to come. The Muses are goddesses, and their dealings with men are inexplicable and silent; they are daughters of Zeus, and what else can that mean? That understood, there is nothing more to be said about Inspiration. It happens—who knows how? But in order for it to happen—that's where the Muses need their mother. Hesiod says just the one word about Inspiration, Homer not that. But he tells a terrible story of a bard who boasted he could compete with the Muses in a singing contest and win. Myth after myth tells what happens to humans who make *that* kind of boast. It happened this time too. But the Muses didn't kill him, though the gods often did that to mortals who overstepped. Instead, they "in their anger struck him maimed, and the voice of wonder / they took away, and made him a singer *without memory*." A stroke, we'd call it. They didn't dry up the springs of Inspiration; they didn't afflict him with singer's block. All they had to do was to take away that which made him a poet, his memory. He couldn't sing any more after that; he had neither the means nor the materials. With nothing in his head, what good could Inspiration do him?

But this is just an old tale, out of the long ago. It is different for us, of course. Because we can write. The Homeric bard couldn't, or didn't, so of course he needed his memory. But we can, and what a difference that makes!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a difference indeed. Let's skip some four hundred and fifty years and listen in on one of those intellectual conversations that the Athenians delighted in, that Plato spent his life re-creating, and that we call dialogues. Plato could write, of course, and did, and in his time the transition from a culture of singers, speakers, and listeners to a culture of readers and writers had begun, though it was not so far advanced that the word for uneducated had become *a-grammatikos*—illiterate—but was still *a-mousikos*—unmusical, deaf to the Muses. In the *Phaedrus*, Plato makes the definitive statement about writing's effect on memory. Socrates is telling his young friend Phaedrus a story:

> At Naukratis in Egypt, there was one of the old gods there named Theuth. . . . He was the inventor of number and calculation and geometry and astronomy, and checkers and dice, but especially letters. The god Thamuz was then the king of all Egypt, ruling from that great city of Upper Egypt which the Hellenes call Egyptian Thebes. . . . Theuth came to him and showed him his inventions, and said that they should be given to the other Egyptians. Thamuz asked about the use of each of them, approving of some and disapproving of others. It would take a long time to go through what Thamuz said to Theuth about each of the various inventions, but when they came to letters, "This," said Theuth, "will make the Egyptians wiser and give them better memories, for it is a specific both for memory and intelligence." Thamuz replied, "Most ingenious Theuth, he who gives birth to an invention is not the one to judge of the harm or benefit it can bring to the user. For you, the father of letters, out of paternal affection are claiming for them just the opposite of what they will do. This discovery will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls, because they will not use their memories, they will trust to the external written characters, and not remember of themselves. You have found a specific not for memory but for reminding. You give your disciples not truth, but the *appearance* of wisdom; they will be hearers of many things without in fact learning them; will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing: they will be hard to be with, seeming to be wise when they are not.

We all know the phenomenon. And rereading this passage, in the last of the many educational institutions through which I have passed, learning and teaching, reading and forgetting—how well I know the feeling. Hearers of many things—the easy appearance of omniscience—students and teachers, here we stand together. Someone defined man as the only animal that buys more books than he can read.

So Socrates asks: "Isn't there another kind of word . . . far better and more powerful than this one? . . . one which is written . . . in the soul of the learner, able to defend itself and knowing whom to speak to and when to be silent?" And Phaedrus answers: "You mean the living word of knowledge which has a soul, and of which the written word is properly only an image."

It is in this context that we must understand what we've all heard: that Socrates wrote nothing, that all his extraordinary influence was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the living, spoken word. When Plato came to set down his version of the words which had meant so much to him—in writing, of course, an irony of which he was not unaware—he used all the art he possessed to communicate not mere abstract arguments, but the sense of conversation, of the living human word, rooted in history and personality, contingent, supple, even contradictory. He was able to do it—to save the past alive—since, fortunately for us, and whatever he thought of poetry, he was dear to the Muses.

"The living word of knowledge which has a soul." Socrates' young friend Phaedrus understands very well what Socrates means. The story of Theuth's invention comes at the end of their conversation, but Phaedrus will not have forgotten how that conversation began. Phaedrus has come for a walk expressly to tell Socrates about a fine speech he's heard someone give about love. He doesn't want to forget it; he's been rehearsing it, and is almost ready to go through it when Socrates comes along. Socrates expects him to repeat it off by heart—doubtless that is what *he* could have done at Phaedrus's age—unless, he says, it is "unusually long." But Phaedrus begs off: how can his unpracticed memory do justice to such a fine work? He offers to give, not the actual words, but a point-by-point summary by headings. But Socrates catches sight of something hidden under his cloak. Young Phaedrus has been working not from memory but from the written copy; he's brought the scroll along with him. Socrates makes him read it, since he's got it, and Phaedrus doesn't have to use his memory at all. At the end of the *Phaedrus*, in his myth of Theuth's great invention, Plato comments on the transition from an oral to a written culture; he has already dramatized it at the beginning.

Of course we shouldn't be too hard on Phaedrus. Today we should be well satisfied if we could rehearse a speech point by point. And the speech was in prose, which is much harder to memorize than poetry. Like the bourgeois *gentilhomme*, people have always spoken prose—but only the use of writing made it possible to preserve it, and took away from the rhythms of poetry their practical necessity. The process of converting the Muses from powerful and needful goddesses into pretty ladies had already begun.

Yet Phaedrus certainly knew plenty of poetry by heart. A hundred years before him there had been no significant literature in prose. Agricultural know-how, scientific observations, philosophical speculations, all were preserved in verse. How else could they be remembered? Even in Plato's time, memory was still at the center of education. The living word written in the soul of the learner was still the primary method—poetry above all, which was why Plato was so fussy about what poetry he allowed into his Republic. But as poetry gave way to prose, means were found to memorize that too. Young Phaedrus, after all, has only had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the speech a couple of hours; he hasn't had time to get it word-perfect. But with his summary by headings he's well on the way. There are plenty to encourage him; the Sophists who teach young men to compose speeches also have been developing an art of memory to help them deliver them, for who would be persuaded by a mere reading? Nor do many people have the money to acquire individual handmade copies, or imported papyrus to make notes on, while anything you jot down on a wax tablet is temporary.

It is the spoken word that lodges in the memory. Few people even today are so naturally oriented to written symbols that they can readily commit to memory a text seen merely as a text. Eidetic memory, the ability to recall a page of writing exactly as seen, is extremely rare. It is true that classical memory techniques worked by visual images: if you had a complex sequence of ideas to remember, you converted each of them into a vivid visual image and disposed them, in imagination, at specific locations in the rooms of a building you knew so well that you could instantly call it to mind. But the classical texts differentiate memory for subject matter from memory for words. Visual methods will keep your arguments straight, but to learn the exact words, says Quintilian, you should say them, "that the memory may derive assistance from the double effort of speaking and listening."

We do not realize how long it took—not just hundreds of years, more like a thousand—for the word even to begin its separation from its sound in the ear and its feel in the mouth. Eric Havelock describes how slowly "the new habits of literacy" penetrated a wholly oral culture; Plato's relation to writing, Havelock says, was more like Homer's than like ours. There was no speed-reading of manuscripts in which there were no capital and lowercase letters, no separations between words, no marks of punctuation—all introduced in postclassical times. Only the living voice could translate the marks on stone or wax or papyrus back into the words they signified, and bridge the abyss between marks and meaning. We take for granted that writing implies not a speaker but a reader. But it was not always so.

"Among the Greeks," writes Moses Hadas, literature was "something to be listened to in public rather than scanned silently in private." Even after books and private reading became more common, "the regular method of publication was by public recitation." Not only Plato's dialogues, then, or the exchanges of Greek drama, but "all classic literature . . . is conceived of as a conversation with, or an address to, an audience." Herodotus recited his history—at the Olympic Games, no less, for more publicity. Horace tells us that he "recites to no one except friends, and then under constraint; not just anywhere or in the presence of just anyone"; on the other hand, Ovid complains that in his Black Sea exile he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can't find the kind of audience that would appreciate him. Roman prose writers recited too. The Emperor Claudius "gave constant recitals through a professional reader." Philosophers complained of audiences who shouted and swayed, "impassioned by the charm . . . and rhythm of the words," but paid no attention to the philosophy.

But we are, after all, familiar enough with lectures and poetry readings. We know that in the Hellenistic and Roman worlds booksellers grew common. We know of libraries, including the great library at Alexandria, and we think we know how the private individual reads for his own purposes. Silently, how else? Only clods move their lips. But listen to Saint Augustine describe an extraordinary sight—his master, Saint Ambrose, reading. It is A.D. 384. Augustine is thirty years old, a well-known teacher of rhetoric, versed in all the literature of his day. He has studied and taught for years in the great intellectual centers of Carthage and of Rome. *And he has never before seen a man read silently.* When Saint Ambrose read, "his eyes glided over the pages, and his heart searched out their meaning, but his voice and tongue were at rest." It's hard to explain such a phenomenon. "We thought perhaps he was afraid if the author he was reading had expressed things obscurely that it would be necessary to explain it for some perplexed but eager listener, and if his time were used up in such tasks, he would be able to read fewer books than he wished to. However, the need to save his voice, which easily grew hoarse, was perhaps the truer reason for his reading to himself. But with whatever intention he did it," says Augustine, still a bit suspicious, "in such a man it was good."

From Homer to Plato, by our impressionistic dating, is some four hundred and fifty years; from Plato to Augustine, some seven hundred and fifty more. More than a millennium of writing, and the word still living in the mouth. It is in the sixteen hundred years *since* Augustine that the real change has taken place. It took a long time, but Theuth's invention, writing, has fundamentally changed the conception of literature, starting with the word itself, in which the word for "letters," *litterae*, is so embedded that we do not question its presence. Enamored of the text, we are scarcely able to imagine what Augustine's anecdote makes plain: that all classical literature, Thucydides and Cicero and Caesar as well as Sophocles and Sappho and Catullus, though it was transmitted in writing, existed in the sound of the human voice. That means Euclid too, and Aristotle, uneuphonious as we may think them. Why not? Augustine had seen people reading philosophy and mathematics too.

I don't know when silent reading became common. It's clear from his description that Augustine himself didn't imitate Saint Ambrose, even after he had observed him. But I suppose that if Saint Ambrose could do it,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saint Thomas did, nine hundred years later, and that when I imagine Dante poring over his manuscript of Virgil, in the classical Latin that at first he found so hard to understand, I should imagine him studying in silence. But once he got the hang of it, I'm not going to imagine him *reading* it in silence. Being a poet, he didn't read it any faster than he could say it. I imagine he said it *as* he read it, as we still exhort the freshmen to do, knowing full well that they aren't going to do any such thing. For Dante says he knows the whole of the *Aeneid*, "*tutta quanta*," which must certainly mean "by heart." It is not such a feat if you love the words and value their meaning; I myself knew a blind man who knew by heart the whole *Divine Comedy*. But it can't be done through disembodied congress between page and mind. To get a passage by heart, of poetry or prose either, requires the aid of tongue, mouth, and ear, a full synesthetic response to meaning and sound and feel and rhythm, the gifts of the Muses.

I'm only guessing, of course. I don't know how Dante read, or Chaucer, or how much of what they knew they knew by heart. Nor do I know what people did with Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets" as they passed them about in manuscript or read them in the first printed copies—whether they read them aloud and how rapidly, whether they moved their lips. But we do know how much of the Elizabethan lyric poetry that we read in our anthologies, silently and too fast, was truly, literally *lyric*—written to be sung.

> Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then take hands.
> Curtsied when you have, and kissed
> (The wild waves whist),
> Foot it featly here and there,
> And sweet sprites, the burden bear.

How can we *read* these lines, least of all silently? And the songs are the least of it. Throughout Shakespeare's life his plays existed primarily in the mouths and memories of actors. And we remember Prince Hamlet himself, who told the players that he had heard that speech about Hecuba only once. He would like to hear it again; he asks the player, "If it live in your memory, begin at this line." But in fact it's Hamlet himself who begins, groping at first, then coming out with a line: "The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast . . . " But that's not right; " 'tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus"—then he gets it: "The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, / Black as his purpose, did the night resemble . . . "

Hamlet carries it on for thirteen lines; he stops only when Polonius interrupts him, to praise not his memory, but his delivery. If it seemed plausible to an Elizabethan audience that Hamlet could speak off an in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definite number of lines he'd heard only once, years before, how much poetry—speeches, fragments of speeches, floating lines—did the Elizabethan playgoer himself carry around with him, preserved by that powerful gift of the sixteenth-century British Muse, blank verse?

But we know that actors memorize their lines even if we don't; we expect drama to be spoken. But epic? *Arma virumque cano*: "Arms and the man I sing." Virgil, and Dante after him, talked about how they sang, but they wrote their epics. They composed for the speaking voice, but they did not compose orally. When Milton invoked his Heav'nly Muse, not quite sixty years after *Hamlet*, the old bards we began with, who carried the whole culture of a people in their heads, were long gone. Homer, the first great European oral poet, was also nearly the last—and Homer was more than 2,000 years in the past in 1658. Yet Milton too was an oral poet. It seems obvious enough, yet it is exactly the obvious that is most likely to escape us: like Homer, who also, tradition has it, was blind, Milton *wrote* not one of the 10,564 lines of *Paradise Lost*. All were first communicated to the ear—dictated to him, as he says, by the Heav'nly Muse, his Christian Urania, she who inspired Moses and whose "Voice divine" will lead Milton above Olympus, above the achievements of Homer and Virgil into the Heav'n of Heav'ns.

> Descend from Heav'n Urania, by that name
> If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
> Following, above th' Olympian Hill I soare,
> Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
> The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
> Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
> Of old Olympus dwell'st, but Heav'nly born,
> Before the Hills appeared, or Fountain flow'd,
> Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
> Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
> In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
> With thy Celestial Song. . . .

Blind though he is, and "fall'n on evil days, / In darkness and with dangers compass'd round," Milton is a poet still; his Heav'nly Muse visits him unimplored; she dictates to him nightly, and inspires Easy his unpremeditated verse. In the morning he himself dictates it to the waiting amanuensis, who copies it down, preserving his pauses and special pronunciations in the punctuation and spelling of the printed edition, which of course Milton never saw. So we can hear Milton's own voice, and know that those who still say "heighth" for "height" speak with Milton's seventeenth-century authority.

Certainly, if we call "the meaning not the name," the Muse is Milton's Inspiration. She is his poetic skill too—and, like her classical ava-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tars, she too is Memory's daughter. Can we imagine how stocked Milton's mind was, had to be, with what he needed to make his poem—stocked with the Bible, whose words are everywhere recognizable in *Paradise Lost*, stocked with names, ideas, facts, images, references, with all the materials of his astonishing erudition, in order for his song to well up, easy and unpremeditated, by night? Lucky for him that the cultivation of memory was still, in the Renaissance, an essential part of education—as it has been in every time and place until the advent of today's sophisticated eye-and-print culture. Those old enough to remember know how things have changed. My mother read to her sisters while they sewed; they didn't mind setting in the sleeves and she did. Even I had a college friend whose father still read the family a chapter of Dickens every night as they sat around the dinner table. For all the Gutenberg revolution and the spread of literacy, it's within our lifetimes that Socrates' prediction has been fully justified, and that poetry has moved out of its ancient and accustomed locus—ears, mouth, and gut—and into the place where D. H. Lawrence thought sex ought not to be—the head.

I suspect I'm not the only person over fifty-five who can sing along with these lines:

> Then up spake brave Horatius,
> The keeper of the gate;
> "To every man upon the earth
> Death cometh soon or late,
> And how can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the altars of his gods?"

And certainly this:

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
> If such there be, go, mark him well;
> For him no minstrel raptures swell.
> High though his power, mighty his fame,
> Boundless his wealth as wish could claim
> For all his pride of power and pelf,
> The wretch, concentred all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I may not have those lines quite right; I've never seen them in print. For years I didn't know who wrote them. I heard them before I was old enough to read poems in books, and when I faltered, trying to recall them, an older colleague was able to supply the lines—from memory. They reached me entirely through oral tradition, as poetry still could in that age of innocence—not as a literary *Ding an sich*, still less as a "text," but as what all poetry was once: sound artfully patterned, a familiar, nourishing rumble.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold. Say not the struggle naught availeth. This above all, to thine own self be true. I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul. The moving finger writes, and having writ . . . My grandmother, from whom I first heard most of these lines, never went to college. She was no better educated than the average gentlewoman born in 1856. But lines like these were part of her common speech; they lay in her consciousness, a rich, undiscriminating cultural humus, the verbal deposits of a lifetime. Those to whom literature was really important could do much better—they carried whole anthologies in their heads, as we are told that Borges—blind, like Milton and Homer—does today. The central place still held by the spoken word ensured that most people who had been to school, and many who had only been to church, had a stock of words, figures, phrases, sentences, which deviated satisfyingly from everyday speech but with which they felt at home—portable, personal, usable belongings.

"Every student in the class was required . . . to memorize and recite long poems and chapters from the Bible." James Earl Carter is describing the educational methods current forty years ago in Plains, Georgia, and paying tribute to Miss Julia Coleman, a "superlative teacher," he calls her, who "heavily influenced" his life. At this time, of course, I will make few converts by calling on Jimmy Carter's Muses. We have left that kind of education behind, and we have made real gains in doing so. It did not require understanding; it did not invite questioning; it did not insist on a discriminating response—though we are wrong if we think that it precluded these good things. But it did make elevated language a familiar possession. In December 1979 Jimmy Carter had a grave matter to talk about on television: an embassy attacked, citizens held hostage. So he dredged up two lines of poetry from the long ago, and spoke them with unusual feeling:

> God is not dead, nor does he sleep;
> The right is strong, and shall prevail . . .

Not the first lines of Longfellow's poem, not particularly famous, and so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not likely to be the contribution of a speech writer—Miss Julia's legacy rather, waiting in the memory bank.

Certainly it's not our kind of poem; it's a shade inspirational for our tastes. Miss Julia's poems, like my grandmother's, tended to be like that. It's poetry, though—and I would argue that there is a sounder, more genuine relationship to poetry attending the natural use of these two lines than in all the elaborate and self-conscious presidential noticing of poets that began with John Kennedy. We need the words, we reach for them, they are there, we use them. Should poetry be useful? Why not? "Art for art's sake" was born yesterday. The classical dictum was that poetry should profit and delight—both together. Homer was so useful that Greek education was based on his poems for hundreds of years. Milton considered *Paradise Lost* to be of the greatest utility; he wrote it to justify the ways of God to men. Dante told his patron explicitly that he wrote his *Comedy* for a practical purpose: to lead souls from darkness into light. These are grand uses. My grandmother had small ones, though perhaps the human need for capsule inspiration or comfort is not entirely insignificant. It takes all kinds. And it's true that those who use poetry naturally will naturally misuse it—get it wrong, misunderstand it, or misapply it—as Socrates "misused" Homer when he quoted, three days before his death, Achilles' words, "On the third day you shall reach fertile Pythia," though Achilles clearly wasn't thinking of death at all. But Socrates was, and at the time it was *his* poem.

Our own relationship to poetry is much more respectful. More anxious, too: we have been made aware that poetry has many pitfalls, that we can get things wrong, and that most of us will. One of the more interesting dates in literary history must surely be the date when someone was first graded on his reading of a poem. It certainly wasn't in my grandmother's time. For me it wasn't until graduate school in the late forties, though I. A. Richards must have been putting his students through it years before that. The method works, and works well; it made two generations of students—and teachers—better readers. Grading concentrates the mind wonderfully, as Dr. Johnson said of hanging. We learned, in those years, to respect the poem, to read it for itself, in itself, to value it for itself, and not for what we wanted it to do for us. This was an immense gain. But it was a loss too. In truly secure relationships, respect and easy intimacy are compatible, between person and person and between person and poem, too. But that kind of security is hard earned; few of our students attain it. In most relationships, respect entails a certain distance. We may respect poetry too much, treat it too carefully. If we do, it is no longer fully our own.

I do not suggest that today's readers do not value poetry. Today the Muses frequent colleges, indeed are seldom found outside them. And our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colleges have done their work well. There are as many people as ever, perhaps more than ever, for whom poetry exists, and exists with a freighted seriousness my grandmother and Miss Julia never imagined. But even for these it exists only partially. We teach from the printed text, inculcating attentiveness and accuracy, analyzing structures, exploring metaphors, searching out hidden linkages, conscientiously attending to tone. Tone? That's a word I didn't hear even in graduate school; now it's such a necessary concept that we teach it to the freshmen. "Descriptions of tone," we tell them (I quote from the *Norton Introduction to Literature*), "try to characterize the way the words of the poem are (or should be) spoken when one sensitively reads the poem aloud." Aloud—the sound of the human voice is unexpectedly recalled. But now the important thing is not to speak the poem ourselves or listen to it, but to learn to characterize in writing how it should be spoken. It's not easy, for the freshmen or for us. The limits of the English adverb are quickly reached. "Playfully"? "Seriously"? "Sarcastically"? (The freshmen love that word, though they don't know what it means.) "Ironically," most treacherous of all? It's surprising how well we manage, when you consider the difficulty of the task and how little time is left to spend actually saying the poems. So gifted senior English majors, who read with a depth and intelligence that was never asked of me in an undergraduate English course, can still stun me by asking what I mean when I say a line doesn't scan. There are brilliant graduates of fine doctoral programs in English, lovers of poetry, who know less poetry by heart than Jimmy Carter, and who possess, therefore, texts, or intellectual-emotional reconstructions, or paraphrases—but no poems. A paraphrase is not a poem; English teachers work very hard to teach exactly that. But without memory we grope for "That time of year thou mayst in me behold" or J. Alfred Prufrock's mermaids—but they slip away, and all we are left holding are our ungainly paraphrases. Which is why some of us are now surprising our students by asking them to memorize poetry.

There is memory for fact, of course, and memory for language. Homer's Muses did not distinguish them, and I have mixed them up cavalierly here and left no space to sort them out. But they do connect, in our time as well as Homer's. Creative thinking of any kind requires more than just knowing where to look things up; you have to know they're there before you know you need them. The mind is the greatest of computers, and it works its marvels best when well stored—with facts: names, dates, places, events, sequences—and also with language: words, phrases, sentences, the tongues of men and of angels. Perhaps language is the most important of all. We all notice the contraction in the range of reference of the young. But facts can be looked up, that's true, and if we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get a grant, our servants can do that for us. What's harder to acquire—in adulthood hard indeed—is that intimacy with language, that sense for different ways of using it, which grows naturally when we carry Shakespeare and the Bible, Jefferson and Lincoln, Eliot and Yeats, Edward Lear and P. G. Wodehouse in our heads. In our heads or, better, in another part of the body, there where we "learn by heart"—there in the unconscious, where the Muses sing to us darkling, and all the richness of what we know and value can come together in unexpected, unheard-of combinations. Memory is not the enemy of Inspiration, or of thought either. Today, as always, it is the essential prerequisite of both.

I Remember the Sea When I Was Six . . .

FREDERICK MORGAN

I remember the sea when I was six
and ran on wetted sands
that were speckled with shells and the blowholes of clams
bedded secretly down in black muck—

I remember the sun, fishy airs, rotting piers
that reached far out into turquoise waters
and ladies in white who sprinkled light laughter
from under their parasols. . . .

Where was it, that beach whose hot sand I troweled
day after day into my red tin pail?
It's only in dreams now I sense it, unreal,
at the end of an inner road no longer traveled.

FREDERICK MORGAN's most recent books are *Death Mother and Other Poems* and *Poems of the Two Worlds.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audiences

ROBERT HOLLANDER

That girl this summer reading Dante
in an inner tube on the river
and the sun pulsing into her,
off his page, on my head.
Now at home in winter, sun
glancing off the snow outside
brighter than the lamp. I see
my children in their schoolrooms,
heads over books, pencils
in their hands, moving, stopping.
Their heads are under my nose.
I smell their skins.

True, we prefer the heroes,
Achilles roaring like a river,
the dancer or the singer,
imperial of limb or voice,
these are things which we admire.
Yet the patient movings of the mind
also move us, make us audiences
for other audiences, brothers
in misunderstanding. I see
you read this. For one moment,
stopped in time and doubt,
we are each other.

✪ ROBERT HOLLANDER is professor of European literature at Princeton University. A collection of his poems, *Walking on Dante,* was published in 1974.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEACHING I

C. S. Lewis

JOHN WAIN

One's estimate of C. S. Lewis as a teacher, as a critic of literature and ideas, and perhaps as a literary artist, is bound to be influenced by—probably, in the end, to depend outright on—whether one agrees with the proposition that civilization ended in 1914.

I write that sentence and then sit back and look at it. The opinion that civilization did not survive the First World War, like any opinion, is true from the point of view from which it is uttered. On its own terms, it is incontrovertible. What are its own terms?

In the early summer of 1914, Western Europe was a much bigger place than it is now because it dominated the earth; it was also a much smaller place, because more homogeneous. It was largely impervious to influences from outside, and its intellectual and artistic life was in the hands of an educated class that was very much the same from one country to another, being produced in every country by the same training. Literature, music, the visual arts, and the theater ruled supreme, with no competition from cinema, television, radio. In literature, the foundation of educated taste was still to be found in the Greek and Latin classics, which also provided one-half of its framework of values. The other half, Christianity, still enjoyed solid institutional respect, though it was beginning to show structural cracks. It was a middle-class world, not dominated by courts and aristocracies but firmly in the hands of the property owners. "Socialism" was a word on the lips of a few cranks or, at best, licensed entertainers like Bernard Shaw.

It was likewise a man's world. Women were just beginning to appear, in tiny numbers, in higher education and the professions, but the vengeful goddess Feminism had not begun to do more than stir in her sleep. Ethnic minorities offered no cultural challenge that needed to be considered for a moment. In the British Isles, the Celtic nations were treated as second-class English people. Welsh children who were heard to speak Welsh at school were punished by having a slate hung round their necks, and Ireland, not yet partitioned, was treated more or less as a colony. The unique musical sensibility of the black American—already noticed for a century as an idiom apart from that of Europe, though related to it—was not yet accorded any importance; it was safely corralled in a kind of childish entertainment to be found on piers in the summer time, called "the nigger minstrels." In art, in thought, in politics, dress, cooking, in every detail of life, Europe was entirely European, and off its northwestern mainland England was entirely English.

The changes which brought about the disappearance of that world were in some instances disasters and in some, benefits; in others again they were just changes, about which we are free to make up our minds according to the framework of our general beliefs and preferences. When I was young, a popular philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, used to maintain, among other things, that the greatest misfortune ever to befall the human race was the invention of the internal combustion engine. I agree with this proposition (if you take it for a triviality, think about the matter for five minutes by your watch), but doubtless there are people (car salesmen and highway engineers, for instance) who would dissent from it; and once again one can only say that all

---

JOHN WAIN is the author of *The Pardoner's Tale* (a novel), *Professing Poetry* (criticism), and *Samuel Johnson: A Biography*. His *Poems 1949–79* is soon to be published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opinions are valid from the point of view from which they are uttered.

To C. S. Lewis the values and customs of the world in which he grew up remained those he lived by, and the changes that eroded his world and before he died at sixty-five in 1963 more or less abolished it, were a matter for regret. This caused a permanent bias (using the word neutrally, as it is used on a bowling green) in his criticism and in his conversation. He enjoyed standing against the tide of what he considered modern nonsense and self-indulgence; he enjoyed nailing fashionable cant. To a lady who wrote to him asking his opinion of psychoanalysis, he replied (26 March 1940): "In talking to me you must beware, because I am conscious of a partly pathological hostility to what is fashionable. I may therefore have been betrayed into statements on this subject which I am not prepared to defend." That admission, in its bluntness and candor, is characteristic of Lewis. It is also characteristic that he goes on to make some valuable and interesting distinctions between what psychoanalysis can expect to achieve and what it cannot, which show that he has considered the matter very fairly.

Clive Staples Lewis was born in 1898 in a suburb of Belfast, where his father was a solicitor. The date is significant because it means that his school education fell entirely within the confines of that epoch before 1914, when the world was substantially as I have described it above. Had it not been for the interruption of the First World War, in which he served in the trenches and was wounded, Lewis would have been securely launched on his Oxford undergraduate career by that fateful date of 1914—which, of course, in that case would not have been a fateful date.

Lewis's mind, then, was formed in Edwardian England. This was the case with virtually all the men who fought in 1914–18, but most of them, and certainly most of the intelligentsia among them, came back radically altered. They were embittered, twisted perhaps, disaffected, skeptical, and the modern arts were born out of their mood. Lewis—and it is useless to speculate why—seems to have come back with no change except a greater relish for the peaceful pleasures of reading and thinking, a greater need to work hard and make up for lost time, a greater belief in the values and attitudes of the settled world whose last days of golden peace he remembered, even though (and this is a puzzle I cannot offer to explain) they had not been particularly golden or peaceful for him. Most of the things that the typical modern man of the mid-twentieth century looked back on with distaste when he remembered his own and the century's earlier years—a large, stuffy, convention-ridden family, systematic ill-treatment at school, a rigid intellectual discipline administered by severe dominies—Lewis experienced in their full force, and, as his letters to his brother make plain, he was not docile by nature; but he acquiesced, and when that world disappeared, he mourned it and harked back to it. He remained content throughout his life with the framework of values that had seemed natural to him during his upbringing. Of course he learned lessons from life, of course he weighed his experience and shed various illusions, but he remained an Edwardian in all essential particulars. Most of his controversies—and he engaged in a good few—were chiefly motivated by a wish to defend beliefs and attitudes which were usual in his boyhood and became more scarce and more threatened as his life went on.

It is usual to represent the First World War as a powerful explosive which suddenly went off amid a peaceful setting, and caused immense havoc to settled beliefs and calm attitudes. Certainly this is how I have always seen it, and still do. Causes of unrest were there, in the society of those first years of the century, and the more sensitive minds had begun to register them. In the arts and in social thinking there were marks of upheaval and radical innovation, any time from 1912 or thereabouts. But the surface of life was remarkably placid, and it must have seemed likely to stay placid forever. Culturally, as I have roughly indicated, there was no serious challenge to the recognized corpus, the body of information which was handed down from generation to generation, very much as old birds teach young birds to fly.

The youthful Lewis was remarkable for the eagerness with which he swallowed this mixture. His early reading was evidently a series of golden discoveries. As a child he reveled in Spenser, Chaucer, and Malory. His school years were grim, but in mid-adolescence he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

escaped and went to live in the house of a private tutor, who put him in front of the Greek and Latin classics, and he seems to have dived into them like a young bear getting into a tub of honey. No complaints about overwork, no sighing for a more active life away from all these books and papers; it was his world and he knew that from the start. "Outside a life of literary study, life has no meaning or attraction for him," his tutor, W. T. Kirkpatrick, wrote to his father. "He is adapted for nothing else. You may make up your mind to that."

The war, when he was taken from his books and pitchforked into it, meant mud and blood and bloated corpses and barbed wire and bombardments, but in some curious way it seems to have passed over Lewis like a dream. He hated it, of course; he was frightened, of course; but he seems to have accommodated the experience in some region of his mind where he could hold it separate. Perhaps, being a dreamer by nature and inhabiting a variegated dream landscape, he could assign the experience of actual war to a nightmare section of that landscape and thus stop it from running amok within his mental world as a whole. He remarked to me once that when he first approached the front line and heard gunfire, actual gunfire directed against human beings, a voice in his head said, "This is war. This is what you've read about in Homer." By putting it on the same plane of reality as Homer (for Lewis a very important plane and a very vivid reality), he somehow contained it. Perhaps we are here in sight of an explanation of the curious fact that unimaginative people go raving mad more often than do imaginative people; once the ultimate horrors break loose into our experience, it is only the imagination that can contain them, and in this way the dreamers can survive better than the planners and doers.

The point is no mere triviality, because Lewis was, in fact, faithful all his life to the dreamer in him. As an original writer, as a critic, as a teacher, he labored always to achieve better understanding of that side of literature which concerns itself with the waking dream. On realistic literature he had nothing to say that went beyond the bounds of ordinary sensible comment. He would have been no more than average as a critic of Crabbe or Balzac or Gissing or Arnold Bennett or even Tolstoy. Yet he could expound Spenser or William Morris or George MacDonald; he could find what there was to say for Rider Haggard or Tolkien; he could move with ease from Malory and Chrétien de Troyes to Charles Williams.

Perhaps Lewis's preference for romance over realism, his willingness to inhabit a dream landscape, had something to do with his being Irish. Though, in accordance with his general formative ethos, he presented the exterior of an Edwardian English gentleman, something in his innermost being was as Irish as Yeats or James Stephens. Certainly he remained always "the man who dreamed of faeryland"—even, in his more heroic moments, the Cuchulain who "fought the ungovernable sea." Because the romantic in art and literature came under attack during his lifetime, his defense of them could seem like a general feature of his cultural conservatism. A generation that attacked the authority of Milton, exalted a poet like Dryden above a poet like Shelley, turned away from Spenser, and debunked romantic mythopoeia in the name of psychoanalysis, probably seemed to him merely "modern"—a catchall word for everything he opposed. I believe it lay deeper than that; I believe it was the suppressed or neglected Irishman coming out in Lewis's literary taste, but it certainly cemented in well with his general position of harking back to the days when the world was sane.

Like most people who are basically satisfied with the order into which they have been born, satisfied despite a clear-sighted view of its failures and shortcomings, Lewis took no interest in politics and regarded the impulse to change as a mere symptom of restlessness, an antlike scurrying about on the part of people who would do better to sit still. Thus he writes to his brother (22 March 1940):

> Why should quiet ruminants like you and I have been born in such a ghastly age? Let me palliate the apparent selfishness of this complaint by asserting that there *are* people who, while not of course liking actual suffering when it falls to their own share, *do* really like the "stir," the "sense of great issues." Lord! how I loathe great issues. How I wish they were all adjourned *sine die*. "Dynamic" I think is one of the words invented by this age which sums up what it likes and I abominate. Could one start a Stagnation Party—which at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Elections would boast that during its term of office *no* event of the least importance had taken place?

His ideal, in fact, was a quiet life of literary study. Since he was an energetic controversialist, this sounds like a failure of self-knowledge, but I do not think it was a serious one. Men of letters find plenty to dispute about without going any further than their desks, and Lewis would have fitted into this pattern contentedly enough.

During the years when he was growing up, Lewis accepted the study of the Greek and Latin authors as the essential business of his life, and the reading of English authors, of every epoch since the English language made its appearance, as his chief recreation. Nothing that happened to him in his life disturbed this view. As a young graduate seeking employment, he made several attempts to get a post in classical studies. His decision to enter the English Faculty was motivated principally by the fact that that was where he found an opening—though he had, to be sure, no objection to teaching English literature nor to treating it, on his own terms, as an academic subject.

These terms he explains in two essays that sum up the opinions he arrived at during some dozen years of teaching. One is "Our English Syllabus," addressed to an undergraduate audience, and the other "The Idea of an English School," addressed to the Classical Association in London; both are to be read in *Rehabilitations* (1939), a book of essays that does not in fact show Lewis at his best. These two pieces, however, are perfectly satisfactory as statements of the position Lewis never really abandoned, though he elaborated on them several times, notably in *The Abolition of Man* (1943) and his inaugural lecture after moving to Cambridge, *De Descriptione Temporum* (1954).

"Our English Syllabus" is an attempt to present the rationale of English studies as practiced in Oxford at the undergraduate level in those days; it is a hard sell and a skillful one, with Lewis's inherited forensic instincts well to the fore. His main argument is that studying a literature is like working over a piece of natural woodland and seeing what actually grows there, what the climate and the soil, left to themselves, will foster; the vegetation, the insects, the birds and mammals, even the parasites and the diseases. Not all of it is equally good, but the total experience is a real one because it confronts the inquirer with something that has actually happened, has come into being of its own accord and not because someone thought it would be desirable and improving. There must have been in those days a strain of opinion that wanted to study "great books" and famous names, and grudged spending time on the minor and the local. Lewis's defense has his characteristic pith and lucidity:

> The composite school, as its very name implies, has been composed by someone. Those little bits of various subjects are not found lying together in those quantities and in that order which the syllabus shows. They have been put together in that way artificially by a committee of professors. That committee cannot have been following the grain and joint of reality as reality discovers itself to those actually engaged in the pursuit of learning. For the life of learning knows nothing of this nicely balanced encyclopaedic arrangement. Every one of the suggested subjects is infinite and, in its own way, covers the whole field of reality. The committee would in fact be guided by their idea of what would do the students good—that is, by a purely educational idea. In reading such a school, therefore, you would not be turned loose on some tract of reality as it is, to make what you could of it; you would be getting selections of reality selected by your elders—something cooked, expurgated, filtered, and generally toned down for your edification. You would still be in the leading strings and might as well have stayed at school.

The address to the Classical Association is more subtly argued and more impressive in its display of a wide learning, both classical and modern, but it makes what is essentially the same point:

> The English School as it stands has chosen unity and continuity: that is to say, taking a given area of reality, it has chosen, so far as possible, to explore it thoroughly, following the natural structure of that area, and neglecting all the interesting and delightful things over the frontier. The alternative school which is suggested, with Greek, Latin and perhaps French classics side by side with the greatest English writers, would be based on a different principle—the principle of selection. In the one you turn the young out into a single, untidy country to make what they can of it; in the other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you take them to what their elders think the five or six most interesting places in a whole continent. It is the difference between knowing, say, Worcestershire inside out, while remaining ignorant of the rest of the world, and knowing four or five European capitals while striking no roots in any single European soil. The choice is a very difficult one. On the one hand we have Arnold's ideal—"the best that is known and thought in the world"; on the other *Spartam nactus es*. Embrace the latter and you may become insular and provincial; embrace the former and you may be a mere tourist, glib in all countries and rooted in none. Which is the more deeply ignorant, the shepherd who has never left the Cotswolds, or the peripatetic millionaire—the tap-room of the "Red Lion," or the lounge of the Palace Hotel?

Earlier this year, I read an article in the London *Times Higher Educational Supplement* by a member of the Oxford English Faculty, which contained this passage:

> "I suppose we can't do Brecht until next year?" a first-year undergraduate asked me gloomily the other day. Her gloom deepened considerably when I broke the awful news that *English* language and literature meant exactly what it said. The rampant chauvinism which bulked large in the original establishment of English as a university discipline is alive and well in Oxford, even if it has been modified elsewhere.

I read the passage with an obedient chuckle, assuming that its author was joking, though the irony seemed to me rather heavy-handed ("the awful news" that English literature means English literature, et cetera). But the rest of the article alerted me to the fact that the author, Mr. Terry Eagleton (Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College) was perfectly straight-faced; that whereas the corresponding person in 1939 thought that a concentration on English literature was parochial and provincial, to him it is "chauvinism" to try to do one thing at a time.

I laid down the paper and tried to imagine what Lewis would have thought of such an attitude. It was not difficult. His preference for a solid understanding of local landscapes rather than a globetrotter's Instamatic click-click would have led him, I'm afraid, to be rather stonyhearted about the suffering of the damsel who yearned to "do" Brecht as part of (presumably) a course in English but was prevented by "chauvinism" from doing so. One can imagine a few of the questions Lewis would have asked: Has the student signed on in a department of English? Or are we to conclude that in the enlightened future, purged of chauvinism, such distinctions will be abolished? If so, will schools of modern languages be abolished as well as schools of English? And will everybody simply mill around in a glorious hotchpotch, "doing" whatever they think will turn them on? If so, a student who really wants to study Brecht carefully and understand him fully will have to make detailed inquiries in advance, because such study will necessarily start with a thorough grounding in the German language and an acquaintance with German history and institutions; or is the "English" school supposed to offer these as well as everything else?

Another question Lewis might have been provoked to ask: Does the English school, in its chauvinism, tell the girl what to do in her spare time as well as in her working time? If she has a notion that Brecht might interest her (and it must be a prior notion, formed on the basis of at most a nodding acquaintance, since a cruel world has not yet allowed her to "do" him), are there no theater clubs she can join and take part in productions of his plays? Are there no discussion groups that talk about his ideas, no introductions and popular guides on sale at the bookshops? The answer is, of course, that these things exist in plenty; but in the mysterious world inhabited by the party-line modern academic, students are not supposed to have any spare time—nor, for that matter, in any subsequent part of their life after they cease to be students. The notion seems to be that they come to the university for three years, come to it from a background of mass media and mass entertainment, that they never opened a book or pondered an idea before they came and will never do so after they leave—so that their three-year course becomes a breathless, hurried pit stop in which they must be fueled with such knowledge and such ideas as they can carry. If Brecht (or whoever else is in fashion) attracts you, then the university has a duty to teach you about Brecht, and without the tedious formality of enrolling in a modern German course and learning something solid. If it doesn't, when your university course comes to an end some mysterious process will intervene and Brecht and all his works will be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blown away like a puff of smoke, utterly beyond recall.

I bring in this example of modish absurdity as a convenient way of highlighting one important feature of Lewis's thinking about university teaching and learning. He had, in one sense, less faith in it than have the Eagletons of this world; in another, much more. He believed in the university study of English without ever being in danger of overestimating what it would do for people. He approved of it, assented to its main objectives and values, and worked hard in its interests; but he never thought, or said, that it was enough on its own. He did not belong to a school of thought that could regard any one discipline as enough on its own. He himself, for instance, saw English literature through the eyes of one who had started in life with a sound classical education—as had most of the authors who had written what he was reading—and he was convinced that no other approach was really valid. This was, at bottom, the reason for his distrust of the "research" convention. He saw it as wasting a golden year or two in which students who intended to take up academic work might have been filling in gaps in their reading of the classics, while they were young and energetic enough to tackle the hard work this involved. As he put it to the Classical Association:

> Need I say that I should like English students to know Greek and Latin? But they must not come to an English school to learn them. If they have not learned them before they come to me, I should like them to learn them after they leave me. Any proposal which enables them to do so in those postgraduate years which are increasingly spent at the university will always have all the support I can give it; and to that end I am ready to sacrifice any amount of what is called "Research."

This attitude, naturally, put him out of step with the modern attitude toward the academic study of English as it took shape in his lifetime. He had no belief that two or three years spent in learning the methods of scholarly research were any substitute for the filling of linguistic and historical gaps. ("If a man wants to find something out," he said to me once, "he'll find it out.") He never took a research degree himself, and he regarded the products of the research schools as overtrained in some ways and undereducated in others. In this, as in most things, he swam against the current. All his life, in spite of the weight of his learning, the force and freshness of his critical writing, and the capacity crowds at his lectures (or possibly because of these things?), he was regarded with a certain sourness by members of the research-obsessed orthodox body of academia—a sourness that was certainly not sweetened when in his hours of ease he made quips, inevitably reported back to HQ, such as "There are three kinds of reader—the literate, the illiterate, and the B.-Litterate."

Lewis saw learning as something that needed to start with a broad base—the appropriate languages, the appropriate areas of history and philosophy—which alone prevented parochiality, faddishness, and general loss of perspective. But he knew that if this broad base does not exist, its lack cannot be supplied by hasty little side excursions ("doing" Brecht, et cetera) divorced from any linguistic or historical discipline.

In short, the quality Lewis worked hardest to instill in his pupils was intellectual integrity. Your three years in the English school (or the modern languages, or history, or any other school) taught you the patient observation of one form of life; and the rest of your intellectual development, which lasted your lifetime, consisted in applying that observation and that patience to everything which came within your attention. For this reason he was not in the least put off by the argument that some of the works prescribed for study in the English syllabus were not first rate when judged by the standards of literary masterpieces generally. One university teacher of Lewis's generation, or only a few years younger, used to comment scornfully on the folly of making undergraduates read "parish-pump stuff" when the peaks of world literature were there to be scaled. But Lewis liked the parish pump. He saw it as a good meeting place between equals and a good reminder of down-to-earth necessities: one must have water and a bucket to carry it home in, and a home to carry it to, for that matter. And peaks, he would doubtless have argued, can only be scaled if you start at the bottom, among much more humdrum scenes. To take in the peaks and nothing else is akin to flying over them in an airplane, a method of travel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which teaches one nothing about the nature of the existence that goes on below.

This acceptance of the ordinary—the cheerful recognition that to acquaint oneself with the literature of a nation in anything like completeness means having time and patience for a good deal that is not absolutely of the best quality—is a clearly recognizable element in Lewis's published criticism, as it was in his teaching. In his Oxford History volume, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* (he always referred to that series as the "Oh hell"), he deals with the nondramatic literature of the sixteenth century and shows a wonderful relish for that epoch—a delight in the byways as well as the main routes, and a detailed acquaintance with half-forgotten (even, in some cases, almost totally forgotten) writing. But he never overestimates what he finds. Thus, after writing an interesting paragraph about William Warner (1558?–1609) and quoting some good lines, Lewis adds, "But no one should be deceived by these quotations into reading Warner. The good things in *Albion's England* are as far divided as the suns in space." He was the opposite of the kind of critic who is always trying to astonish us with beauties and profundities that he has been the first to perceive, and to convince us that the latest work to engage his attention is a neglected masterpiece. To Lewis, reading books was like meeting people; he found it a normal and interesting activity without having to pretend that it was a constant source of astonishing illumination and inspiration. People are worth meeting, even though not many of them are very original and some are actively unpleasant; only by meeting a lot of them, by making a habit of it, does one build up a knowledge of humanity. Books are the same. That was why Lewis never had any sympathy with a fastidious view of literary taste, anything that made a virtue of exclusiveness. When (before I knew better) I quoted to him T. S. Eliot's opinion that the amount of good poetry in the world is very small, he replied at once, "The amount that can be read with pleasure and profit is enormous."

That was typical of the man—a certain rough-and-ready quality, a willingness to be as generous and charitable with books as he was with human beings. It is not the only possible approach to literature and literary teaching; I am not even quite certain that it is the best one. But it was, in that time and place, an excellent corrective to the arcane intellectual disciplines of an Eliot or the acrid solemnities of a Leavis. Leavis once said to someone that Lewis "hated literature." When I first heard this, I thought it merely an absurd remark to make about someone so devotedly literate, so seldom found without a book in his hands, as was Lewis. But, of course, from Leavis's own specialized point of view it is a meaningful judgment; it means, basically, that Lewis was content to enjoy literature and take it as he found it, without trying to make literary study into a priestcraft.

Thus, in his book on Milton, Lewis skirmishes for some pages against T. S. Eliot, then adds as a kind of afterthought that he has no wish to attack Eliot personally. "Why should I? I agree with him about matters of such moment that literary considerations are by comparison trivial." This would be rank heresy to Leavis, to whom a literary judgment involved the whole personality; the way one responded to literature was an indication of one's whole response to life, so how could it be trivial? I am of Leavis's mind here, but I think these things must sometimes look very different to those who have an overarching metaphysical religious belief. To a humanist like Leavis or myself, great literature will inevitably come to occupy something like the place of a body of scripture—a record of what mankind has found worth living and worth dying for—and to be flippant about it begins to look like chewing gum in church. But Gerard Manley Hopkins, in one of his letters to Robert Bridges, says something like, "When we met the other day we had no time to speak of serious topics—our talk was all of literature." (I quote from memory, but that is certainly the gist of it, and it was a consistent attitude with Hopkins.) So perhaps to "hate literature" in company with a man like Hopkins is not so disgraceful after all.

All this time I have been describing Lewis's mental configuration in general, without getting down to the task of describing his method as a teacher. In fact, it does not take much describing. It was, quite simply, forensic and disputatious. I suppose "Socratic" would be a loftier term for it, but the ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changes between Lewis and his undergraduate students did not often rise to Socratic heights; they usually smacked more of the courtroom. Lewis's father was a lawyer and the son inherited an aptitude for the weighing of evidence and for cross-examination. I never heard him formulate his philosophy of teaching, but it was obviously based on the conviction that we clarify our opinions most fully, and possess them most securely, when we are forced to defend them. It follows that the duty of a tutor is to subject the pupil's ideas to a vigorous attack which will either scatter them like chaff or, if they have any real substance, root them more strongly.

This duty Lewis performed with relish. He himself enjoyed a good argument and he had no innate sympathy with the kind of mind that shrinks away from dispute and develops its ideas best in an atmosphere of encouragement. After a year or two of being tutored by Lewis, one developed the mentality of a fighter pilot: *Get him before he gets you.* That is, if you survived at all. There were students of Lewis's who decided, after being repeatedly floored in these contests, that they had no gift for the kind of discipline he was trying to teach them, and went down from the university and took up something else. (Example: John Betjeman.)

Lewis of course taught graduate seminars now and then, and supervised research, but in the Oxford of his day "teaching" meant, overwhelmingly, the teaching of undergraduates; and, of course, lecturing, which he did with obvious enjoyment and great success. His lectures were not, like those of his admired friend Charles Williams, rhapsodic; nor slyly humorous and solipsistic like those of Tolkien. They were, above all, *teaching* lectures; he set out to impart information, and many parts of his discourse, heavily loaded with precise references, had to be taken more or less at dictation speed. This had probably evolved in response to the situation at Oxford, where the undergraduate has (or, in his and my day, had) no formal teaching whatever except an hourly "tutorial," two-thirds of which was taken up by his reading his essay aloud. There were no classes, no group discussion of any kind, no formal sessions in which the teacher could make sure that some solid information got into his students' heads; lectures there were, but they were not compulsory and (in fine weather or toward the end of a term) very sparsely attended. So Lewis stood there patiently, his big voice booming out (nobody ever said they couldn't hear him), his bulky body standing solidly in one spot (he wasn't one of those lecturers who march up and down the platform, or jingle coins in their pockets, or make asides which are heard only by three people in the front row) until the hour struck. Then he would abruptly snatch up his papers and run out of the room, as if pent-up impatience to be finished with this routine task, or fear of being detained by some persistent questioner, had suddenly mastered him. (We undergraduates used to speculate, facetiously, as to whether he might have a weak bladder.)

Going to a lecture by Lewis was an enjoyable occasion; but, then, meeting Lewis on any terms was an enjoyable occasion, for he liked cheerfulness and congenial company, and he thought literature was something to rejoice in. I am glad of all the hours I spent with him, sitting in his rooms or on the steps of the New Building at Magdalen, looking out into the deer-haunted grove, or drinking beer in humble taverns ("the tap-room of the Red Lion"), and I am glad to have been his pupil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marjorie Hope Nicolson

MORRIS FREEDMAN

Marjorie Hope Nicolson's appearance was part not only of her legend but of the brusque, businesslike way in which she guided the huge graduate English department at Columbia in the 1940s and 1950s, the peak of its golden age. She was a short, round lady, usually dressed in black, not immediately distinguishable from the crew of similar-looking women who operated the shaky closet of an elevator in Philosophy Hall and daily redistributed the dust in the classrooms. She had a red, craggy face, like that of Margaret Rutherford, the actress, expressionless and absorbed, and she marched through the corridors with a purposefulness that did not invite idle greeting. Her deep voice was always distinct, and she had a broad New England "a": "Clahss," she said.

Her colleagues in that English faculty pantheon included Mark Van Doren, Roger Sherman Loomis, Joseph Wood Krutch, Oscar James Campbell, James Lowry Clifford, Donald Lemen Clark, Elliot Van Kirk Dobbie, William York Tindall (the three-name tradition for Columbia academics that flourished during the presidency of Nicholas Murray Butler took some time to fade away), Emery Neff, Lionel Trilling, Alfred Harbage, Jerome Buckley, Eric Bentley, Maurice Valency. Working with the English program were men in philosophy such as Irwin Edman; in romance languages, Mario Pei; in history, Jacques Barzun; in art, Meyer Schapiro. During summers the campus was host to such academic personages as Samuel Holt Monk, E. Talbot Donaldson, and Lily Beth Campbell.

MORRIS FREEDMAN is professor of English at the University of Maryland. His work has appeared in *Commentary, The New Yorker, Harper's,* and THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

My first sense of Miss Nicolson was as a teacher. Even after I saw her at work as an administrator, keeping the hordes of students in those days in some semblance of order as they proceeded to their degrees while she simultaneously accommodated the academic celebrities that surrounded her, that first sense of her as a teacher remained dominant. In her own book-and-manuscript-cluttered office or next door in the outer one of the department, she always seemed to be waiting on the edge of her seat, to get to a lecture or to a seminar or to talk over a text with a student. For her, scholarship, criticism, the writing of poetry and fiction, and administration as well were subsumed as integral, inevitable aspects of teaching.

I registered for graduate work a short while after my air force service in World War II. Marjorie Nicolson's name was well known to me. She had been president of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa and a consulting editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. She had been dean at Smith College. I knew of her articles and books on the relation between science and imagination—one of them called exactly that. Columbia then, not least because of Miss Nicolson, seemed the premier graduate department of English in the country.

Graduate school, for veterans who could qualify, was an attractive way to ease the transition to civilian life, whether they were preparing for a delayed career or resuming an interrupted one. The GI bill paid tuition and textbook costs and provided a stipend that up to a certain point was unaffected by other earnings and increased with the number of one's dependents. I was scraping together an income as a free-lance writer, mostly in science and in medicine, and as a part-time teacher at CCNY while beginning a family.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hundreds upon hundreds of students enrolled for the M.A. and Ph.D. programs at Columbia, and we crowded into huge lecture halls, at least at the start of each year, sometimes sitting on the steps. Dozens upon dozens of us registered for even some of the smaller and more arcane seminars. The total number of graduate students at any one time in that period was well over a thousand.

I remember sitting for the German examination, the first and most difficult for me, on the floor in a jammed room, my back against the wall. It was proctored, casually, by an advanced graduate student. Cheating was rampant. The man next to me checked his translation against mine, said we might as well both give up, tore up his booklet, and left. I couldn't afford to be that easily discouraged, having spent the previous two weeks, eighteen hours a day, translating the entire text of *Die Kunst der Prose,* an anthology of literary criticism from which we were told the passage would be taken for the examination. News about the cheating spread, and Miss Nicolson herself, garbed in her usual black, supervised the next language examination, which was given in an auditorium with a balcony, the students arranged in alternate rows and three seats apart. It was the first time I had seen and heard her in a classroom. I was taking the classical Latin exam, and I recall I was a little worried, and also impressed, that the English department was so serious about the language hurdles. I think Columbia's was the only one in the country that required French, German, Latin, and Old English as part of the doctoral preparation.

I was not a committed graduate student at first. Except for boning up for three of the four language examinations, I was not even a normally conscientious one. I attended lectures sporadically, took the special part of the master's examination in American, rather than English, literature simply because it had fewer questions, and expanded my undergraduate honors work, on logaoedics, for my thesis on the metrics of "Prufrock." I attended Miss Nicolson's few large lectures on Donne, and found them charming ruminations but not essential in preparing for serious examination. Other faculty lecturers were rarely charming; some read in a monotone from notes which I recognized as being taken verbatim from their articles and books; one enjoyed getting off occasionally funny one-liners about virtually all modern writers except Yeats and Joyce.

My arrogant casualness was nearly fatal when I decided that I wanted to proceed to the doctorate. Work on the master's degree turned out to be the screening measure for determining admission to the doctoral program. The M.A. degrees were ranked down from 1, the highest and rarest level, to 3, and the 3s were excluded from advanced work. I had got a weak 2, and Miss Nicolson herself had to decide whether to allow me to go on. That was my first personal confrontation with her, and I went to the appointment with trepidation. She said mildly, with anti-climactic casualness, that I could continue toward the Ph.D. and asked what I thought I might like to work on. Later I learned from Adele Mendelsohn, the department secretary, that Miss Nicolson herself had gone rummaging for my M.A. papers in the attic storehouse of Philosophy Hall before our meeting.

In the 1940s and 1950s Columbia was probably unique in the country in still giving doctoral students their choice of a dissertation subject. For some this was a pernicious freedom: they would settle into anywhere from ten to twenty years of work, especially if they found themselves, as at the New York city colleges, with tenure and no great incentive to complete their dissertation. The commoner practice is for graduate school professors to assign dissertation subjects, and students usually welcome such direction. Recently it has become routine to make the doctoral dissertation an exercise—say the cursory editing of a text or manuscript, with perhaps a short introduction, or the preparation of a bibliography. The models held up to us at Columbia then, however, were some of the important titles in twentieth-century American academic and general intellectual libraries: Mark Van Doren's *John Dryden,* Emery Neff's *Carlyle and Mill,* Joseph Wood Krutch's *Comedy and Conscience After the Restoration,* Lionel Trilling's *Matthew Arnold.* We were invited to add to this catalog.

For various reasons, it was several years before I settled on some of the literary connections between Milton and Dryden, the subject of the dissertation I finally wrote under Miss Nicolson's direction. One reason for the delay was simply that I was intimidated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by her manner as well as by her formidable learning. (I remember an urbane footnote of hers gracefully demolishing a Scandinavian scholar's speculation that Milton was lying about his visit to Galileo. That note could well have served as an ordinary mortal's article or thesis.) Although a coterie of elegant young men seemed always to be dancing attendance on Miss Nicolson, I was not able to approach her casually. I had little leisure time to spend on campus, and I had no small talk. I had no background for banter about baseball, and I was not interested in crossword puzzles or, at the time, in murder mysteries, all subjects about which I overheard exchanges. I was older than most of the young men in Miss Nicky's intimate circle, and I felt awkward and out of place at Columbia. It was years before I brought myself to call her Miss Nicky.

Legend as well as immediately observable evidence combined to reinforce my awe of her. It was said that at one point in her early teaching career she developed the art of wiggling her ears to keep the attention of high school students. I never saw her demonstrate this skill, but she had cultivated a possible equivalent one for graduate students in English: the art of spinning out spontaneously the most complicated sentences, syntactically impeccable, antecedents never lost or confused, in a graceful cadence, the polished rhetoric building to a fully integrated, architectonically functioning structure. She could cite large portions of text, poetry or prose, from memory. She lectured, even on ceremonial public occasions, without notes. Her sense of logic, order, and, I suppose, oratory in the classical sense, was highly cultivated.

She embedded her learning and her teaching in appealingly human contexts. Her account of tracking down and finding the Conway letters was an exciting tale, including such details as a description of the dust raised in various ancient libraries and storerooms. In talking of Milton's life, she wryly reported the nearly tearful response, at a national convention, of some American Miltonists to the speculation of European scholars that Milton was a liar and an albino and that his blindness might have been the result of syphilis. In recounting her findings in British Museum documents and manuscripts, she covered the mysteries of working in that strange and marvelous library in the days when items were classified according to the busts of the Roman emperors presiding over the alcoves where they were shelved, and notices of the acquisition of items were pasted in large volumes as those notices happened to come in. Near-sighted scholars, I remember her remarking, used to sniff their way through these volumes.

As much as she enjoyed center stage in her lectures, obviously relishing her enriching digressions but always returning to the central point, she also enjoyed her place in the wings at her seminars, virtually turning them over to the students. I took a year-long seminar with her on "Lycidas," and I recall particularly the extended period we spent on lines 130 and 131: "But that two-handed engine at the door / Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more." What was that "two-handed engine"?

Interest in that engine has become perhaps the most obsessive in modern Milton scholarship. No fewer than fifty readings have been offered, each new one remarkably exclusive of all previous ones. The standard explanations, to oversimplify grossly, are either literal or metaphoric. The first holds that the engine is simply a kind of executioner's ax, wielded by two hands. The other contends that the two hands refer to something like the two houses of Parliament, or to a clock striking the (for some reason) climactic judgment hour of one. My own solution, which I proposed after two weeks or so of increasing indifference—by that time preferring poetic mystery to reductive fact—depended on the erratic spelling of seventeenth-century texts, "tow" occasionally for "two," "enjin" or the like for "engine." I declared that it should seem obvious to anyone who recalled the Puritan emigration to America in the 1620s, the decade before the poem was written, that Milton was talking about nothing other than a "tow-headed Injun" who struck once with his tomahawk and retreated into the woods. I was nervous about how Miss Nicolson would take my levity. She heard me out, her face impassive, waited a moment, then broke into the first smile I had seen on her face. "I think perhaps," she said, "that Mr. Freedman has said the last word on that subject for a while."

We are fortunate in having a kind of record of Miss Nicolson as teacher. Her book

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Milton: A Reader's Guide to His Poetry reads in many places as though it were transcribed from classroom lectures. Let me quote one section of her chapter on "Lycidas" which illustrates well her typical approach to a text.

The death of youth is always shocking, and accidental death most unbearable of all. Milton's mother had died shortly before he wrote this poem, but she had died in the fullness of years, having lived a good life. Milton and King had been almost the same age. Like young people of all times they had felt that "The World was all before them, where to choose." Suddenly one was dead, by shipwreck. Milton was about to take ship for Italy. The parallels were very close between two young men who had devoted themselves to study and to poetry at Cambridge. "Cui bono?"

> Alas! what boots it with uncessant care,
> To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> (11.64–66)

Perhaps our classmates were wiser than we, with their easy hedonistic philosophy of "carpe diem." While we studied late at night, they sported with Amaryllis and Neaera—lovely names for charming girls. What were we working for, King and I? Was it for fame, that spur that leads men "to scorn delights and live laborious days?" (11.70–72) The desire for fame may be an infirmity, but if so, it is the last from which even noble minds free themselves. (The parenthetical line is almost a direct quotation from Tacitus.) But what *is* fame? At the very moment that we reach out eager hands for reward, expecting a blaze of glory

> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life.
> (11.75–76)

This is an extraordinary figure, so pregnant with meaning that many critics miss its full portent. The shears that cut the thread of life belonged to the Fates; Clotho spun, Lachesis carded, Atropos cut the thread when the time had come. We think of the Fates as some of us have seen them among the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, much like the presiding spirit of *Il Penseroso* who could forget herself to marble, calm and just, with an immense passivity. What has Milton done? He has deliberately transferred the scissors of the Fates to one of a very different trio—the Furies. They also were three in number, but their function was quite different. Avenging deities, they sought a culprit throughout the world and found him, bringing vengeance upon him. But Milton has done still more with his figure. In pictorial art, the Furies have the brightest and most searching of eyes—which they need to find their prey. Milton has blinded the eyes of the Fury to whom he has given the shears. Life and death—it is all as meaningless as that. We have reached the nadir of Part I.

But across the sombre pessimism, another note strikes on our ears. It begins abruptly in the middle of a line.

> "But not the praise,"
> Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.
> (11.76–77)

There is a reminiscence here of a Virgilian eclogue in which Apollo touched the poet's ears, bidding him not be impatient for ambition. The fame of sudden blaze is only Fama, rumor, that flies over the housetops, a false glitter. True fame is not pagan but Christian; God, who alone can pronounce upon each life, says, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy lord." The first part of *Lycidas* is over. From patterns that any classical writer might have used, we have imperceptibly risen from paganism to Christianity.

During her career, Miss Nicolson worked with many students on an individual basis. A number of her works carry a double byline, hers and a student's. She says repeatedly in her introductions that she learned much from her students, and it is clear she means it. Indeed, to a student, writing a dissertation with her must have been something like Agassiz's working with Shaler in nineteenth-century Harvard, or like a law clerk working with a Supreme Court justice. Agassiz reports how Shaler would give him a fish skeleton to examine, and when Agassiz returned with a report, Shaler would say, "That is not right." Finally, Agassiz had it right, and Shaler said simply, "Now there are two of us in the world who know that."

Miss Nicolson let me choose my own dissertation subject; she read my chapters as written and asked questions; she told me what was not "right," leaving it largely to me to find out what was right; and sustained my momentum. She was struck by my hypothesizing a reciprocal relationship of some consequence between Milton and Dryden, something not fully explored before. She approved of my urgency to get the degree; for several compelling practical reasons I was determined to hand in the final draft of the dissertation before the end of the academic year

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which I had started it. Once I came to a meeting with her, and saw my typescript lying on her desk. She pushed it over to me. "You can write better than that," she said flatly and walked out of the room. My need to finish fast, with which she sympathized, had no effect at all on her expectation of acceptable prose.

She did not impose a bias or a theory on her students. She encouraged us, by indirection, to be simultaneously imaginative, exploratory, and solid. We did not have to defer to any sacred cows, but we were expected to sustain our positions firmly. The assumption was that a Columbia-trained man or woman could do anything as well as anyone else in the world, at the very least. Although the department did not then insist on our taking a special course in what is called "bibliography and method," we were expected to be expert in the mechanics and strategy of research and citation—something, it seems to me, that we learned by a process of academic osmosis, by attending to the standards of the leading critical and learned publications in our fields. In one seminar, I recall getting back a paper with these comments scrawled in the margins: "Not a respectable critic" and "Second-rate journal." The department encouraged independence and a certain combativeness in scholarly discourse. The style of our polemic, it was indicated to us—sometimes explicitly, more often by example—was to be civilized but confidently emphatic. At national conventions, students and younger faculty at Columbia could readily be distinguished from their peers by their air of arrogant knowingness.

The oral comprehensive was the final qualifying examination for the Ph.D. before the dissertation. You could sign up to take it only after you had completed your resident course work, including at least one seminar, and had passed the four language-proficiency examinations as well as one in the history of the English language. If you asked that your appointed date be postponed, you could not get another one for at least a year—a limitation instituted, I surmise, to discourage students from delaying or idly taking the examination. In my time, two examinations with two sets of examiners were scheduled every Monday and Friday at 10:00 A.M. during the academic year. The questioning lasted from two to two and a half hours, with one hour spent on your major field (mine was contemporary British literature) and three twenty- to thirty-minute periods on, first, a major figure (Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton); second, a period before 1600; third, a comparative area; and, fourth, on a minor field, usually either a period after 1600 or a genre. You could combine two of the last three requirements; most students offered comparative medieval.

The oral was a formidable hurdle, a final determination that Columbia doctoral candidates were solidly grounded. At that time, they were required to take only a few examinations in course work. Lecture courses did not require examinations—or attendance, for that matter—and seminars might or might not call for papers or reports; if they did, they were not "graded" in any formal way.

Inevitably, so much depended on this two to three hour session that many students were traumatized. Horror stories were rife of fainting, forms of hysteria, even suicide attempts shortly after. Adele Mendelsohn used to hover outside the examining room to calm the candidates as they came out to wait for a decision. One student whom I had collaborated with on a seminar subject—a seemingly self-possessed, determined woman—went into the examination room, sat down, and in answer to the first question launched into a high-pitched monologue that lasted the full two hours. She later killed herself, I understand, while her dissertation, which had won a prize, was in press.

Miss Nicolson insisted that the oral comprehensive was not designed to uncover what you did not know, but what you did know. She clearly believed it was a major learning situation in itself. In preparing one student for the ordeal, she asked, "Well, what don't you know?" In a memoir, the student wrote: "Since I knew not one thing and said so, she looked downcast. So I said (to cheer *her!*), 'Well, I know what I wish I could do—invent a seventeenth-century reader. It would be fun, but it's too hard for me.' " The next morning, the student continues, Miss Nicolson began the questioning "without inflection, 'If you were asked to make a seventeenth-century reader, what would you put in?' And of course we made it, there and then."

For myself, we had a briefing session on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wednesday preceding the Monday of my oral; then she called me at home on Saturday morning, sounding uncharacteristically urgent. "How is your medieval?" she asked. "All right, I guess," I said. "Well, it had better be much stronger than that," she said. "If you do nothing else, get your centuries right. Nothing upsets Mr. Loomis so much as students giving the wrong century in answer to a question. He was pretty upset yesterday." She then advised me not to study the night before but to take a hot bath and get a good night's sleep.

During the exam, almost every word of which I can still recall, she chaired things casually but alertly. When I tried to explain to Mr. Tindall why I thought Cresseid's affliction in Robert Henryson's "Testament of Cresseid" might have been a venereal disease rather than leprosy, as commonly supposed (because, one, lepers were preceded by a "clapper" when they left the lazar house; two, because the symptoms of leprosy in certain stages were not unlike those of syphilis; and, three, because it would have been poetically more "just"), she interrupted to suggest that I return to the original question Mr. Loomis had asked me about the plot. Mr. Tindall and I had got into the origins of "clap" and the sources of my medical information. Miss Nicolson said later that while she herself had been fascinated by the exchange, she noticed Mr. Loomis getting restive. His twenty to thirty minutes were being eaten away by the digression and he also had to get to another oral down the hall.

Once Miss Nicolson herself left the room, to my terror. Later, Adele told me she did that to keep from laughing. "Mr. Clark," she told Adele, "just threw Morris a curve. He threw the ball back, puzzled, saying he thought they were playing football, not baseball." I remember Donald Lemen Clark's question well: it was on Spenser, and I could not understand immediately its relevance to Milton, on whom I was being questioned. Later, Mr. Clark and I did work out the point. Miss Nicolson returned in a minute or two. The oral was a tense occasion, but I found to my astonishment that I remembered to advantage even my high school reading in Shaw and Faulkner. Toward the end, I ran down, unable to summon details about Marvell's Mower poems. I felt hollow, emptied out, when I was excused. Adele was outside the door with a glass of water and to hold my hand and account for Miss Nicolson's sudden departure.

Few words have thrilled me in my lifetime as did Miss Nicolson's when she emerged from the room and said laconically, "Congratulations, Morris. You passed with a first-class distinction." I can still hear the "first clahss."

I no longer had to take any more courses or examinations, except to defend the dissertation, and I settled into writing it in a cubicle in Butler Library six days a week. It was during this period that I got a somewhat larger vision of academic politics at Columbia. Coffee breaks and lunches in the Lion's Den provided a chance to gossip. The academic landscape that became apparent to me sometime in 1952, as I emerged like a prairie dog from my underground hole, was certainly not Edenic, not even especially attractive.

The Columbia English establishment, I realized, was really a loose coalition of virtually independent enterprises: those at Barnard and Columbia colleges, the one at the still developing College of General Studies, and the one I knew—the core, so to speak—located in Philosophy Hall, which was specifically the Department of English and Comparative Literature of the Faculty of Philosophy of the Graduate School. (Teachers College, too, had a department, but that scarcely counted. The disciplines of English there and at Columbia proper were quite different.) Each unit had its own chairman and its own celebrities. Specialists anywhere on campus could expect to work with graduate students, but they didn't have to do so. During my time, Lionel Trilling, whose formal association was with Columbia College, for example, gradually withdrew from graduate teaching. Fierce personal and intellectual jealousies prevailed—some gross, some of a subtle, almost paranoiac refinement. The gamut of professional commitment ranged from those for whom the study of literature was a fully moral enterprise, worthy of a life-time's commitment, to those who were, in essence and in style, frivolous if conscientious entrepreneurs who happened to stumble into the academic territory. Interdepartmental rivalries involving history, philosophy, and the languages were imposed on more parochial ones.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I also became vividly conscious of the vastness of the graduate student population in English. It was several years before I ran into two old high school friends who had been working in Butler Library all that time, as I had been. We simply had not found ourselves in the same place at the same time for all those years. I used to think of the graduate program in English as consisting of at least one huge skyscraper with several elevators and many floors: one for the early and one for the later seventeenth century; one each for Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; one for modern British; one for the current American novel; and so on.

Now, this was the empire over which Miss Nicolson presided in some vague but generally agreed-upon way. Whatever special status Columbia College might have as an Ivy League school, or Barnard as one of the Seven Sisters, it was the English department operating out of Philosophy Hall under her stewardship that established the preeminent image of Columbia as a center for English and comparative literature studies. Miss Nicolson saw her own major role as preparing college teachers who would bring active scholarship and informed and sensitive criticism to their classrooms. I think she felt a little unbalanced when having to consider the needs or wishes of persons who wanted, primarily or exclusively, to "do research," or to edit, or to write commercially.

She used to be somewhat puzzled about the narrow specializations that were developing. It was becoming accepted that one properly could be expected not to answer a question outside his sharply defined field, about something written in 1705, say, if he were a strictly seventeenth-century person climaxing his acquaintance with literary works in the year of Dryden's death, 1700. Some students literally expected not to have to know anything outside their stated boundaries and regarded any hint of breadth or eclecticism as dilettantism. They clearly did not reflect the prevailing attitude of most of the faculty. Like British academics, Miss Nicky herself ranged widely in her reading, writing, and teaching—over the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries and over several subject areas. Her colleagues had similar ranges: Trilling in Victorian, Romantic, and American; Valency in Renaissance and modern French; Krutch in Restoration, eighteenth century, and modern drama. Even Loomis and Clark, who worked in the recondite fields of comparative medieval and rhetorical theory respectively, co-edited an anthology of modern readings for undergraduates. To as large and receptive an operation as Columbia's, Miss Nicolson encouraged the relevance of straightforward historical, biographical, textual, and bibliographical works, the nuts and bolts of literary scholarship, as well as of speculative, innovative, and highly subjective studies that might indeed be personal readings, even arguments. She used to remind us of Luther's "theses," which he "published" in the then conventional academic manner. Dissertations were always emerging from Columbia with a potential for a larger readership than that of the five-person examining committee; consider Hiram Haydn's *The Counter-Renaissance* or Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics.*

She summoned me one day after the orals to discuss my teaching career. "If you had a wish, in what one place would you like to teach? I ask this question," she said, "of everyone who passes with a first-class distinction, and then I do what I can to help."

My fantasy of college teaching included working in a small town and having colleagues and students drop in at home. One of my oldest friends lived on a farm in New Jersey. I wanted to be near him and his family. I said, "Princeton."

Miss Nicolson, her elbows on her desk, fingers entwined, looked up and paused. "Do you say that because you know I'm on their board of visitors and I know the chairman of English well?" I didn't know that. I had no idea and said so. "Well, I am," she said, a touch testily, I thought. She hesitated. "You do know," she said, looking me straight in the eyes, "there are no Jews in the department at Princeton." I was astonished. That sort of problem had really never come up in my career to that point, except in the most oblique and foolish way at CCNY. I said something about dropping the whole business and asked about other places.

"No, no," she said. "I'll talk to Carlos Baker." Mr. Baker wrote me a cordial letter and we had a friendly meeting at the next MLA convention. Princeton had several seventeenth-century men, he explained, and only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the event of a catastrophic accident on the New Jersey Turnpike involving a car carrying all of them, as he put it, could there be a chance for me. I didn't mention my interest in modern literature.

I felt bad about having raised the subject of Princeton with Miss Nicolson. It was a touchy matter, and I felt I had put her on the spot through my ignorance. She expected students to know something of academic politics—about her own status, for example, about her connections, and about colleges and universities generally. She talked often enough about the world we all were committed to, and I think she was impatient with any naiveté or slow-wittedness in academic matters that might be attributed to indifference or lack of alertness. Really, there was no excuse for anyone seriously resident in this world to write badly or not to be aware of certain facts of academic life, including gossip and an instinct for who was who and who was where. These were minimal amenities to be cultivated by self-respecting teachers and students, part of that contract of reciprocal regard between apprentice and master in any profession. Also in the world at large Miss Nicolson resented ignorance of literature and of scholarship, not least of her own, and especially among persons thought to be educated. When the astronauts reached the moon, she deplored the failure of reporters, who covered the event at length, to refer to the works of writers who had imagined such exploration and to her own study of these works, *Voyages to the Moon*. For a long time I felt defensive with her about not turning my dissertation on Milton and Dryden, which after all did owe much to her encouragement and guidance, into the book she expected rather than into the articles published in various journals.

After we were on a Miss Nicky and Morris basis, we had occasion to meet a number of times over the years. She was ready to learn and to teach almost anywhere, almost anything. Once I was driving with her from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Santa Fe for lunch, and we detoured through the Indian pueblo of Santo Domingo. On the way out of the pueblo, we saw a short, squat, quite old Indian woman by the side of the unpaved road, signaling with her thumb for a lift. "Stop for her," Miss Nicky said eagerly. "Stop for her. I want to talk with her." The woman got into the back of the car, said not a word in reply to Miss Nicky's series of questions, and when we got to the edge of Santa Fe announced, "I get out here." "Well," said Miss Nicky, "we learned that she didn't want to talk, didn't we?"

Miss Nicky had come to give an address at the University of New Mexico, where I was teaching, on the conflict between the two cultures of science and humanism—then the fashionable intellectual controversy on both sides of the Atlantic—in terms of its roots in the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century battle between the ancients and the moderns. She had just given a similar talk to the faculty at Rockefeller University. She stayed in the little guest house on my property. When she dressed for the dinner and speech, my wife noticed that her black dress was wrinkled from packing and had gathered lint. Miss Nicky, I remember, stood and turned obediently and silently like a good schoolgirl as my wife brushed off the lint and tried to adjust the folds of the dress to minimize the wrinkles. She was grateful for the attention, and remarked that she would not herself have really noticed anything amiss.

When my son, Paul, attended Columbia College, he dropped in on Miss Nicky, whom he had first met in New Mexico. She had retired from the chairmanship, gone to the West Coast for a while, then returned to an apartment in Butler Hall, a Columbia residential building on Morningside Heights. Paul, who was interested in sports writing, talked with her at length about her contributions to women's athletic activities in the United States while she was dean at Smith College. Perhaps more important, after he told her about some difficulties he was having with a paper on Jane Austen, she went over the text with him, providing him with one of the most thorough lessons he had ever had in the basics of composition.

Miss Nicky and I talked of many things. Like most persons who knew Mr. Loomis in some measure, we were awed by his having married in turn every female medievalist in the country; he survived all but his last wife. Miss Nicky told me mischievously on the way up to Santa Fe that Mr. Loomis had married again, and asked me to guess who it might be. "Not Dorothy Bethurum?" I said. "Yes, indeed, exactly," she said. "Mr. Campbell stuck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his head into my door just the other day and said, 'There goes your last chance,' that Roger Sherman had married Dorothy Bethurum." She paused. "But then, I worked in the wrong centuries."

Although we rarely covered politics, we did talk about J. Robert Oppenheimer when I visited her at the Institute for Advanced Study, where she was on the staff for a period after her retirement. She wrote me later that she did not agree with the "analysis" of Oppenheimer's career in the play by Kipphardt I had sent her based on the hearings on his security clearance. She also added that she had her own theory about Alger Hiss. I regret I never pursued either of these piquant hints with her.

She told me once that she could not remember an instance of her being discriminated against in the academic world. She was one of the first women to get a doctorate at Yale, and it was in this context that she recounted how her mother stopped her commencement procession. Miss Nicky's academic gown did not quite conceal the hem of her dress, and her mother ran out of the audience to pin it up. The marshal came striding back and scolded the two for holding up the procession while prominent personages were waiting to get honorary degrees. "*They* can wait," Mrs. Nicolson retorted, pins in her mouth. "This is my daughter's day. She *earned* her degree!" (Since that day Miss Nicky has also earned her own share of honorary degrees.)

Miss Nicky loved to tell anecdotes, which were often really homilies. Although her humor was infectious and playful, it became evident only after a context of seriousness had been established. I believe she never exchanged a joke with me until after I had passed the orals and started my dissertation. She displayed little but contempt for those who went into academic life because it seemed such "a good thing," the modern equivalent of the life led by the idle, spoiled young gentlemen of Austen's and Trollope's rich families. Yet she was generous in forgiving some of her most egregiously self-centered and self-serving colleagues and students, and more than a little troubled by those of her colleagues who were insensitive to students or unjustly harsh with them. She said in extenuation of one grossly unpopular teacher: "You know he was raised as a girl until he was eight."

She spent much time and energy in the support of plain human demands. When a faculty member on leave in England became seriously ill, unable to return by normal facilities to a United States hospital for urgent treatment, she arranged with then Columbia's president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, for an Air Force plane to transport him home. She herself had Parkinson's disease, a condition she did not become fully aware of until after she retired.

She was in the fullest old-fashioned sense a lady, if often betraying a Johnsonian tartness. A student was once in conference with her at her desk, the two of them examining a manuscript laid out before the wall of books that hid them from view. A man's head kept bobbing over the parapet, and it finally said, "Miss Nicolson, I'm Dr. So and So, president of Such and Such College. I'm here on business."

"Sir," Miss Nicolson said, scarcely looking up, "I'm not in the habit of entertaining young men in my study on other matters than business."

After I got to know Elliot Cohen, she enjoyed reminiscing with me about her graduate student days at Yale with him. Long before he became editor of *Commentary*, Cohen had considered an academic career. She liked especially to report a prank the two of them had played on a dim fellow student. The equally dim and ponderous professor used to type out questions and give them to students in seminar sessions to stimulate dialogue. Miss Nicky and Cohen prepared mysteriously irrelevant questions and slipped them to the student. Student, professor, and the other members of the class (except for the two conspirators) kept being baffled as the victimized student dutifully repeated the pointless questions.

I touch up the portrait of Miss Nicky with these lighter strokes to remind us of her quality as a person. That formidable, intimidating first impression the Columbia Olympus made, with all of its triple-named divinities, was indeed a barrier for many. Attrition was high. One's self-confidence had to be very firmly rooted in adequate preparation and an unflagging motivation not to be discouraged early. I suspect that the unapproachable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aloofness of so many of the faculty may have been a necessary, if not always deliberate, defense against the masses pressing to get higher degrees after the war. Certainly, students had to prove themselves in fair combat on their own, without any murmurs, let alone roars, of encouragement from the faculty. And once within the sacred precincts, you had to prove again and again that your worth was not transient or shallow, and that the judgment of it was sound. Like any proper *alma mater,* Marjorie Nicolson agonized at times over the physical and emotional distresses of her extended Columbia family, their personal and domestic crises, but she took most seriously and, once acknowledged, most generously our primary self-definition as students and teachers of literature. She simply became a lifelong silent collaborator of ours.

Night Window

JAMES K. BOWEN

Since one of us has died,
it becomes difficult for me
to step through

The brown pine needles
gathered on the ground
after this first rain;

The dampness in the air,
the wind raking leaves
to the corner
of our cedar fence,

Scatter me,
make me less certain
when to close
the window above our bed.

JAMES K. BOWEN is an associate professor of English at Southern Oregon State College. His work has appeared in *Poetry, Southern Review,* and the *Yale Review.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

N.R.F.

JOHN WEIGHTMAN

It may come as a surprise to some readers with a general interest in French culture to learn that *La Nouvelle Revue Française*—or "the *N.R.F.*," as it was usually called in its heyday—is still alive in Paris, and indeed remains an excellent review that could with advantage be more widely read. Periodical publications, like artistic movements, political parties, and other collective phenomena, are subject to mysterious laws of growth and decline, fashionableness and eclipse. The career of the *N.R.F.*, spanning three-quarters of a century, illustrates the point. After a false start in 1908, the review made its real beginning in February 1909 and, quickly gathering momentum, flourished until August 1914, when it abruptly ceased publication at the outbreak of the First World War. In 1919 it was relaunched under the editorship of Jacques Rivière, who had been *secrétaire de rédaction* under Jacques Copeau in the prewar years and who had come back from his experiences at the front and in prison camp with a clear idea of the role the review should play in the postwar world. It then established itself almost immediately as the dominant literary periodical in France, and its reputation spread throughout the world, since at that time French culture still retained much of its traditional prestige. The *N.R.F.* maintained its position throughout the twenties and thirties, although there was a change of editor in 1925 when Rivière died suddenly of typhoid and was succeeded by Jean Paulhan.

Throughout this period the review was obligatory reading for any French person with the slightest interest in culture. There was hardly a French writer of any standing who did not contribute to it, or relate to it in some way or other. Any foreigner or French colonial who read it (as Albert Camus did, for instance, in his Algerian isolation) could feel that he had his finger on the French literary pulse. In short, the *N.R.F.* achieved a preeminence that has rarely been equaled anywhere by any other literary review.

Then, with the collapse of France in June 1940, it again disappeared without warning. After an interval of seven months, it reappeared in February 1941 with no names on the masthead and no declaration of editorial policy. Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, who had long been associated with the review primarily as a literary figure but had made no secret of his pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi sympathies, had agreed to continue it as an instrument of Franco-German collaboration. He was cold-shouldered, however, by most of the major writers who were not in exile. The issues were made up of innocuous pieces by various hands, interspersed with short and mediocre articles by Drieu La Rochelle himself, arguing in favor of the New European Order. The enterprise, which continued until 1943, must have been quite ineffective from the German point of view and was never more than an inglorious episode—to be followed, after the Liberation, by Drieu La Rochelle's equally inglorious suicide.

But the review never fully recovered. It may be that the collaborationist interlude damaged its image irretrievably in the public mind, or produced an inhibiting effect on the writers who would have been in a position to revive it in the late forties, before the postwar excitement cooled. Eventually, in 1953, it was started again, with Jean Paulhan and Marcel Arland as joint *directeurs*, under the title of *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française*. In February 1959, on the fiftieth anni-

JOHN WEIGHTMAN, professor of French at London University, is the author of *The Concept of the Avant-Garde*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versary of the original first number, the old title, *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* was restored. But in spite of the personal eminence that Paulhan had acquired between 1925 and 1940, and his continuing influence on the literary scene through the long-standing connection between the *N.R.F.* and the Gallimard publishing house, the review itself never recaptured its inter-war authority. Either it lacked inner conviction, or it was not sufficiently attuned to the contemporary mood to compete with *Les Temps Modernes*, the new monthly that Jean-Paul Sartre founded in 1945 as a vehicle for his doctrine of literary commitment. Although this aggressive and ebullient review was to be the main talking point in Paris for the next decade or more, whatever its qualities, it was not accompanied by a literary flowering comparable to that which had graced the career of the *N.R.F.* from 1909 to 1940. By now, of course, *Les Temps Modernes* has receded into the background to join the *N.R.F.* in the limbo of surviving has-beens. From 1960 onward, it was succeeded as the modish periodical by *Tel Quel,* which has had an intermittent career and has gone through a number of violent changes of heart—the cult of "beauty," Maoist commitment, semiotics, and mandarinesque preciosity—before receding in its turn. At the moment there are many reviews and periodicals in Paris, but none comes anywhere near to providing a focus for the literary and cultural life of the country in the way the old *N.R.F.* managed to do for so long. It is natural, then, to ask what there was about this review that made it so peculiarly successful.

At least two books have been devoted to the history of the *N.R.F.:* La Nouvelle Revue Française *dans l'histoire des lettres (1908–1937)* by an Italian scholar, L. Morino, and *André Gide et le premier groupe de* La Nouvelle Revue Française, *1890–1910* by Auguste Anglès. The first is an enthusiastic survey of the "great" period with the exception of the last two years, in the light of the evidence contained in the review itself, supplemented by conversations with many of the relevant personalities who were still alive in 1939. The second, originally a doctorate thesis, puts a magnifying glass, as it were, to the initial phase, showing all the complexities and uncertainties which attended the early years of the review. Of course, by the time M. Anglès came to deal with the subject, many of the leading figures were dead or very old, but fortunately for the historian, the writers and intellectuals of the turn of the century were prolific correspondents and ardent diarists, and their private outpourings have for the most part been preserved. (The first installment of Copeau's diary, of particular relevance for the history of the *N.R.F.*, is just out.) And fortunately for the reader, M. Anglès has what amounts to a novelist's feeling for the quirks of individual temperament, and this gives his account a vividness and a quality of suspense unusual in a piece of straightforward literary-historical research. Signorina Morino's book is an excellent summary; M. Anglès has written a fascinating chapter in the comedy of letters. While recommending them both very warmly and profiting from their insights, I would like to stand rather further back and hazard some remarks about the general phenomenon of the *N.R.F.*

The first point is the absolutely vital importance of the presence and personality of André Gide. We can now say, with historical hindsight, that but for him the review would hardly have assumed the character it did, and would probably not have maintained the same openness of approach during the twenty-five years of its effective life. A casual reader of the bound volumes of the *N.R.F.* would not guess this because, while Gide appears very frequently as a contributor of critical articles, notes, and *pages de journal,* and while his latest creative work is usually published in installments, his name is never mentioned as an officer of the review. From February 1909 to April 1912, *the comité de direction* is listed as Jacques Copeau, André Ruyters, and Jean Schlumberger—although, as M. Anglès shows, at first it was mainly Schlumberger who carried out the necessary centralizing function. In May 1912, without any explanation, Copeau appears as *directeur*; in fact, Schlumberger had grown tired of the responsibility and wanted more time for his own work. The title of *directeur* was to pass to Rivière in 1919, and then to Paulhan in 1925. Nevertheless, the inside story makes it clear that the *N.R.F.* was, in a sense, Gide's review, however loosely he may have sat in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the saddle. Nor was it an accident that its increasing success corresponded to the growth of his own fame, and its major period to his predominance on the literary scene.

The *N.R.F.* came into being, rather inauspiciously, at a time when there were already many reviews in existence, some of them quite famous: *Le Mercure de France, La Revue Blanche, Marges, La Revue de Paris, La Revue des Deux Mondes.* In fact, no fewer than eleven other literary periodicals are advertised inside the back cover of the first number of the *N.R.F.* Gide and the inner nucleus of friends with whom he was to start the new publication—Schlumberger, Copeau, Ruyters, Henri Ghéon, and Michel Arnauld—were fairly frequent contributors to one or more of these other periodicals. But Gide, like Copeau and possibly some of the others, had had, since his late teens, a vague idea that he might one day create his own review as a vehicle for the direct expression of his aesthetic philosophy. The ambition cannot have been very strong, however, since he was now approaching forty without having done anything about it. His genius, outside writing, was not for practical undertakings but for intellectual friendships—a paradoxical fact since, from all accounts, he was often shy, embarrassed, and elusive in social intercourse. Nevertheless, he had a gift of imaginative sympathy which, from youth onward, was to bring him into contact with an enormous number of people over the whole range of the literary spectrum, whatever their intellectual allegiances might be. It is also a fact, I think, that the group of friends already mentioned were united, in the first instance, more by their relationship to him than by their connections with each other. Although the bulk of Gide's own literary output was still to come, they seem to have accepted him already at that stage, if not as a leader—since so Protean a character could hardly lead—at least as a rallying-point or a source of inspiration.

This inner group appears to have become conscious, around 1908, of a common desire to mark the end of the Symbolist era, with its inward-looking, narcissistic refinement, and to assert a new relationship between life and literature, while carefully avoiding any concession to journalistic facility on the one hand or to stereotyped literary values on the other. This was the initial impulse behind the creation of the *N.R.F.* Curiously enough, Gide and his friends entrusted the enterprise in the first place to a well-known man of letters, Eugène Montfort, previously the editor of *Marges.* It was Montfort, a strongly patriotic person, who suggested the title *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, to echo the name of a famous defunct nineteenth-century review, *La Revue Française.* The first number of the new periodical appeared in November 1908, but Gide cannot have taken a very close interest in it earlier, because he was scandalized to discover that it contained an article hostile to Mallarmé. Although he wished to move on from Symbolism, he refused to be a party to what he considered an obtuse attack on the principal Symbolist poet, whose disciple he had once been. There was a row; Montfort went back to *Marges*; and, after a considerable flurry in the dovecote, a new first number of the *N.R.F.* came out in February 1909 with a mild introductory manifesto by Schlumberger announcing the break with Symbolism and a critical piece by Gide retrospectively castigating the injudicious critics of Mallarmé. But up to the last moment, Gide does not seem to have been absolutely wedded to the new review. He had placed the first installment of his novel, *La Porte étroite*, with *La Revue de Paris*, and he decided to switch it to the first number of the *N.R.F.* partly because of a delay in its publication. From the account given by M. Anglès, one gets the impression that while Gide was undoubtedly the center of the group, in respect to the actual creation of the *N.R.F.* he was, in the last resort, carried along by the momentum of the friends he had inspired.

Thereafter, for a time at least, he played a very active role and, along with the others, even tried to maintain the difficult principle of full collegiate direction in order to give unity of tone to the review. The central participants made a point of reading every manuscript and agreeing on each; hence much agitated correspondence, since they were rarely all in the same place at the same time. Gide in particular continued his long-established practice of flitting hither and thither through France, Europe, and North Africa, as the spirit moved him. Later, when the strict collegiate principle was abandoned, Gide may have appeared to neglect the *N.R.F.* dur-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing certain periods. But he still remained, as it were, the house genius, for whom the review—and, from 1911 onward, the associated publishing house—served as a club which he visited whenever he was in Paris, and to which he sent messages and contributions from wherever he might happen to be. Moreover, people very soon associated the review primarily with him, and saw it as an extension of his multiform personality.

The review was his club partly, no doubt, because he and Schlumberger were the only two wealthy members of the group, and therefore acted as the essential backers. In 1911 Gaston Gallimard brought in capital to help with the founding of the Editions de la N.R.F., an enterprise which was eventually to become the Maison Gallimard, presumably a very profitable concern. Neither Signorina Morino nor M. Anglès gives any detailed information about the finances of the *N.R.F.* Did it always run at a loss, or was it a financial success in its heyday? Did it pay its contributors and, if so, at what rates? But surviving friends of Gide have assured me that, although he was never extravagant and even had a reputation for stinginess, he spent a considerable part of his fortune either directly on the review or in giving discreet help to members of the slightly varying group of writers who were associated with it over the years. It would be interesting to have an economic history, not only of the review itself, but also of the Décades de Pontigny, the regular intellectual discussions which Paul Desjardins organized in Burgundy from 1910 onward and which were, in effect, the summer holiday colloquia of the *N.R.F.* until 1939, and of the theatrical revival instituted by Jacques Copeau at the Vieux Colombier in 1913 and relaunched for a time after 1919. Perhaps the details are now irretrievably lost, and we shall never know how far the whole of the cultural milieu surrounding the *N.R.F.*, together with these intellectual and theatrical extensions, depended on the fact that Gide and Schlumberger were prosperous *rentiers* who were prepared to spend a fair proportion of their wealth on the promotion of literature. Gide, at any rate, did not need to solve the financial problem that harasses the guiding spirits of so many high-quality reviews; he was his own Maecenas. And we can probably assume that the quiet self-confidence and total independence of judgment that underlay all his intellectual hesitations and aesthetic scruples owed something to his financial security. He was in the happy position of having no social or financial chip on his shoulder. Even if one has reservations, as I have, about his moral doctrines or his ultimate position in literature, one must certainly give him credit for respecting absolutely nothing except literary excellence, as he understood it, and for setting an example in this respect both to his friends and contemporaries and to members of the younger generation.

It was not only Gide's money which nourished the *N.R.F.*; the rich complexity of his temperament was also very important. Although he argued so frequently that his works were to be judged only according to aesthetic criteria, they are also, in fact, a record of his moral and psychological development, which was still in progress when he was in his forties and would indeed continue, with ups and downs, until his dying day. Gide was a perpetually unfinished person—one who had the knack of creating a ferment of inquiry, which he communicated directly to the *N.R.F.* circle or fed into the review in the form of articles, notes, and *pages de journal.* It is well known that he elevated *disponibilité*, or openness to ideas and experience, into a rule of life, and there is no mystery about how this occurred. After starting as a pious, exceptionally cultured, but inhibited young man, sternly brought up by a strong-minded, widowed, and Protestant mother, he embarked on a process of self-liberation in his early twenties—partly because of his discovery that he was homosexual, and partly because tuberculosis drove him to seek a cure in North Africa, where he was awakened to the pleasures of the senses. He underwent a sort of emotional and intellectual conversion to paganism, which is admirably described in three of his works: *Les Nourritures terrestres, L'Immoraliste*, and *Si le grain ne meurt.* At the same time, he complicated the issue when he replaced the tense relationship to his mother with a strongly affectionate *mariage blanc* with his cousin Madeleine, who was to have no official knowledge of his homosexuality and who was to remain a Christian all her life. The twin polarities of platonic and fleshly love and belief and nonbelief provide the themes of most of his creative works,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which are all imaginative projections of his personal problems and perhaps not wholly intelligible to a reader unacquainted with the details of his biography. In other words, in spite of his insistence on aesthetic values, he was not a purely creative genius. He was trying to live a liberated life, to justify his liberation theoretically, and to transpose his dilemmas into art; and the interconnections between these various activities caused him to be vitally interested in almost any subject that could come within the purview of a general cultural review.

Also, Gide was an instinctive reader and critic before he was a creative writer; his curiosity in literary matters extended to England, Italy, Germany, and Russia and encompassed classical antiquity and almost the whole of the French tradition from Montaigne onward. He was a gifted amateur pianist, who constantly reflected on and wrote about music, and an assiduous traveler who had visited all the museums in Europe. His scientific curiosity was less marked, but he knew a great deal about gardening and the fauna of the French countryside, drawing on this knowledge in his critical articles to make unexpected parallels with natural phenomena. His endless inquisitiveness about people led him into charitable activities, investigations of the law, and later—under the influence of Malraux—into a flirtation with the Communist party. He had, in short, an encyclopedic mind as well as quivering sensibilities. It was undoubtedly because of his influence that the *N.R.F.* ran regular features on foreign literatures, music, and painting at the same time that it reacted so sensitively to any contribution submitted to it. Of course, all the members of the group were highly cultured in the late nineteenth-century manner, but Gide was the most adventurous and mercurial, and his various enthusiasms and scruples kept them in a state of fruitful, if sometimes exasperated, excitement. There always had to be some practical and commonsensical person at the center—Schlumberger, Copeau, Rivière, Paulhan—but Gide supplied the touch of universal unpredictability, the cutting edge, that a review needs if it is to retain its freshness.

This may be an appropriate point at which to ask if the *N.R.F.* owed its special nature to any extent to homosexuality. For Gide himself, his anomaly was very important. Despite the curious circumstance of his marriage, he determined—with Protestant thoroughness, one might say—to reorganize his whole world view on the assumption that if pederasty was natural for him, then it must be morally right or at least morally neutral. Being unorthodox in this area, he was led to question all orthodoxies and hence to become the major apostle of liberation in France in the first half of the twentieth century; it was he who invented the most famous of all antibourgeois slogans: "Familles, je vous hais." ["Families, I hate you."] His sexual appetite was also one source of his restlessness. As he himself admitted in his diary toward the end of his life, his itch to travel was partly determined by the need to find easy satisfaction for his instinct, although it also brought him new experiences of a nonsexual nature. In spite of the theoretical distinction he drew between his spiritual love for his wife and his purely physical desire for boys, he had one serious attachment—to Marc Allégret—which dominated his existence for a few years. However, he was never the sort of homosexual who settles down and makes a home, nor does he seem to have had any illusions about the literary or artistic gifts of his protégés. Even during the Allégret period, he was constantly on the lookout for new adventures, and his warm attachment to young people extended beyond those with whom he could find sexual satisfaction to others who just happened to be in the area. This undoubtedly kept him aware of changes of mood in the younger generation while it allowed him to instill the habit of literary fastidiousness into writers of different ages who sooner or later contributed to the review.

It cannot be said that the *N.R.F.* was in any way a homosexual chapel. Of the initial founders, only Ghéon was, with Gide, a practicing homosexual. Until 1914, the pair of them went on various sexual jaunts together, but their relationship cooled when Ghéon was converted to Catholicism by the impact of the war, and turned over a new leaf. During the twenties, Ghéon was gently edged out of the review by both Gide and Rivière. This was not because he had become a Catholic—Rivière was one too—but because he had adopted a naive version of the faith and his literary expression of it was not felt to be up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to *N.R.F.* standards. There is a hint in M. Anglès's book that Schlumberger may have been some kind of crypto-homosexual, although he remained a respectable married man all his life. From all accounts, Copeau, Rivière, and Paulhan were heterosexual as were most of the regular contributors in the twenties and thirties: Marcel Arnauld, Valéry Larbaud, Alain, Julien Benda, Marcel Arland, and the rest. Gide's apology for homosexuality, *Corydon* (1924), was not published in the review, and I can find no mention of it in 1924 or 1925. His friends seem to have agreed that it was a thoroughly unsatisfactory book, better left undiscussed; some of them expressed their criticism of it to Gide in private.

There is no evidence, then, of any bias in favor of homosexuality, just as there was no bias against religious conviction, when expressed in a suitably literary manner, although Gide's own rejection of Christianity must have been clear to everyone by 1920. Curiously enough, Gide's one major critical error—his rejection of the first volume of Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu* for the Editions de la N.R.F.—worked against a homosexual writer. Whether or not Gide had actually read the manuscript remains uncertain; he himself said he was prejudiced to some extent against Proust by his impression of him as a frivolous salon personality, and clearly Proust's homosexuality did not give him any pull. Similarly, Cocteau, another homosexual, was kept out of the review in 1914 because Copeau was convinced of his being a mere fashionable *amuseur*. After Gide accepted some of Cocteau's poems, Copeau intervened strongly, condemning the acceptance as a critical weakness, and Gide was persuaded to change his mind. Later, Cocteau found his way into the review. He appears in 1925, in an issue also including an installment of Gide's *Les Faux-monnayeurs*, in which one character, the Comte de Passavant, is, ironically, a caricature of Cocteau.

Without Gide, then, the review would not have been the same. He was both stimulant and cultural indicator and, as *Les Nourritures terrestres* gradually achieved the status of a secular bible for middle-class young people in the twenties and thirties, his growing fame naturally helped to strengthen the position of the review as a forward-looking periodical. When more conservative minds began to attack him as a dangerous mentor for French youth, the touch of scandal merely gave extra cachet to the review. But the *N.R.F.* was also more than Gide. The editors were in no way subservient to him, and nothing in his temperament demanded that they should be. Equality and outspokenness were the rule, and it is astonishing to see how much time the friends devoted to studying and criticizing each other's manuscripts, or to readings aloud followed by discussions. Gide himself was always a prime mover in this sort of exercise. They sharpened their wits on each other at Pontigny, or stayed in each other's houses much more than present-day French writers seem able to do. It was correspondingly easier for them to establish a corporate spirit, which the *comité de direction* or the *directeur* could respect and which remained remarkably stable for a quarter of a century. This continuity is emphasized by the fact that in February 1909 Schlumberger was the author of the "Considérations" in the first number, which announced a more life-embracing literature than Symbolism, and that he again, in January 1940, penned a liminary article full of justified foreboding about what might happen to civilization and culture during the coming year. He also wrote the introductory article to the fiftieth anniversary number in 1959, by which time he was the only surviving member of the original group.

In spite of changes of personnel over the first quarter of a century, it is difficult for the reader to spot any significant changes in direction as Schlumberger was succeeded by Copeau, Copeau by Rivière, and Rivière by Paulhan. Each pursued, perhaps with slightly different emphases, the policy of critical eclecticism that corresponded to Gide's overriding philosophy.

In 1909 Schlumberger announced the break with introspective Symbolism in the following terms:

> Through a noble impulse, some artists have considered it impossible to create too profound a gap between their art and everyday life: a respectable attitude, but one which is in danger of producing anemic, thin-blooded works and, instead of mastering life, turns sulkily away from it. Such pessimism is simplistic. Nothing in life is negligible. Artists are not guileless, strolling entertainers. Everything connected with public life is their con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cern, and their fancy, even at its lightest, can never be too well nourished.

Looking back in 1919, Rivière did not think that this fresh departure had amounted to the creation of a definable literary school, but rather to the organization of a favorable critical context which might encourage the production of good literature of various kinds:

> The *N.R.F.* was founded at the beginning of 1909 by a group of seven writers . . . united both by close ties of friendship and by common aesthetic interests. Actually, they did not feel the need to come together and start a review in order to promulgate any literary gospel or proclaim the birth of any new school. They had passed the age of absolute enthusiams and, besides, their temperaments hardly disposed them to believe that Beauty could be enclosed within any exclusive formula, or could result from any such formula. The *N.R.F.*, as they saw it, was to provide a favorable soil for creative growth, and keep it constantly tilled through intelligent criticism.

Rivière went on to assert that, in spite of the appalling experience of the war, this attachment to literary quality remained paramount: "War may have changed a great many things, but not this one thing, that literature is literature and art art." And, with a touch of nationalistic pride, he suggested that the world, now more than ever, needed an essential characteristic of French literature:

> What has, until now, made France great in the world, if not her unparalleled, unbelievable, paradoxical sincerity? We are the most truthful people on earth. . . . Our literature is the purest, the most completely devoid of all hypocrisy that any nation can offer.

Not quite all French literature, however. It is significant that Rivière should continue with some hostile remarks about Romanticism and should suggest that Symbolism, in its less satisfactory aspects, was a last echo of the Romantic movement. With remarkable unanimity, the inner group of the *N.R.F.* tended to suggest, over the years, that Classicism was superior to Romanticism, and that what was needed in the modern world was a new Classicism. Schlumberger wrote in praise of Corneille. Copeau wished to promote qualities exemplified by Molière and Racine. Gide, in response to a newspaper inquiry on the subject of the greatest French poet, gave the celebrated rueful answer: "Victor Hugo, hélas!" The nineteenth-century authors whom the *N.R.F.* discussed most frequently and favorably were those who had reacted, with a degree of cynical intelligence, against their own innate Romanticism: Stendhal, Flaubert, and Baudelaire; and if Mallarmé always remained persona grata, this was because he was thought to have carried out his search for poetic expression with absolute intellectual rigor. Gide again, in another critical article, put forward the view that the distinction between Classicism and Romanticism was, in the last resort, artificial. Good Classicism, as opposed to the vacuous application of rules, depends on the subjugation of a strong inner Romanticism, and Romanticism, if allowed to run wild, remains ineffective through intellectual vagueness and flabbiness of form.

We come here to what may well be the major explanation of the success of the *N.R.F.* in spotting new talent and in creating a climate that encouraged both experiment and discipline. Not only Gide himself—who exemplified, in both his life and his art, an incessant struggle between impulse and control—but also all the other central participants in the enterprise accepted the principle of the necessary oscillation between provisional chaos and aesthetic order. This explains their generally favorable attitude toward Nietzsche, with his essential definition of the relationship between the Dionysian and the Apollonian. They were not wildly pro-Nietzschean, as some contemporary French intellectuals now are—for instance, Schlumberger gave a sympathetic but relatively cool review of *Ecce Homo* when it first appeared in French translation—but they took stimulation from Nietzsche while playing down his pathological aspect. They made much of the contrast between Dostoevski and Tolstoy, some leaning more to the one than to the other. Gide felt himself to be closer to Dostoevski, whereas Roger Martin du Gard, a fringe member of the group and eventually Gide's closest friend, idolized Tolstoy for having assimilated and transcended the Dostoevskian turmoil. Rivière attacked Paul Bourget, a fashionable novelist of the day, as being too thin and conventional, and was able to salute Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* immedi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ately as a new masterpiece. Even the mistake about Proust does not appear very serious when one looks into the matter. It is true that Gide rejected *Du Côté de chez Swann,* but Célestine Albaret, Proust's servant, maintains in her account that the parcel was returned unopened. If so, this was a hasty and dishonest action on Gide's part rather than a failure of literary judgment. Ghéon's review of the book in 1913 is in no way obtuse; it is, in fact, quite subtly appreciative. The reservations about its lack of artistic form are perfectly understandable, given the fact that this was the first installment of the work; indeed they have some validity even when one considers *A la recherche du temps perdu* as a whole. And of course Gide and the *N.R.F.* amply made up for the blunder in later years.

The attempt to maintain a Dionysian-Apollonian balance explains why there were at times slight internal divergencies within the group, and why Surrealism was always held at arm's length. In 1924 Marcel Arland created a stir with an article, "Sur un nouveau mal du siècle," which rejected the idea of a return to Classicism and looked forward to the neo-Dostoevskian and neo-Nietzschean theme of Existentialist Absurdism, "Since God is dead, everything is permitted," by asserting that "L'absence de Dieu est le nonsens de toute morale." In the same number, Rivière reacted by taking the young man to task for romantic exaggeration, in an article entitled "La Crise du concept de littérature," which refers guardedly to Dada and Surrealism. Subsequently Arland became a regular contributor, and his views did not noticeably clash with the house spirit. Also in 1924, Paulhan, by then *secrétaire de rédaction,* made some hostile remarks about André Breton, whom he accused of both authoritarianism and obscurantism. In 1925 Jean Cassou commented scathingly on automatic writing and the Surrealist cult of the marvelous, and accused the Surrealists of producing a noncreative commotion. The movement as a whole, he concluded, was, "un étrange prolongement de l'adolescence" ["a strange extension of adolescence"]. Nevertheless, the *N.R.F.* does not appear to have kept any Surrealist writer out for sectarian reasons, but to have accepted contributions of merit or interest even from members of the Surrealist group.

Here again Gide's presence must have helped the *N.R.F.* to adopt an eclectic attitude with confidence. It is now clear that in "Paludes," "Le Prométhée mal enchaîné," and above all "Les Caves du Vatican" (published in the *N.R.F.* in 1913), Gide had demonstrated another side of his remarkable originality by anticipating the Surrealist mood in many respects: he had exploited logical non sequiturs, invented the concepts of the "happening" and the "gratuitous act," and used black humor as a literary device. Consequently, the more extreme forms of Surrealist anti-rationalism did not take the *N.R.F.* entirely by surprise, and it was able to comment and express reservations from an avant-garde, rather than a conventional, point of view. Surrealism, then, did not succeed in brushing the *N.R.F.* group aside and dominating the cultural scene. What happened was that the *N.R.F.* assimilated some of the better Surrealist elements, and remained steady on its course during the years when Surrealism was disintegrating as a movement. Of course, one of the ironies of history is that Surrealism was to have an enormous delayed-action effect on the post–Second World War world, especially in the fields of pop culture and publicity—just as the *nouveau mal du siècle,* which Arland had announced and Rivière had denounced in 1924, was to burst out with tremendous force after 1945 as Dionysian, neo-Nietzschean, Existentialist Absurdism.

The tension between Classicism and Romanticism, sensibility and reason, impulse and control is perhaps the main theme running through the critical writing in the *N.R.F.* from 1909 to 1940. The other polarity—between art for art's sake and the claims of political action—is much less marked in the early years and only comes to the fore after 1930, with the rise of Fascism and Nazism and the onset of the Spanish Civil War; even then, it never dominates. Schlumberger's call for a return to "life" in 1909 had meant only the abandonment of introspective narcissism and the taking of an interest in society in general. In 1919 Rivière insisted mainly on artistic values and a serious approach to the metaphysical problem. In announcing that the review would reflect various political attitudes, he clearly implied that politics would be incidental to literature, and this is, in fact,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more or less the case, even in Gide's *Voyage au Congo* (1927), which disturbed the French authorities by its criticism of colonialism. But 1927 also saw the publication of Julien Benda's *La Trahison des clercs*, an attack on those intellectuals, such as Maurice Barrès, who had opted for commitment by espousing nationalistic values. Benda, who was a regular contributor to the review during the twenties and thirties, constantly reasserted the view that *le clerc* should be concerned with the guardianship of the universal values of reason, over and above political commitment.

A change came, however, with the advent of André Malraux, and the April 1931 issue is notable for the fact that it contains an article by Leon Trotsky on Malraux's early work, *Les Conquérants*, with a reply by the young author. In 1933 Malraux was awarded the Prix Goncourt for *La Condition humaine*, and his two novels about Nazism and the Spanish Civil War—*Le Temps du mépris* and *L'Espoir*—followed in 1935 and 1937. It would be incorrect to say that the review as a whole became more markedly political. Schlumberger, Martin du Gard, and others were naturally worried about the worsening international situation, but it is clear from their correspondence that they did not feel they had the necessary technical knowledge to make political pronouncements, though it is certainly true that Malraux quickly achieved the status of a literary-cum-political hero associated with the *N.R.F.* group. He exerted a great influence on Gide, who began to appear on political platforms, confessed his feelings of social guilt as a *rentier* in his *Pages de journal*, enjoyed a honeymoon period of rapprochement with the Communist party, and eventually made his celebrated trip to the Soviet Union, which led to the disillusionment expressed in *Retour de l'URSS* (1936). Most of his older friends looked on with dismay at all this, believing, with some justification, that he was out of his depth and was using public notoriety to fill the creative gap caused by old age. But perhaps here too he was not altogether ill served by his instinct for slight excess; to adapt the famous aphorism of his old rival, Cocteau, "Il savait jusqu'où on peut aller trop loin." ["He could gauge the extent to which it is safe to go too far."] His brief liaison with the Communist party gave him a small niche in political history and, rightly or wrongly, marked the transition toward the intense involvement of literature with politics to be inaugurated in *Les Temps Modernes* by Jean-Paul Sartre, the next major *maître à penser*, who can be so clearly seen defining himself in relation and in opposition to Gide personally, as well as to the *N.R.F.*, which had published his first critical articles and early short stories.

By now it is obvious that the doctrine of commitment, in the specific antibourgeois and anticapitalist form advocated by Sartre, tends to cancel out literature, since it turns writers into militants or political journalists. Sartre himself long ago abandoned it and has returned, in effect, to his original anarchistic individualism. The *N.R.F.* group was wiser in postulating a necessary relation between life and literature, while declaring literature itself to be the absolute for creative writers. It was this position that enabled them to be at once so flexible and so scrupulous, and to create a climate in which all sorts of minds—right wing and left wing, believers and nonbelievers—accepted an ideal of perfect expression. While they might not like each other, as Claudel came to detest Gide, and Gide Claudel, they could communicate in an area above their personal differences—or rather the reader could communicate with them in the review, where they could not ignore each other's existence.

The best proof of this vital function of the review may be that one long-standing contributor, Julien Benda, eventually turned against the *N.R.F.*—not, as it happened, on the question of commitment versus noncommitment, but on the other issue of the Dionysian versus the Apollonian, or the acceptance of the fluidity of values as a necessary phase in the search for new, and more finely adjusted, values. In *La France Byzantine* (1945), he launched a witty, but in some respects wrongheaded, attack on a series of authors connected with the *N.R.F.*—Gide, Valéry, Proust, Alain—whom he accused of wallowing in uncertainties and obscurities. A little earlier, in the last volume of his autobiography, he had commented on his long association with the *N.R.F.*

> . . . my mathematical cast of mind was at the opposite pole from the house spirit, enamored of anx-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iety, doubt, and "openness to new experience," devoted to intellectual preciosity, sibylline logic, and verbal esotericism, contemptuous of clear, direct, and positive statement, and of which Gide and Alain, in their different ways, were the embodiment. . . . I had the backing of the editor, Jean Paulhan.

He does not say, as he should, that all his strictures on Gide and Alain could apply equally well to Paulhan, a notably whimsical and elusive person. Paulhan, doing his duty as editor of the *N.R.F.*, no doubt saw in Benda an excellent example of the extreme rationalistic Apollonian mind. Benda was a good contributor, but he would have been a disastrous editor, and the same is true of Claudel, a dogmatic Catholic standing at the opposite end of the literary spectrum.

This is not to say that the *N.R.F.*, in practicing such intelligent eclecticism, never published anything of inferior quality. There are obvious stopgaps, as in any review. Some of the poetry, in particular, seems to be present only through a sense of obligation to the genre. In later years even Gide's *Pages de journal* become very thin, and their publication was perhaps a concession to his now universal fame. But the main reason why the bound volumes of the *N.R.F.* do not make very exciting reading today redounds brilliantly to the credit of the review. The bulk of the material was of such high quality that it eventually appeared in book form, and is thus already familiar to students of the period as the literature of the last important phase of French bourgeois culture. It remains to be seen whether any future French literary review will ever be able to assert itself in the same way, either as a catalyst or as a focus for excellence, now that France, like the rest of the Western world, has moved into the post-bourgeois era of the mass media, pop culture, instant communication, and hasty verbalization.

Bad Debts

ALAN SHAPIRO

What I have led you to expect,
What I can't give, is what I owe you.
For your love now I must perfect
What I have led you to expect,
Must pay more, to be more in debt
Till, loving, I can only show you
What I have led you to expect:
What I can't give is what I owe you.

ALAN SHAPIRO teaches in the English department at Northwestern University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sherlock Holmes and Sociology

BONNIE MENES

Footsteps, and a man bursts into the Baker Street flat. "Have a seat," Sherlock Holmes might say. "I know not who you are, but that you are a bachelor, a clerk of some kind, and that you have not spoken to anyone in several days." Inevitably, Holmes's first deductions are sociological—marital status, occupation, social interactions. His methods and thought are the tools of the social scientist as much as of the "consulting detective," as Holmes calls himself. He says that he studies the criminal mind, but he really studies the criminal's social position. Sociology is crucial to Arthur Conan Doyle's stories, and Sherlock Holmes, in some ways the sociologist par excellence, is at their center.

Sherlock Holmes is the defender of social norms; he enters a case not when a law, but when a norm, has been broken. In story after story this is so. Two people who love each other are kept from marriage. This is not illegal; it isn't even immoral. Wages should be commensurate with work; an exorbitant wage is cause for investigation. There should be no secrets between a husband and wife, yet one spouse in a marriage is acting mysteriously. Two people are scheduled to marry, but one fails to show up at the altar. No public crime has been committed, no private transgression even, but an unspoken social rule has been broken. A man, defender of home and family, is missing and thus unable to defend his home and family. Social fabric is torn. Holmes, in each instance, is called in.

Sherlock Holmes is no mere defender of the law. Like many another modern detective in literature, Holmes often finds himself an unwitting accomplice in a man's death, or the advocate of deliberate deception or disruption of one kind or another. The London in which Conan Doyle sets Holmes down is a complex place, so complex that Holmes himself, for his own good reasons, must sometimes actually break the law. But he rarely enters a case only because a law has been broken, a crime committed. More often he enters before any crime has taken place, before the murder, before the blackmail. Or perhaps there is no clear crime at all; it is only that someone or something is missing. Miss Violet Hunter, in "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches," engages Holmes for advice on a position she has been offered as a governess: the salary is surprisingly high and her future employers demand that she wear blue and cut her hair. Jabez Wilson, in "The Red-headed League," would like to know why his well-paying position has been eliminated.

Strange business, unhappy coincidences, suspicious circumstances—these are what propel Sherlock Holmes into action. What is illegal is not necessarily, for him, what is of interest. "We have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident," Holmes explains in "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder," "[and] the police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir."

More important, once on a case Holmes does not invariably enforce the law. Sometimes he turns lawbreakers over to the authorities, but sometimes not. What is more,

BONNIE MENES is a doctoral student in sociology at Harvard University and is working on her first novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holmes is quick to reprimand his own clients, to berate them when he does not approve of their behavior, even to refuse a client's gratefully outstretched hand. Holmes is often referred to as "a specialist in crime"; yet his is a special kind of specialty—it is in logic, not law. He is not a policeman and as far as possible from prosecutorial. Justice is always served, but the Baker Street logician never brings men to justice. In "The Boscombe Valley Mystery" Holmes chooses not to enter the courts:

"Well, it is not for me to judge you," said Holmes, as the old man signed the statement which had been drawn out. "I pray that we may never be exposed to such a temptation."

"I pray not, sir. And what do you intend to do?"

"In view of your health, nothing. You are yourself aware that you will soon have to answer for your deed at a higher court than the assizes. I will keep your confession, and, if McCarthy is condemned, I shall be forced to use it. If not, it shall never be seen by mortal eye; and your secret, whether you are dead or alive, shall be safe with us."

Sherlock Holmes does not represent positive law, because he does not always agree with the law and because he himself frequently goes beyond the law. Holmes hangs out no shingle but dwells in shadow and, often, deceit. He keeps secrets, which is one of the reasons his clients seek him out. The police would laugh, they tell him; the police would not understand. As the headmaster puts it in "The Adventure of the Three Students": "When once the law is evoked, it cannot be stayed again, and this is just one of those cases where, for the credit of the college, it is most essential to avoid scandal." In fact, it is only thanks to Watson and the press—scandalous jumblers of the important division between public and private—that Sherlock Holmes is known as widely as he is, or so Conan Doyle leads us to understand.

If Holmes is not public defender, neither is he a private eye, a sleuth checking up on cheating wives. Morality is private and, as such, Holmes deems it none of his business. He takes a scientific view of his cases. He leaves it for others to unravel the morality behind their courses of action. He does not fight evil; he investigates problems. The universe is too much a puzzle to him to impose his own moral views on it. As he remarks in "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box":

"What is the meaning of it, Watson?" said Holmes, solemnly, as he laid down the paper. "What object is served by this circle of misery and violence and fear? It must tend to some end, or else our universe is ruled by chance, which is unthinkable. But what end? There is the great standing perennial problem to which human reason is as far from an answer as ever."

Neither goodness nor justice but social order is Sherlock Holmes's desire. The idea of law, of life bounded by order and regularity, lies beneath all positive law, moral sanctions, social norms. Positive law and rules of morality are kinds of norms, and Holmes does uphold them on occasion. But for the most part his actions are in the social realm. You will not find the rules that guide him in the statutes or prayer books; the kind of order he upholds is unwritten. While it is neither legally nor morally right to murder, Holmes does not, in "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton," mourn a murdered man:

"Well, I am afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I knew this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London, and that I think there are certain crimes which the law cannot touch, and which, therefore, to some extent, justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I have made up my mind. My sympathies are with the criminals rather than with the victims. . . ."

At the end of each case in a Sherlock Holmes story, disorder is redressed, not necessarily in legal or moral terms, but socially a balance of sorts has been restored. Thus Watson concludes, at the close of "The Adventure of the Dancing Men": "Of Mrs. Hilton Cubitt I only know that I have heard she recovered entirely, and that she still remains a widow, devoting her whole life to the care of the poor and to the administration of her husband's estate."

In some of Holmes's unsolved cases, a social balance is not restored, seemingly because he—or, more precisely, Conan Doyle—does not consider the broken norm a valid one at the outset. In "A Scandal in Bohemia" Holmes is outwitted by an actress who has the means to blackmail the king of Bohemia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scandal is of course a social phenomenon, and one might have expected all parties to join together to uphold the prestige and reputation of royalty. But Holmes has little respect for royalty, and his lack of respect is reflected in the fact that the case goes unsolved. "The Yellow Face" has to do with a woman conspiring to keep her mulatto child, offspring of her former marriage to an American black. Holmes implicitly approves of her keeping the child and thus does not succeed in solving the case, and hence in restoring the normative order. Inevitably Holmes shows a blind spot in cases that entail norms which he feels should be changed or are in fact changing. As the defender of social norms, he fails or loses interest when the norms he is asked to defend are in his view indefensible.

The social realm, distinct from law and distinct from morals, has a powerful attraction for Sherlock Holmes. Everywhere he upholds the family relationship, and in many instances he upholds property relations. He is busied with thoughts of class and social structure, isolation, and the significance of the urban landscape (to use a bit of contemporary jargon). He is not himself a sociologist, but as a defender of social norms of a kind that does not exist outside fiction, his work is of the utmost interest to sociologists.

Although our interest in Sherlock Holmes goes beyond interest in him as a reflection of his age, there is a sense in which Conan Doyle has Holmes speak for the age, and in doing so echoes the concerns of his, Conan Doyle's, contemporaries. Emile Durkheim, who was one of them, also recognized a moral life outside written law and, like Sherlock Holmes, saw morality and law, though intimately related, as discrete entities. Another contemporary of Conan Doyle's, Sir Henry Maine, in *Ancient Law* (1871), described the evolutionary nature of law in a way with which Sherlock Holmes would have altogether agreed. In Maine's work the emphasis of law moves from status to contract, with fewer categorical crimes against the state and an increased possibility of crimes against other men, since the state begins to enforce contractual agreements. So for the first time not all thefts are alike, and not all thefts break moral and social codes; moral, social, and legal elements can be separated, since, according to Maine, the state no longer defends social status. Sherlock Holmes in his own fashion expresses all these ideas to the good-hearted but tradition-minded Watson, who believes all criminals to be equally reprehensible or, what is much the same thing, equally immoral.

In *The Making of Victorian England*, G. Kitson Clark explains that certain historical forces, among them population increase and industrial growth, were viewed as morally neutral. This appears to be Holmes's view as well. Holmes also shares his age's belief in the value of science; and in his own case, of course, science contributes notably in aiding the conquest of crime. T. A. Critchley, in *The Conquest of Violence*, describes London's remarkable metamorphosis in the nineteenth century from a city whose streets were crime-ridden to one in which crime was well under control. Critchley credits this accomplishment to the greatly improved efficiency of the London police force. Crime in London, no longer commonplace, became exceptional—suitable, you might say, for study by a slightly eccentric detective with a gift for logic.

With criminal problems largely out of the way, the stage was set for the examination of social problems. On closer investigation, facing social problems often turns out to be Sherlock Holmes's chief role. Especially does Holmes become interested when a social problem entails one norm in conflict with another. In the regular and repeated clashing of norms in the Sherlock Holmes stories, Conan Doyle conveys how increasingly complex life has become. A man wants to be an upstanding citizen and devoted father, but he also wants to earn enough money to live well; so he disappears and lives in deceit in "The Man with the Twisted Lip." In another story, "A Case of Identity," a young woman wants to marry and yet to obey her rigid stepfather, and cannot do both. In these two cases—and one could adduce others—we are presented not with a contest between good and evil but one between conflicting demands.

Behind so many of these conflicting demands in the Sherlock Holmes stories is the question of conflicting identities. The problem that arises time and again is that of competing loyalties, due to competing identities in an increasingly complex world. In this concern with identity, Conan Doyle reflects the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concern of yet another social scientist of his own day, Georg Simmel. The title "A Case of Identity" could just as well be used for several other Sherlock Holmes stories. Disguises and deceptions are part of nearly every story; past identities clash with present identities, native with foreign. In "The Man with the Twisted Lip" Holmes has only to see through stage makeup to find the man who has been missing from his happy home, now passing as a beggar. In "The Five Orange Pips" a man's former life at sea returns to haunt him. In "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" a miscreant who had once lived in a distant colony confronts a problem of identity.

These conflicts, wrought by different identities, are in large part responsible for the flavor and feel of Victorian England in the Sherlock Holmes stories, their appealing complexity and their charm. The modern detective, unlike Holmes, has at his service social security numbers, license plate numbers, finger prints on file. The modern detective's problem is usually to locate the criminal instead of discerning under what guise he committed the crime—a problem of whereabouts not who-abouts. At the same time, the criminal in modern detective fiction presents no such problem in identity because he has no single secure identity. He may be a cardsharp or murderer by night, an insurance agent or poet by day. One thing that separates Sherlock Holmes from Lieutenant Columbo, manner aside, is Holmes's dated concern with conflicting loyalties, as expressed by conflicting identities.

Conan Doyle's readers do not, of course, see Sherlock Holmes as dated. On the contrary, his stories continue to sell as well as they did in his lifetime—so well, in fact, that ten years after Doyle arranged Sherlock Holmes's demise in "The Final Problem," he had to bring him back in "The Adventure of the Empty House" (1903). Not only that, but there has been a modern Sherlock Holmes revival in which Conan Doyle's wondrous character has been borrowed by other authors for their novels. The first popular occurrence of this was Nicholas Meyer's best-selling book *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* (1970), which was made into a movie. Here again conflicting identities play a central role but they are psychological rather than social identities. Cocaine, reflecting the spirit of Meyer's own time, becomes more significant to Holmes than it was in the Conan Doyle stories. Freud makes his appearance in this novel, but neither he nor Holmes seems real. Still, Meyer is consistent with Conan Doyle—and, by extension, with Durkheim and Simmel—in his novel's preoccupation with deception and disguise and with conflicts of loyalties and truths and roles. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, that is to say, retains sociological interest.

One cannot, alas, say quite the same of *The Case of the Philosopher's Ring* by Randall Collins, who is himself a sociologist. Collins has created a Sherlock Holmes novel but without any of Holmes's traditional interest in disguise and identity. Following Nicholas Meyer's lead in putting Freud in his novel, Collins has inserted a number of famous intellectual figures into his, among them Wittgenstein, J. M. Keynes, Aleister Crowley. Although he makes what he wishes of these characters in the novel (for example, Keynes is a sleazy moneylender and the villain of the piece), the identities of his characters are fixed. Beyond altering this or that famous personage to accommodate his plot, his interest is not in identity at all. Compare, incidentally, another recent attempt to revive Sherlock Holmes in *The Adventure of the Stalwart Companions* by H. Paul Jeffers, a novel about the assassination of President McKinley in which every character except Holmes is historical or nonfictional.

If conflicts of identity do not figure in Collins's novel, neither do the ideas or social insights of Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. Collins makes a parody of Holmes; he has him speak in syllogisms and stilted language of a kind that Conan Doyle would never have permitted. He calls Watson "chap" and at one point proclaims, comic-book fashion, "My blushes, Watson, surely you jest!" More important, in *The Case of the Philosopher's Ring* Holmes is, for the first time, preoccupied with sex. Annie Besant makes passes at him. Much of the mystery hangs on strange sexual practices, the deviance of an Aleister Crowley, the eccentricities of a Lytton Strachey. As a result, Holmes is taken from his accustomed social world of norms to the private world of morals, where he is less effective—and less interesting. One cannot, after all, deduce a man's sexual be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

havior the way one can deduce his occupation. So while Sherlock Holmes wanders about in Randall Collins's novel, such insights as he can muster sound vaguely irrelevant.

What is more, the author attributes to Holmes strange and cynical sentiments that the great Victorian detective never harbored. In this novel, Holmes is obsessed by theft as he never was in Conan Doyle's stories. Also, in Collins, he generally links power with wealth, whereas Conan Doyle created Holmes as being progressive in thought and trusting of merit, especially of the poor and of foreigners. His views on Indians, Greeks, and American blacks were scientistic, positivistic, above all optimistic. They rarely figure as villains in his stories, nor very often as victims; instead they float in and out of the stories, as such people might have done in late nineteenth-century London. Holmes's views on women, too, were progressive; he fancies both clever and sharp-witted women such as Irene Adler in "A Scandal in Bohemia," and dependable and commonsensical women like Violet Hunter in "The Adventure of the Copper Beeches."

Randall Collins has created an interesting character and placed him in the midst of a stimulating detective story. But the problem is that his book, unlike the stories of Conan Doyle, is not of much interest to the sociologist. Collins's Holmes has the tricky problem of finding his way through the murky world of the unnatural and the supernatural, the border country where fiction and truth merge. Conan Doyle's Holmes operates on an entirely different ground. "Depend upon it," Holmes assures Watson in one of the stories, "there *is* nothing so unnatural as the commonplace." Everywhere he saw complexity in the simplest things, and sometimes simplicity in the most complex things. This is what great sociologists have always been able to do; it is also why Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes is of unending interest to the sociological imagination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art Books

The "Apples" of Meyer Schapiro

HILTON KRAMER

SELECTED PAPERS: ROMANESQUE ART; MODERN ART: 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES; LATE ANTIQUITY, EARLY CHRISTIAN AND MEDIAEVAL ART. *By Meyer Schapiro. 3 volumes. Braziller. $75 the set.*

It is the fate of certain intellectual figures to achieve a position of such unassailable eminence that their actual writings—the basis upon which less exalted laborers at intellectual tasks are routinely judged—come somehow to be regarded as *hors concours*. If these writings are mainly papers for learned journals and special occasions, and are thus likely for long periods to remain scattered, out of print, or otherwise difficult to obtain, so much the better. Compared to the aura that attaches itself to figures of this sort, whose writings acquire in time a kind of archival status, the scribbling of books—especially on a regular basis—comes to seem an almost vulgar enterprise, something best left to the second-rate minds that produce the great majority of them in any case. If, in addition, there is a reputation for unusual eloquence in the classroom and spectacular virtuosity on the lecture platform and for a range of learning and experience all but universal in scope, then the legend of the genius-scholar-intellectual is likely to remain immune to serious inquiry. The sheer splendor of such renown has the effect of discouraging the critical instinct.

Therefore, when the writings of such figures are at last gathered into books, they tend to be treated less as objects of analysis than as reliquaries containing the remains of a sacred substance. To criticize or to question such writings seems, under the circumstances, a little gross—an act of impiety if not of impertinence—when what is clearly called for is a kind of obeisance. And so, little or nothing of the content of the writing is seriously challenged. Reverence serves not to clarify but to quarantine whatever concrete contributions to learning or criticism may be found in it.

Meyer Schapiro has long been a legendary figure of this sort, and something like this odd, nullifying process of uncritical *hommage* has been very much in evidence in the reception of his *Selected Papers*. Three volumes of these have now appeared: *Romanesque Art* (1977), *Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries* (1978), and *Late Antique, Early Christian and Mediaeval Art* (1979), all under the imprint of George Braziller, Inc. The fourth and final volume, *The Theory and Philosophy of Art*, is being prepared for publication. Even as we await this final volume, however, there can be little doubt that these *Selected Papers* represent an unusual achievement. The range of learning to be found in them is both wide and deep, and the sheer passion for art that informs their every detail is itself exemplary, and at times exhilarating. Yet what sort of thinking *about* art lies at the heart of these voluminous writings? Schapiro's scholarly prowess certainly fulfills—and on occasion may even be said to overfulfill—our expectations. The encyclopedic knowledge of many different fields of learning is amply demonstrated. In this respect, at least, the legend of the scholar and polymath long associated with the name Meyer Schapiro is easily confirmed. But what, in the end, does the richness and variety of all this learning actually tell us about art itself?

This is the question that has yet to be asked

HILTON KRAMER is the chief art critic of the *New York Times* and the author of *The Age of the Avant-Garde*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Entering a new era

With a new editor Kai T. Erikson

and a new publisher*

Appearing in recent issues of *The Yale Review*

John Hersey on
Literary License

Cushing Strout on
The Historical Hero in a Psychological Age

James Turner on
Recovering the Uses of History

John Hollander on
Poetry of Restitution

Robert Shaw on
Farewells to Poetry

Gregory Bateson on
The Eternal Verities of Life

Fiction by Rebecca Kavaler *Reviews* by Tony Tanner, Mary Ellmann, Cynthia Epstein, Fred Bloom, Alfred Corn, Karsten Harries, Michael Lamb, Georgia Brown, and Joseph Parisi *New Records* by B. H. Haggin

Individuals: $10/year (4 issues)
Institutions: $12/year (4 issues)
Single copies: $3.00;
Add $2.00 postage outside of U.S.

*Yale University Press
92A Yale Station
New Haven, Conn. 06520

The Yale Review

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Meyer Schapiro's work as a writer on the visual arts, and I think we pay him a dubious sort of *hommage* by avoiding it. An intellectual enterprise on this scale calls for scrutiny, yet scrutiny is precisely what these *Selected Papers* have not received. It is almost as if the quality of thought to be found in the more than one thousand pages already published is somehow to be regarded as incidental to their importance.

At the risk, then, of appearing to dishonor so prodigious an accomplishment, let us examine what I believe there is good reason to consider the central contradiction of Schapiro's thought in these papers. Briefly—and no doubt too simply—put, this contradiction may be stated as follows: Whereas the author of these papers is consistently concerned to find in works of art conceived in circumstances of total religious belief a "free," even secular, and purely *aesthetic* component more or less akin to the artistic autonomy we have come to associate with the art of the modern period, he is just as consistently determined to deny to the art of the modern period precisely the kind of autonomous aesthetic interest that has long been thought to be its most distinctive characteristic. Or, to state this contradiction in the form of a question: Why is so much importance attached to what Schapiro calls the "strong current of aestheticism in the culture of the twelfth century" while the stronger and far more explicit current of aestheticism in late nineteenth- and twentieth-century art remains relegated to a place of almost marginal significance?

Surely one of the most beautiful of Schapiro's essays—as well as one of the most revealing of his own outlook on art and culture—is "On the Aesthetic Attitude in Romanesque Art" (1947), which he has placed at the opening of Volume I of his *Selected Papers*, and to which he refers the reader again in a prefatory note to Volume III. Schapiro has devoted a large part of his academic career to the study of the Christian art of the Middle Ages, and this essay may therefore be taken as a credo, even perhaps as a manifesto. In it, Schapiro is concerned to celebrate the vitality of that "strong current of aestheticism in the culture of the twelfth century" I have already mentioned, and thus to combat "the common view," as he calls it, "that mediaeval art was strictly religious and symbolical, submitted to collective aims, and wholly free from the aestheticism and individualism of our age." In this endeavor he goes so far as to speak of a "new art" emerging in Western Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—"a new sphere of artistic creation without religious content and imbued with values of spontaneity, individual fantasy, delight in color and movement, and expression of feeling." Accompanying this new art, he argues, was "a conscious taste of the spectators for the beauty of workmanship, materials, and artistic devices, apart from the religious meanings." Much of the content of "On the Aesthetic Attitude in Romanesque Art" consists, in fact, of quotations from "random texts" (as Schapiro calls them)—"passages in chronicles, biographies, letters, and sermons"—that are felt to define this "conscious taste" for "ornament, artistic skill, and imagination." A taste, in other words, for all those attributes of form, shape, texture, and the processes of execution that are so central to modern aesthetic criticism. These texts, Schapiro avers, "surprise us by their resemblance to the more developed critical awareness of later periods when art criticism and the theory and history of art have emerged as distinct fields."

Exactly how seriously Schapiro intends us to take this revisionist view of Romanesque art is difficult to say, however. He certainly states the matter forcefully, and it is only upon rereading this essay that we are likely to be struck by the author's somewhat cavalier acknowledgment—made in passing, as it were—that this "new art" exists "on the margins of the religious work" that forms the central body of medieval art. Only then, perhaps, are we left wondering why so much is being made of something so admittedly marginal to the subject. Is it because this marginal aesthetic current is somehow to be preferred to the dominant religious attitude? Does its elevation not make even medieval art conform to the standards of our own modernist culture, and thus make the Christian art of the Middle Ages in some curious way consistent with our own?

The questions raised by this revisionist view are only compounded—and indeed confounded—when we turn our attention to Volume II of the *Selected Papers* and notice that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENTENCES
Howard Nemerov

The newest volume of poems by the poet of whom Allen Tate wrote: "He writes, better than any American, in the great 'plain style' in which there is nothing 'poetical' about the language; but it all adds up to poetry which is both subtle and profound." This is Nemerov's first book of poems since his COLLECTED POEMS was published in 1978 and won both the National Book Award and Pulitzer Prize for poetry that year.
$8.95

COLLECTED POEMS
$20.00

THE HORROR OF LIFE
Roger L. Williams

In a time of vigor and prosperity, why were so many nineteenth-century French writers filled with pessimism and disgust? Williams studies the lives of Baudelaire, Jules de Goncourt, Flaubert, Maupassant, and Daudet and finds the answer in their medical histories – in the syphilis that afflicted them mentally as well as physically. "The book will be a milestone in the domain of biography and biographical criticism." – Robert J. Niess, Duke University
$22.50

The University of Chicago PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something very odd happens to this same current of aestheticism—so vividly apparent to Schapiro on the margins of medieval art—when he takes up the study of the modernist art in which it might be expected to manifest itself with an even greater clarity and force. It is there, of course, but it no longer appears to be of very compelling interest to him. In any case, it is swamped by all sorts of extra-aesthetic interests, and its vaunted autonomy is made to shrink into insignificance under the burden of the many other meanings it is made to bear. Specifically, the central place that is denied to symbolism in medieval art is somewhat too readily—I should even say somewhat too promiscuously—granted to modernist art through the agency of certain disciplines (most notably psychoanalysis) that tend to obscure rather than to illuminate this purely aesthetic factor. Cézanne—to cite the outstanding example in these pages—turns out, strange as it may seem, to have been a lot less free in his pursuit of a purely aesthetic realization in his art than were those anonymous carvers and painters of the twelfth century that Schapiro has been so eager to acquit of anything but an aesthetic intention.

The crucial text here is Schapiro's essay, in Volume II, on "The Apples of Cézanne: An Essay on the Meaning of Still-Life" (1968). This is a virtuoso performance of a sort that will be familiar to anyone who has ever listened to Schapiro on the lecture platform. The polymath with an ardent command of many disciplines surrounds the art objects under analysis with a range of reference that has the appearance of significantly deepening our understanding of the mind that produced them. Yet the appearance proves to be deceiving, for in the course of the analysis—which, in this case, proves only to be a psychoanalysis, and a pretty crude one at that—the mind of the *painter* all but disappears from view as our attention is fastened upon the troubled history of his libido. Writers either quoted or alluded to in this essay include Horace, Vergil, Propertius, Philostratus, Tasso, Jacob Boehme, Andrew Marvell, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Hervey de St. Denys—author of a study of dreams, *Les Rêves et les moyens de les diriger*, published in 1867—and the American philosopher George H. Mead; but as the references accumulate and the texture of the prose thickens, their relevance to an understanding of Cézanne's still-life painting grows ever more distant. In the end, though we have been taken on a grand tour of the place occupied by nudity and apples in Western art and folklore, Cézanne's own exquisitely painted apples are seen to be little more than hostages to the miserable sexual timidities of his youth.

The apples in a Cézanne still-life are said by Schapiro to represent "a displaced erotic interest." This, finally, is the "meaning" we are promised in the title of the essay. And if the painter chose on occasion to place his apples in juxtaposition with some onions, this is naturally assumed to suggest—what else?—"the polarity of the sexes." These apples, you may be sure, are really female breasts in disguise, for "in Cézanne's habitual representation of the apples as a theme by itself," writes Schapiro, "there is a latent erotic sense, an unconscious symbolizing of a repressed desire."

But there is even more to this curious scenario than that, of course. The analysis of Cézanne's "frustrated," "repressed," and "shameful" desires—to cite only a few of the terms employed by Schapiro to describe the animating impulse at work in the still-life paintings—inevitably leads us back to the disturbances of the painter's childhood. "It may be," writes Schapiro, "that Cézanne's interest in still-life goes back to unknown early fixations in the home. . . ." He then offers us a conjecture that "in Cézanne's intense concern with still-life there was an effort of reconciliation, of restoration of order to the family table, the scene of conflicts with the father and of anxiety about his own shameful desires." Why those rumpled tablecloths in the still-lifes are not found to be rumpled bedsheets in disguise, I cannot imagine. What an opportunity has been overlooked in this detail! But it comes as no surprise, in any case, to be told that "Cézanne's pictures of the nudes show that he could not convey his feeling for women without anxiety." That Cézanne's pictures of mountains, houses, rocks, trees, and the light and landscape of Provence also show a certain anxiety—that this "anxiety" is, indeed, central to his style and his vision as a painter—seems to have been forgotten in the quest for a higher (or is it a lower?) meaning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quite apart from the crudity of the method employed in this analysis—and, in my opinion, its application in this facile manner brings discredit upon the whole Freudian enterprise—what are we to make of the way Schapiro strips the aesthetic impulse, so far as Cézanne is concerned, of the least semblance of that prized autonomy which was so enthusiastically discovered on the margins of Romanesque art? Surely we are confronted here with a sizable contradiction, for the repressions of the bourgeois family are accorded a reality—indeed, a domination and priority—in Cézanne's art that Christian belief and "religious content" are denied to the same degree in a significant portion of Romanesque art. How was it that Cézanne failed to achieve a freedom of artistic expression so emphatically won by the artists of the twelfth century?

This is but one—but I think it is the central one—of the many questions raised by Schapiro's writings on the visual arts, and the answer, I suspect, will be found to lie beyond the disciplines of art history. It is more likely to be found in the realm of biography and ideology. When the biography of Meyer Schapiro comes to be written, it will have to be explained, for example, how the outlook of a secular Jew of radical political sympathies shaped his interpretation of a profoundly religious Christian art. Approached from this perspective, the aesthetic autonomy that is made so much of in "On the Aesthetic Attitude in Romanesque Art" acquires another order of significance. It looks more and more like a reflection of the scholar's yearnings in the presence of a body of art that, in its very essence, upholds a religious attitude that is so profoundly opposed to his own most cherished convictions. Similarly, the radical socialist in Schapiro could scarcely be expected to allow an artist like Cézanne—no matter how sincerely admired—a freedom from the depredations and deformities of bourgeois life that his own ideological cast of mind regards as an iron law of history. At the heart of these voluminous *Selected Papers* there thus remains an unresolved conflict—the conflict between the aesthete and the ideologue—that sooner or later will have to be faced if their author is to be taken seriously as a significant analyst of our artistic heritage.

Marchand Amateur

THE DIARY OF GEORGE A. LUCAS: AN AMERICAN ART AGENT IN PARIS, 1857–1909. *2 volumes. Transcribed and with an introduction by Lilian M. C. Randall. Princeton University Press. $50.*

Reviewed by EUGENE VICTOR THAW

The history of art dealing and its role in the formation of taste remains to be written. In recent years—for a complex variety of reasons which reflect, I believe, the current glamour and fascination of the art market—scholars have started to gather bricks and stones from the past to prepare the foundations for such a history. Some years ago, the general reader was highly amused by S. N. Behrman's inaccurate, but delightful biography of Joseph Duveen (later made into a Broadway musical). The excellent *Bernard Berenson* by Ernest Samuels and Denys Sutton's series of articles in *Apollo* (soon to be collected in a book) on the strange Corvo-like figure of Langton Douglas, stress the art-dealing activities of both men who, in their public postures, appeared to be scholars and critics.

Francis Haskell's classic study, *Patrons and Painters*, gives a lucid and thorough account of how art was bought and sold in Italy during the baroque and rococo ages. He demonstrated the gradual assumption of art-dealing and taste-making functions by a variety of well-placed entrepreneurs, including some artists but especially diplomats and commercial agents like the famous Consul Joseph Smith in Venice. The general pattern seems to have been, at least until the beginning of the nineteenth century, that contemporary art was commissioned by princely patrons, in keen competition with one another, directly from artists or through court agents who were themselves collectors and friends of artists. Older works of art might have been acquired by a nobleman purchasing, through an intermediary agent, an entire collection already formed by someone whose affairs or whose death necessitated the sale. Fortunes

EUGENE VICTOR THAW's work has appeared in the *Spectator* and *The Times* (London). He is the co-editor, with Francis V. O'Connor, of *Jackson Pollock: A Catalogue Raisonné of Paintings, Drawings, and Other Works.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of war played a role in the movement of art, as did special requirements like the need for instant culture in newly built Saint Petersburg. Another mechanism of art exchange that began in the eighteenth century in France and England but was an established practice in Amsterdam a century earlier was the auction room. Here too, however, the nobleman buyer seldom attended in person but relied on his expert agent to recommend and purchase.

Beginning with Samuel Woodburn in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, whose shop displayed drawings by Raphael, Michelangelo, and Carracci, and continuing with Agnew, Goupil, Knoedler, Durand-Ruel, Haro, Wertheimer, Demotte, Duveen, Gimpel, Seligman, Brame, Cassirer, Kahnweiler, Bernheim, Curt Valentin—the roster of legendary art-dealing firms fairly cries out for the art historian and social historian to document and analyze their activities and contributions. Their age (now probably ending) corresponds with the Industrial Revolution and the second great wave of collecting—by bourgeois patrons instead of princely houses. It parallels the rise of art museums and the opportunities they created for upward social mobility. For much of this period, activity was directed primarily to the United States.

The rise of the great art dealers did not spell the end of the *marchand amateur* or connoisseur agent. Some notable figures, like Cesar de Hauke and Georges Keller, had careers in both camps. Others, like Percy Moore Turner, Fairfax-Murray, Rudolph Heinemann, and Thomas Solly, are shadowy figures except to specialists, but they had more influence on taste in general and on specific masterpiece acquisitions than many of the famous firms. Some of these *eminences grises* were so gifted as connoisseurs and collectors that omitting them from any overview of the art market would be a gross distortion.

In summary, then, the unwritten history of the art market in the post-Renaissance age is populated by the diplomats and princely agents of the baroque, by the great art firms of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and by the long line of private connoisseur-dealers. Finally, today, we have a new type emerging, the art dealer as a culture hero equal to his artists—Leo Castelli, for example.

Where in all this does George A. Lucas fit? From the evidence lovingly and massively accumulated in the two-volume publication of his diaries, it is clear that we have another name to add to the roster of the *marchands amateurs* who played a leading but unsung role in the history of art collecting. But he only makes it by a hair's breadth. Sifting through the immense pile of maddening minutiae which constitutes the fifty years of his diary entries, it is clear that Lucas was a very minor performer in the drama of art collecting during the second half of the nineteenth century.

One expected more. One vaguely remembered his name, attached to a masterpiece of a Daumier watercolor: a lawyer in flowing robes descending a grand staircase. It was catalogued in the landmark 1936 "Master Drawings" exhibition at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo and in the equally celebrated "From Clouet to Matisse, French Drawings from American Collections" shown in Paris and Rotterdam in 1958. The credit line read: "Lucas Collection, Owned by the Maryland Institute, Permanently on Deposit at the Baltimore Museum of Art." It is one of the best Daumiers in this country. With such a memory-association one looked forward to the diaries with tremendous anticipation. Alas, the Daumier (along with two other drawings ordered from the artist) was a lucky accident. Mr. Lucas could not by any stretch of imagination be called gifted as a talent scout, and, more than anything else, he stands revealed as an unimaginative expatriate dilettante whose career as a catalyst in the formation of taste is marked more by missed and lost opportunities—considering his location, longevity, and resources—than by opportunities seized. To have lived in Paris as an adviser on contemporary art and not to have visited the great protest exhibition put up by Courbet in 1867 during the Paris Exposition is almost ludicrous. He apparently also missed the first Impressionist exhibition, but viewed the second, according to this diary entry for Tuesday, April 10, 1877: "6th douche preceeded by vapor bath—at H.D.—at Ex'n Impressionistes. At Pottiers—At Schreyers—Headache at night."

He purchased nothing on that occasion, unlike most other days for which a typical entry might read:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford

Tennyson
The Unquiet Heart
Robert Bernard Martin, Princeton University. In the first full-length critical biography of Tennyson in thirty years, Martin goes behind the mask of the troubled poet to investigate his black-tempered morbidity, deep anguish, and neurotic secrecy about his private life. From thousands of letters by Tennyson, his family, and his friends as well as much other unpublished material, Martin distills a portrait of Tennyson that goes far beyond his public image. Illuminating the work and life of this eminent Victorian, the book yields a striking picture of Tennyson's frequently awkward relations with Queen Victoria, Arthur Hallam, Gladstone, Browning, Edward Lear, the Rossettis, and the other giants of the Victorian scene. 630 pp., illus., $25.00

The Short Story in English
Walter Allen. The author of the acclaimed *The English Novel* here traces the development of the modern short story from the late nineteenth century to today. Paralleling its rise in England and the United States, Allen first looks at such English writers as Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad, and especially Rudyard Kipling, and Americans from Poe and Hawthorne to Henry James. He then discusses contemporary writers — Somerset Maugham, Katherine Mansfield, Willa Cather, Ring Lardner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Updike — and writers from other English-speaking countries such as Morley Callaghan of Canada and Nadine Gordimer of South Africa.
376 pp., $19.95

Robert A. Heinlein
America as Science Fiction
H. Bruce Franklin, Rutgers University. A "lucid and trenchant analysis...literally bristling with insights," says David Ketterer of this first full-length study of Robert Heinlein. Franklin shows how the writings of our most popular science fiction writer have mirrored the dreams and nightmares of a rapidly changing society. Explaining Heinlein's key role in spreading science fiction through American culture in the form of movies, television, serials, comic books, and games, Franklin also provides the only complete bibliography of his works, an annotated list of works about him, and new biographical material. This is the first volume in the new *Science-Fiction Writers Series.*
256 pp., illus., $4.95/$18.95

The Oxford Book of Satiric Verse
Chosen by **Geoffrey Grigson.** Spanning English literature from Skelton and Donne to Auden and e.e. cummings, this collection contains more than two hundred outstanding examples of satiric verse. Such masters of the form as Dryden, Swift, and Pope are all here, as well as many lesser known or unjustly forgotten practitioners of the art. Spelling has been modernized throughout this new anthology; and notes and references, an index of first lines, and an index of authors make the book accessible and easy to use.
480 pp., $22.50

At your bookstore, or send your check to:

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS SINCE 1478
Box 900-80-025 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

28 Wednesday May 1873
At von Thoren & bought dog picture for 1500 fs—at Levys, out—at Collettes who off'd to paint copy of boy with violin for 1500 fs—Will say before end of Salon if I accept—at Hottinguers & deposited Avery bill for £200—At Leyendeckers—At Velys & bought his Salon picture for 3500 fs—at Bouguereaus—at Perettes—out—At Bermers, out—At Stainheil & bought his picture for 3000 fs—At Zuber who said he would sell his 2 landscapes for 3000 fs—at Cabanels who would not sell Moses for less than 25000—rec'd Grahams card.

He was, it would seem, fussy and vain, spending a large portion of his time on petty errands to purchase articles of clothing, umbrellas, interminable visits to dentists and vapor baths, having books bound in leather, choosing frames and sculpture bases, checking his bank accounts, and arranging shipments. Apart from recording a steady round of visits to minor artists and dealers and making offers on, purchasing, or ordering the most trivial and philistine (even at the time) torrent of minor works by artists who, notwithstanding today's eclectic revaluations, were unheard of again, his diaries contain no important information whatever. No opinion on art worth recording, no reaction to events. Only his personal movements are logged; in short, nothing to get one's teeth into after perusing nearly a thousand pages.

Even the long-running contacts with Whistler, an old school chum, are disappointing as source material of any value. Lilian Randall—the editor, defender, and apologist for Lucas as a begetter of such a monument of scholarship—has to admit that Whistler was only an acquaintance, never a friend.

Indeed, Lucas had many acquaintances mentioned here and there, forming an impressive index of names at the back of the book. But the contacts are so tantalizing yet barren. How crucial is it to know that Moreau-Nelaton dropped in, or that Lucas met Corot on the street? Of course, hanging around the art world in Paris for more than fifty years, he became acquainted with a lot of people—names we have heard of and many we have not. It is almost impossible to resist, in reviewing the litany of triviality of these diaries, noting the ironic circumstance that from Theo van Gogh, an acquaintance of several years, Lucas only records ordering some Holland tea! So thin is the content of Lucas's career that the editor, in her summary "Chronology," includes the tea from van Gogh as one of the highlights of the year 1865.

The project served by Lucas's activities as a Paris buying agent was an export-import business in paintings, which was financed and directed by William T. Walters of Baltimore, the father of the great collector Henry Walters, of the museum that bears his name. In partnership with Walters and Lucas was Samuel P. Avery, who ran a gallery outlet in New York where Lucas's purchases were sold. It was, from all the evidence, a typical late-Victorian operation of assembly line pictures in "good taste" by minor Barbizon-type artists. Mrs. Randall excuses Lucas from aesthetic responsibility by insisting that the controlling judgment was Walters's, but in another place she admits that, from the evidence of his own mediocre collection, he really liked that kind of thing. Even Whistler, it seems, was too "advanced" an artist for Lucas, and although he collected his etchings, he never purchased a painting by his "friend." As one reads the diary entries year by year, the imagination soars with the vision of hundreds upon hundreds of yards of canvas filled with sheep, cows, barnyard fowl, and Breton peasant girls at prayer.

The editor and the evidence of the diaries, however, make a more serious claim to art historical relevance for George Lucas, based on his lifelong championship of the sculptor A. L. Barye. It was Lucas's introduction of the artist to Walters that led to the great collections of work by this best of the "animaliers" at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington and at the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. Lucas's own extensive collection was lent to the great Barye Exhibition in 1889, and he was an active member of a committee which erected a monument in memory of the artist. This, of course, is interesting to a point; but considering what else was going on at the time, even Barye does not loom as that large a figure.

Undoubtedly there are nuggets of art historical gold hidden in these massive and carefully researched volumes. No fact, however trivial, has been overlooked, down to the qualities of oysters sent from America and transcripts of both Lucas's and Whistler's demerits as West Point cadets. One must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have admiration and respect for the meticulous care and devotion that Mrs. Randall has lavished on George Lucas, but I am afraid this book, so thoroughly documenting a minor career, gives one the impression of a single, gigantic footnote.

Civil Servant

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. *By John Pope-Hennessy. Cornell University Press. $95.*

Reviewed by CREIGHTON E. GILBERT

"Robbia ware" is unevadable by the museum visitor, in Italy or elsewhere, who is having a quick look at Renaissance art. A pleasant Madonna, a healthy Christ child are modeled in brightly glazed blue and white ceramic. It resists destruction and fading unusually well, and so in time occupies a more and more disproportionate role among surviving monuments. The slightly more critical visitor may well decide that the ware is both sentimental and cheaply mass-produced. So it is valuable to show that the inventor of this art was a great sculptor in fifteenth-century Florence, a classicist comparable less to Wedgwood than to Phidias. This book has that honorable function, and fulfills it in part.

John Pope-Hennessy published his first book when he was twenty-three; it, too, was a serviceable monograph on a central Italian artist of the mid-fifteenth century. That was in 1937, about the same moment when the Phaidon Press began operations in London and created a beneficial revolution in art books. It proved that, contrary to received opinion, books with good and numerous pictures and a serious text could be successful and cheap; as late as 1945 they cost $4.50. They emphasized monographs on Renaissance artists, and Phaidon (for whom Cornell is now U.S. distributor) and Pope-Hennessy were made for each other. Through the years they have grown closer together, but Phaidon has changed more than Pope-Hennessy. It has given up the low-cost market to its many copyists, and has made a virtue of the inevitable price rise by doing more for the specialist—lengthening the text and using original-language quotations for documents and other references. The format still remains: essay, catalogue of works, full set of pictures.

Pope-Hennessy's first book was mainly a series of narrative chapters, presenting what little is known of his subject's life and describing the works he believed were by that artist in the order he thought they had been created. Practical items, like the dimensions and changing locations of works, were added in footnotes, but in essence the whole book was a catalogue. The purpose of art history in such books is to decide the identity of works of art to the same extent that museum labels do—who made them and when. Attribution and chronology were the processes, documents and descriptions of style the materials, and the catalogue of the particular artist was the form. This was already the normal pattern when, in 1902, the earlier of two good preceding books on Luca della Robbia appeared, and for Pope-Hennessy it still has not changed much. That he is a bit uncomfortable with the Phaidon scheme, calling for a general essay distinct from the catalogue, shows up when we find that his general text really says much the same things that are then repeated in the catalogue. Pope-Hennessy is simply a natural, and excellent, cataloguer. One can allow for a fair amount of overlap in the two sections, on the principle that the catalogue backs up the data with footnotes, whereas the text moves on to broader deductions. But the text, too, does have a way of dwelling on, and not going beyond, details of description ("His head is turned upwards and his eyes look out to the right. His right hand is raised to his parted lips, and his left . . . ") or even changes of ownership ("In 1645 it was sold by the Grand Duke Ferdinand II to Giuliano Serragli, and three years later was bequeathed . . ."). There is even a bad side effect, since the absence of footnotes in the text means that any statements which are not duplicated later lack the proof they need.

One would mind the overlap less if the book did not omit much that today seems called for in art history. Thus the author is evidently little concerned about the artist's

CREIGHTON E. GILBERT is the Jacob Gould Schurman Professor of the History of Art at Cornell University. Among his many books are *History of Renaissance Art* and *Change in Piero della Francesca.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social matrix. That becomes clear when, in the last chapter, we are unexpectedly offered a joke: Luca made a coat of arms for a guild "whose emblem was that early symbol of trade unionism, a closed door." Enjoyment seems to have made the author momentarily forget what he knows, of course—that a guild is in fact an employer group; if there is a joke, it points the other way from what is evoked. Interest in the artist's intellectual matrix is there, but is marked by generalities and not by notice of new analyses. We read in the text the remarks made by a humanist of the period about how sculptors and their assistants worked. No footnote is given, and when we trace the passage to Michael Baxandall's *Giotto and the Orators*, it turns out that the author has left out Baxandall's chief comment: that the remarks are steeped in rhetoric more than they reflect accurate observation. Pope-Hennessy offers then as a contemporary source on technical processes, a good document. Another unreferenced report suggests little interest in the religious life of Florence. We are told that a chapel was dedicated to Saint Luke because the painters' Society of Saint Luke met there—Saint Luke being the patron of painters. So indeed says the unnamed source, Walter Paatz's great manual on Florentine churches, but he gives the primary sources, which show no basis for the idea. Since it was a hospital church, and Saint Luke was much more prominently a patron of doctors, the dedication more probably preceded the painters' meetings there, even though art historians are naturally tempted to switch cause and effect.

Slightness of interest in religious symbols is understandable, both because a newer art history has produced so much bad work in studying them and because Luca's and most artists' work of the time actually applies only obvious elementary symbols in the vast majority of cases. Yet the artist's first great work, the *Cantoria*, does involve some puzzles, which the author rightly addresses. This marble organ loft, built as a balcony in the cathedral, is inscribed with the text of Psalm 150: Praise the Lord with trumpets, cymbals, and so on, and Luca's eight brilliant panels on its front show the eight groups of performers named. But the two panels on the small ends of the balcony, so often reproduced in plaster casts, show singers, who are never mentioned in the text. And why does one set of singers read from a book but the other from a scroll? The author's tentative answers and those of others (to refer to the "Alleluia" added when this psalm occurs in services, or to the difference between plainsong and polyphony) imply—though it seems not intentionally—that song is present in this text on the underlying level that the psalm is sung, is indeed *the* song of such a building, and so these outer reliefs are the embracing frame of the particular psalm text about instruments. As to the scroll, even though the author discusses the realism of the instruments, he omits to note that a scroll is unrealistic in the period, and so presumably alludes to a figurative level of communication. To ask the question, what is meant by a scroll/book polarity, when everything else is identical and symmetrical, is to see the answer: the Old and New Testament. (Prophets are shown in this period with scrolls, evangelists with books.) That relationship preoccupied the age, and is nowhere more focused than in the psalms, the Old Testament book most intensely exploited by the Christian church. The images thus say that the psalm text of the old law is alive in the new.

One of Luca's musicians listens so tautly to her own instrument that she shows strain and breaks from ideal repose. The motif, evoking momentary life and also underlining the theme, is taken from the great painter Masaccio. Here and in other art historians a natural tendency not to bridge the media of sculpture and painting seems to have left Masaccio's powerful effect on Luca undiscussed, even though Leonardo da Vinci referred to Luca's colored reliefs as paintings. (The reference is not noted in this book.) In the case of Luca's *Crucifixion of Peter*, the author argues against his having used Masaccio's little painting of the same theme, pointing instead to the work of two minor artists. Yet one of those works, much older, is mentioned as providing Luca only with a motif also seen in Masaccio; the other also shares most of its motifs with Masaccio, who thus seems a more natural choice as the single main source. In the case of the tabernacle of Corpus Domini, the author notes that the designs of cornices and the like relate to Masaccio's Trinity fresco, but not the close analogies of the figures. Luca shows us, in a vertical row, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the Son being shown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos of Mina Loy courtesy of Mrs. Herbert Bayer and Mrs. Frederic Benedict.

Mina Loy
American Modernist Poet

Virginia M. Kouidis

From legend and obscurity, Kouidis retrieves the life and poetry of Mina Loy who was in the Stein-Pound-Williams-Moore current of modernism.
168 pages, $15.95

Flannery O'Connor's Dark Comedies
The Limits of Inference

Carol Shloss

"An important contribution to critical understanding of Flannery O'Connor's gift, her task, and her achievement." —*Robert Fitzgerald*
184 pages, $14.95

Confession and Community in the Novel

Terrence Doody

"Doody is a wide-ranging critic with a powerful analytic mind. He writes with assurance and grace and . . . a moral urgency."—*Frank D. McConnell*
256 pages, $14.95

Earthsleep
A Poem by Fred Chappell

"Chappell has an extraordinary command of techniques, and his moral stringencies come in a variety of metrical inventions."—*Book Forum*
64 pages, $10.95, cloth; $4.95, paper

Louisiana State University Press
Baton Rouge 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in death—and, in a horizontal row, Mary and John mourning over the dead Christ. The same Christ is a part of both rows, thus pointing out his double nature as divine within the Trinity and as human in death, and hence in turn diagramming the idea of Corpus Domini, Body of the Lord. Masaccio's fresco presents the same schema, and very likely refers to the same church feast.

The monograph form is not best adapted to the interrelations of great artists. This book is further weak in art criticism: its characterizations appear mainly as sonorous ends of chapters, and stress essentially that Luca blended classical antiquity with real life. Of course, it is rightly said that a review should not complain of what a book does not do. I have violated the rule partly to show what category of book this is, and partly because its faults are often the result of wanting to have answers without the bases that those undone factors would provide. But it is also good to emphasize that the book does soundly what it intends to do: present all the illustrations and reliable information about Luca's particular works, and so add them up to form a concept of the artist's personality. Of course the result will be what the author's ambition clearly seeks—the definitive monograph.

John Pope-Hennessy comes from the great tradition of the classically educated, excellent civil servant. Perhaps the least effective page in his book is the first, explaining what inspired him to write it. "It was in August 1950 at Vallombrosa, where Orlando, a former Prime Minister of Italy, had come to tea with Berenson." We conspicuously do not have to be told who Berenson was—quite reasonably, in the case of those who pay ninety-five dollars for the book. It's a gentle and endearing snobbery, for it assumes that, as we find unions laughable, we might be tea guests too, and converse about attribution. It is odder that we are not really given the best identification for Orlando either. In 1919 at Versailles, he, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Woodrow Wilson, as the Big Four, decided how the world would be rearranged. The other three names retain their aura, but Orlando has snatched obscurity from the jaws of fame. However, that is put aside here, and Orlando instead is labeled as having honorably attained the highest rung on his government ladder, with its accompanying title.

The same is pointed out in the case of the author, who had to put off writing the book because of "the Mellon lectures on the Renaissance portrait and the Wrightsman lectures on Raphael" as well as work in the series of great museums where he has been administrator. It is the classically trained civil servant's way to cherish such titular rewards, which mark good work. Within the constraints of his own definition of the task, Pope-Hennessy's work is of the highest class.

Quiet Pleasures

ROGER FRY: ART AND LIFE. *By Frances Spalding. University of California Press. $19.50.*

Reviewed by GEORGE WOODCOCK

The minor artist often becomes a perceptive and influential critic, as the career of Roger Fry strikingly demonstrates. And here it is important to draw the distinction between the minor artist and the artist manqué. The failed artist never makes a good critic, precisely because he lacks the imaginative powers that enable him to understand the creative process and its products. The minor artist, working with commitment and awareness in his own field, may not produce the seminal works of his age but is often able to understand such works when others create them.

Roger Fry, of course, is not the only example of the minor artist who becomes a major critic. Edmund Wilson, a good but lesser novelist, parlayed his insights into a remarkably wide-ranging critical vision. Herbert Read, who succeeded Roger Fry as the leading British art critic, was a sensitive lyric poet who also wrote a single haunting fantasy in fiction, *The Green Child*, and an appealing autobiography, *Annals of Innocence and Experience*, but was in no sense a major literary artist.

Roger Fry was linked even more closely to the arts he wrote about than was Read (who, as I remember well, would show visitors to his house two or three modestly charming oils

GEORGE WOODCOCK is the author of many books of poetry, criticism, history, biography, and travel, the most recent of which is *The Canadians*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man, The Promising Primate

The Conditions of Human Evolution

Peter J. Wilson

How and why did animal nature become human nature? Writers in the field of human evolution have generally shied away from this most intriguing and fundamental question. In this new book, Peter Wilson boldly speculates on the development of such basic human adaptations as promises and taboos, self-conscious thought, objective reasoning, symbolic kinship, and ritual behavior.

"A brilliant book, full of original insights and stimulating ideas."
—Ashley Montagu $12.95

Social Justice in the Liberal State

Bruce A. Ackerman

Certain to become the most important work in political theory since Rawls's *A Theory of Justice*, this book presents a brilliantly original, compelling vision of a just society—a world in which each of us may live his own life in his own way without denying the same right to others. Full of provocative discussions of issues ranging from education to abortion, it makes fascinating reading for anyone concerned with the future of the liberal democratic state. $17.50

The New Senate

Liberal Influence on a Conservative Institution, 1959-1972

Michael Foley

The United States Senate has long been regarded as a conservative institution for conservative members. Michael Foley presents a vivid picture of how a group of liberal senators elected in the 1950s and 1960s changed the Senate and were themselves changed in the process. Based on extensive interviews with senators, their staffs, and a host of observers on Capitol Hill, as well as on careful analysis of the written record, this book will undoubtedly become the standard work on the Senate today. $17.95

Criticism in the Wilderness

The Study of Literature Today

Geoffrey H. Hartman

A vigorous defense from a historical perspective of avant-garde literary criticism. Hartman's examination of the wilderness of critical positions that has ensued since Matthew Arnold includes discussions of Carlyle, Pater, Eliot, Richards, Bloom, Frye, Burke, and de Man among the Anglo-American writers, with Lukács, Benjamin, Ricoeur, and Derrida featured among the Continental thinkers. Eclectic in approach and elegantly written, this book is certain to have a lasting impact on the tradition of practical criticism.

"Hartman is one of the most authoritative and, after Trilling's death, perhaps the most balanced of American literary thinkers. . . . [This is] a noteworthy book."
—*Library Journal* $18.00

The Yale Gertrude Stein

Selections, with an introduction by Richard Kostelanetz

This distinguished anthology from the Yale Edition of the Unpublished Writings of Gertrude Stein contains some of the most extraordinary works of a writer who, a generation after her death, remains truly contemporary. Among the radically experimental pieces included here are the major long poems, "Lifting Belly," "Patriarchal Poetry," and "Stanzas in Meditation," as well as important shorter works of prose, poetry, and playwriting. Admirers of Stein will welcome the new availability of these pieces both for reading pleasure and for confirmation of her importance to avant-garde literature. Cloth $30.00 Paper $6.95

Yale

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that commemorated the distant days when he tried to become a painter and realized that words were his medium). From the beginning—or at least from the age of twenty, at Cambridge—Fry had a clear vision of his future. He saw himself principally as a painter. "Up to the end of his life . . . ," Frances Spalding observes in *Roger Fry: Art and Life,* "Fry continued to regard painting as his primary activity and wanted first and foremost to leave the imprint of his mind in paint. His struggle as an artist was the other side of the coin to his success as a critic."

Professor Spalding declares that "one intent" of her book—the most ambitious work on Fry to date—"is to bring out this aspect of his career." In biographical terms she is justified. Much in Fry's life is impossible to understand and value unless one knows how passionate was his desire to succeed fully as a painter, like the great artists he came to admire. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of his later career was the way in which, once he had come to terms with the minor character of his achievement, he could still work as if painting were the main purpose of his life. Only a few weeks before his death, he said to Vanessa Bell, his friend and onetime lover: "I shall never make anything that will give you or anyone else the gasp of delighted surprise at a revelation, but I think I shall tempt people to enjoy a quiet contemplative kind of pleasure—the pleasure of recognizing that one has spotted just this or that quality which has a meaning, tho' mostly one passes it by."

The fact that *Roger Fry* is written in the spirit of art history rather than art criticism allows Professor Spalding to discuss Fry's work as a painter without really attempting to evaluate it or to compare it with other painting being done at the same time. Unfortunately, one important aspect of Fry's painting—its color—is not presented for our appreciation, since all the reproductions are a grayish approximation to black and white. But there are formal elements in pictures that survive even reproduction without color. One of the ironic aspects of Fry's work, considered in hindsight, is that—despite his celebrated advocacy of the post-impressionists, despite the cult he made of "significant form" to the exclusion of the more psychological elements in painting—it seems wholly dependent on the natural world. Fry, like the impressionists, interprets this world rather than creating forms which are independent of nature, as do the cubists and their successors.

It was not by accident that Fry drifted toward the Bloomsbury circle and became a member of that close and powerful siblinghood. Though the "Bloomsberries" included at least one very fine painter, Vanessa Bell, their orientation was principally literary. Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster were the Bloomsbury luminaries. Even though in many ways Virginia Woolf sought in her writing a high degree of visual evocativeness, like such imagist poets as H. D., it depended ultimately on verbal presentations of psychological states.

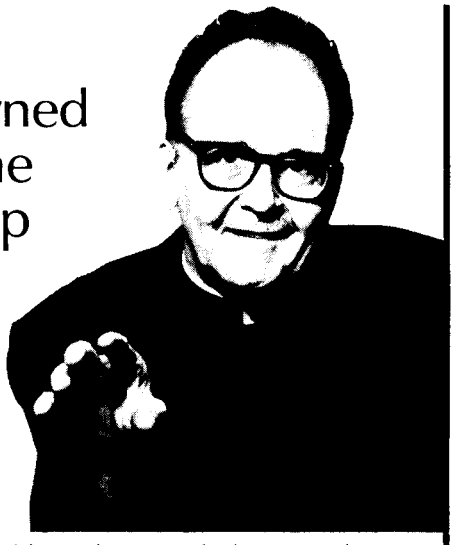
In the same way the painters who, through family connections or friendship, were absorbed into the Bloomsbury circle never really attained the pure expression of "significant form" which the two art critics in the group, Roger Fry and Clive Bell, were endlessly preaching. Vanessa Bell was the most self-contained and visually oriented of them all. Duncan Grant's paintings always suggested his search for some symbolic intent. Fry was at his best in portraits and landscapes and least interesting when he tried to reduce the forms of nature to abstract patterns. He did not, in fact, have the kind of skill as a painter that would enable him to escape the natural image; he was incapable of painting a still life that, like Cézanne's numerous studies of apples, one could look at simply as an inspired formal arrangement of paint.

Minor artist though he was, Fry had his importance as a critic. He and Clive Bell made British intellectuals aware that the essential values of the visual arts (and perhaps of all arts) were formal. There is no doubt that later critics built on the insights of Fry and Bell; to this day one finds painters justifying themselves in terms not greatly different from those expressed in Fry's *Vision and Design* and in his broadcasts and reviews on contemporary art.

Fry himself regarded his writing as secondary to his painting. As Professor Spalding remarks: "Writing brought Fry only rare moments of enjoyment; generally, he felt an acute lack of words with which to talk about art, disliked the turn of his phrases and sickened of his style." And indeed Fry's writing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An internationally renowned scholar now probes the mysterious relationship between biology and culture...



Fighting for Life

Contest, Sexuality, and Consciousness

By WALTER J. ONG. What accounts for the popularity of the macho image, the fanaticism of sports enthusiasts, and the perennial appeal of Don Quixote's ineffectual struggles? In *Fighting for Life,* Walter J. Ong addresses these and related questions, demonstrating the importance of contest in biological evolution and in the growth of consciousness out of the unconscious. $14.95

Inside the Great House

Planter Family Life in Eighteenth-Century Chesapeake Society

By DANIEL BLAKE SMITH. This fascinating study explores the nature of family life and kinship in planter households of the Chesapeake during a pivotal era. Supplementing his text with excerpts from letters and diaries, Smith has written an engaging book that is similar to *The Children of Pride* in its contribution to the history of the family in America. $17.50

The Poetics of Disguise

The Autobiography of the Work in Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare

By FRANCO FERRUCCI, translated by Ann Dunnigan. The author defines the autobiography of the work as the weaving into the texture of a work the signs and symptoms of the writer's creative crisis. He examines and interprets significant reflexive moments in four literary masterpieces: Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* Dante's *Divine Comedy,* and Shakespeare's *Macbeth.* A model work of comparative literature."—*Choice.* $12.50

The Political Philosophy of the Frankfurt School

By GEORGE FRIEDMAN. Taking a close look at the ideas of this group of German scholars and social critics which includes such noted thinkers as Marcuse, Benjamin, and Adorno, Friedman focuses on three issues: the origins of their thought, the manner in which they posed problems of modern society, and the way they sought to solve these problems. $17.50

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

P.O. Box 250, Ithaca, New York 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on art does not stand up to time as well as that of his successor, Herbert Read, who was a writer first, whereas Fry was a writer second. Yet the writing seems to have been a needed release from his sense of inadequacy as a painter, and the same might be said of his role as a figure in the world of art.

Frances Spalding talks of the "force of Roger Fry's personality, which so impressed his contemporaries," and there is much to support her remark in the recollections of those who knew him. Yet that strength of personality is not really evident in his quietly sensitive painting or—at least to readers living half a century later—in a blandness of writing that seems to reflect the Quaker strain in his ancestry. Faced with a verbal hooligan like Wyndham Lewis, Fry could only retreat into evasion, and so give the impression of a deviousness that was not in fact part of his character.

The association with Lewis recalls one of the two occasions when Fry played an important role in the world of the arts—a role which makes us remember him less as a painter or a writer than as an impresario in roughly the same league as Diaghilev. For it was Fry who, with the aid of Clive Bell and Desmond MacCarthy, organized in 1910 the celebrated Post-Impressionist Exhibition in London. It marked an epoch, a major shift in the practice of British artists and in the perceptions of those visually sensitive Britons who followed the arts with any degree of perceptiveness.

But the Post-Impressionist Exhibition also marked a crucial turn in Fry's life. He had begun as a conventional artist, drawing churches in the manner of Ruskin, and as an academic critic expert in Florentine painting who was seriously considered for the directorship of the National Gallery in London. But after 1910 he became the leading spokesman for the artistic avant-garde in Britain, though the sensation created by the Post-Impressionist Exhibition—and the abuse from conservative critics it brought down on Fry's head—perhaps gave a false sense of his actual position as a modernist. As Frances Spalding justly remarks, "Between 1910 and 1914 he had overturned the London art world with his introduction of modern art to England," but his own perceptions remained uneasily in suspension between the spirit of modernism and that of late Victorian aestheticism. The imagist T. E. Hulme was possibly unkind but was not entirely wrong when, after visiting an exhibition featuring Fry's paintings in 1914, he remarked that the artist had "accomplished the extraordinary feat of adapting the austere Cézanne into something fitted for chocolate boxes."

There was, in fact, a cloying decorative element in Fry's painting, and this perhaps explains both the strength and weakness of his experiment in applied arts, the Omega Workshops—which survived, rather than flourished, between 1913 and 1919. The term "applied arts" should be taken quite literally, since Fry never shared William Morris's craftsmanly concern with the whole artifact. Rather, he wanted to give employment to painters in need of cash, and many of the objects he sold were pieces of commercially made furniture which his painters decorated in modernistic styles.

Even though Fry did not share Morris's sense of the importance of hand work at every stage, the Omega Workshops was in a way the forerunner of the movement to reconcile industrial design with artistic values—a movement that became important in Britain between the wars and in the work of the Industrial Design Unit during and after World War II. Yet Omega itself remained committed to decoration rather than to integrated design.

One of the dramatic episodes in Fry's administration of the Omega Workshops was his famous quarrel with Wyndham Lewis, which led to a permanent split between Fry and the practicing modernists among English painters. With characteristic rhetoric, Lewis dismissed Fry and his followers as "strayed and dissenting Aesthetes." There was more than a germ of truth in this accusation. True, as a painter Fry remained a belated impressionist, with strong affinities to Puvis de Chavannes and the Nabis; yet in his critical doctrine of "significant and expressive form" he was carrying to their logical conclusions the doctrines of the autonomy of artistic form that were earlier defended by Oscar Wilde. There is more of *Vision and Design* in *Intentions* than Fry would have cared to admit.

Strangely, Frances Spalding mentions neither Wilde, who was Fry's intellectual precursor, nor Herbert Read, who was his princi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Way It Was.
History from Johns Hopkins

The Cheese and the Worms
The Cosmos of a Sixteenth-Century Miller

Carlo Ginzburg
translated by John and Anne Tedeschi

The Cheese and the Worms provides an intriguing view of sixteenth-century life through the eyes of a common man—a miller brought to trial during the Inquisition. Carlo Ginzburg's masterful portrait of Menocchio of Friuli reveals a remarkably independent and opinionated individual whose responses to the political and religious confusion of his time make fascinating reading for anyone interested in Renaissance life and thought.

"A wonderful book.... The work of reconstitution is brilliant, the writing superbly readable, and by the end of the book the reader... will take leave of this strange and quirky old man with genuine regret."—*J. H. Elliott, New York Review of Books.*

$14.00

Reckoning with the Beast
Animals, Pain, and Humanity in the Victorian Mind

James Turner

One of the most significant, yet least explored, aspects of life in the Victorian age was the sudden surge of concern for the suffering of animals. *Reckoning with the Beast* examines the movement's origins in the rapid scientific development, industrialization, and urbanization of the time, looks at its broad social implications, and describes its enduring effects on the Anglo-American mentality. Along the way, James Turner probes Victorian attitudes toward sex, pain, women, science, and poverty, and identifies the roots of modern ecological concerns. **$14.00**

The Building of Renaissance Florence
An Economic and Social History

Richard A. Goldthwaite

Examining the microcosm of a single industry—construction—Richard Goldthwaite develops a total picture of fifteenth-century Florentine society in dynamic transformation. *The Building of Renaissance Florence* shows how art, industry, and technology—brought to new levels of activity by the demands of patrons—combined to propel the city to the cultural forefront of the Italian Renaissance. **$27.50**

Johns Hopkins

The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pal intellectual successor and whom he knew quite well. This book, indeed, is curiously encapsulated within the Bloomsbury ambiance.

The Art of Nonconformity

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SURREALISM. *Edited by Marcel Jean. Viking. $30.*

Reviewed by WYLIE SYPHER

In spite of the innumerable books on surrealism—notably Maurice Nadeau's pioneer *History of Surrealism* with its attendant *Documents* (1945–48)—Marcel Jean is doubtless correct in saying that no comprehensive anthology of surrealist texts exists. In his own detailed and intimate *History of Surrealist Painting* (1959), Jean himself was an evangelist for the surrealism that was inspired by dada antics, then took a doctrinal, even academic, form under André Breton, hierarch for the whole surrealist group of writers and painters devoted to convulsive beauty. Many such accounts depend upon anecdotes about a performance that made surrealism an artistic scandal. Jean's anthology of documents converts the anecdotal to the historical and suggests that surrealism was not so much a style or a coherent program as a response to a wasteland culture that was itself a scandal. One of Jean's reasons for this collection is to furnish adequate translations of the surrealist poems that have been traduced in their English versions. However, since surrealist verse is often an egregious sort of punning or verbomania, I am not sure that the French can be Englished. The more valuable items are the manifestos, the periodical essays, and the selections from surrealist theater which look toward later Happenings.

The first surrealist manifesto (1924) proclaimed surrealism as "pure psychic automatism"—which in many ways it was not, for it was an insolent and malicious challenge in a rebellion that fostered the nihilism the surrealists adopted from dada. Announcing "our absolute nonconformity," the surrealist exhibition of 1933 offered the public a carefully devised array of "disagreeable objects"—sausages, eyeglasses, unsuccessful portraits, loaves of bread, intrauterine memories, fried eggs, butterflies, fingernails, corpses. Behind this provocation was an intent to surprise. And behind this intent to surprise was a not entirely scandalous conviction about our "irrational knowledge of the object."

In fact, the surrealist surprise was a heritage and extension of the romantic sense of wonder, and also an impulse to rebel, which made surrealism a projection of the romantic politics of liberty. These politics were often an egoism that caused Soupault to say, "I always act in accord with myself, which means in total disagreement with those who live outside myself." But the surrealists also announced, "We must attain a new declaration of the rights of man." Accordingly they were led to the Marxist social program, and thereafter the group was torn between those subscribing to Trotsky or Stalin and those holding to the original surrealist premise that man frees himself only in his dreams.

Here arises the most significant contradiction in the whole surrealist tradition and performance: commitment to revolution or withdrawal from history into an interior private vision that terminates in what they called love. Jean's most surprising chapter is titled "Morals," a chapter that intersects with some basic existential themes. Anticipating Camus and Sartre, André Breton writes: "There is not a more shameless lie than to maintain, even and above all in the presence of the irreparable, that rebellion is useless. Rebellion carries within itself its justification, quite independently of whether or not it has a chance to modify the state of things that determines it." The second manifesto (1929) affirmed, "It would be wrong for man to allow himself to be intimidated by a few monstrous historical failures; he is still free to *believe* in his freedom." The surprise heightens when the manifesto continues: "The idea that seems to have escaped every attempt at reduction until today is the idea of *love*, the only one that can reconcile any man, momentarily or not, to the idea of life." Then the query, "What kind of hope do you put in love?" Even if the surrealist love poems are an easy eroticism, the question is a transition between Shelley's Promethean vision of man

WYLIE SYPHER teaches English at Simmons College. Among his many books are *The Ethic of Time: Structures of Experience in Shakespeare* and *Loss of the Self: In Modern Literature and Art.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A brilliant and fascinating book."

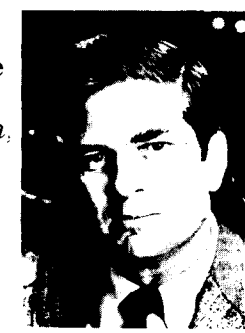
—*Marshall Berman, New York Times Book Review*

Through vivid portrayals of a clashing cast of characters, the author of the classic *The Icon and the Axe* casts new light on the process through which faith in the redeeming power of revolution has become the dominant secular religion of our time. From the "incarnation" of 1789 to the "second coming" of 1917, this panoramic narrative is **"full of new insights...far richer than anything I have read before."**—William H. McNeill, *Oxford University*

"Fascinating...It keeps clear the distinction between a history of a 'faith' and a history of a real revolution."
—Robert Palmer, *Yale University*

"Certain to become a classic...James Billington has uncovered a whole new substratum of consciousness, and a whole host of unknown and fascinating figures, in a field where everything seemed already to have been said."
—Joseph Frank, author of *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt*

"A treasury of radical history, biography, and anthropology....Mr. Billington's people, visions and scenes can help us to grasp our past, to confront what we have become in the present, and to imagine and invent a livable future."—*Marshall Berman, New York Times Book Review*



"There isn't a dull page."
—John Leonard, *New York Times*

FIRE IN THE MINDS OF MEN

Origins of the Revolutionary Faith

James H. Billington

$25.00 at bookstores

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the ethic of Norman O. Brown's *Love's Body*. And in May 1968, some student inscribed on the walls of the Sorbonne, "Dream is truth."

Dream and action—the surrealist dilemma. As Jean remarks, "Feuerbach, Engels, Marx, and Lenin were quoted repeatedly in an effort to show that love and revolution are as interdependent as dream and waking life." Breton predicts that the poet of the future "will overcome the depressing idea of an irreparable divorce between action and dream."

The surrealist dreams were sometimes simulated delirium. In these hypnotic experiments there was a conflict between the conscious and the unconscious, "the controlled versus the uncontrollable." The fallacy in surrealist painting and poetry is indicated in Lautréamont's much-quoted remark that art must be "Beautiful as the chance encounter, on a dissecting table, of a sewing machine and an umbrella," explained by Jean as having a sexual meaning (the table is a bed, the machine is a woman, the umbrella a man). The image is not only surprising; it is unconvincingly incongruous. The deficiency of the forced image is implied in Pierre Reverdy's remark that "two realities that have no relation whatever cannot be brought together effectively. An image is not strong because it is *brutal* or *fantastic*—but because the association of ideas is distant and accurate." Lautréamont has the distance, but the surprise, the *dépaysement*, seems contrived in the foregrounding of the incompatible images: a parody of Donne's metaphysical union of the disparate.

Too much surrealist painting, as in Dali, suffers from this arbitrary foregrounding of incompatible imagery. By contrast, Chirico's early enigmas offered a different sort of surprise that equates with the fantasies by Roussel. Chirico's ghostly urban architecture inhabited by mannequins is a distant but haunting spectacle because he has transformed the arcades of Rome and the courtyard at Versailles to a visionary poetry such as Resnais achieved in the surreal atmosphere of Marienbad. Chirico captured the same displacements in his surreal story *Hebdomeros*. And there is the ineffable silence of Tanguy's disorienting horizons, making us see—and hear—what is not visible.

Generally, the surrealist contribution was not its commitment to political rebellion or its reliance on techniques of collage, frottage, or *hasard*, but its sense of the mystery in objects: the ultimate irrationality of our knowledge. As Breton said in one of his less pompous passages, "One must be conscious to such a high degree of the treachery of perceptible things to dare breaking openly with them." The object can be inscrutable, can metamorphose; it can be polymorphic or hallucinatory, as it is in Aragon's *Peasant of Paris* or, later, in the provisional references of Robbe-Grillet, which suspend our usual confident identifications.

The surrealists at their best worked on an existential premise that "general rules do not embrace the real as a whole; exceptions always escape them." In so saying, Jean is repeating what Karl Jaspers wrote: "An indispensable approach to the truth would be lost without the exceptions." The exception brings in the strangeness. In May 1968, there was inscribed on the Sorbonne walls: "Any view of things that is not strange is false." Or as Blake put it: "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth." We believe what we see in the early Chirico. We do not always believe Dali, though we may feel shock. The most powerful surreal image is an enigma that does not solicit explication. Surrealism failed as a program, as an official technique, but at moments gave us a poetic.

Earned Despair

THE PAINTINGS OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. *By Andrew McLaren Young, Margaret MacDonald, Robin Spencer, and Hamish Miles. Yale University Press. $125.*

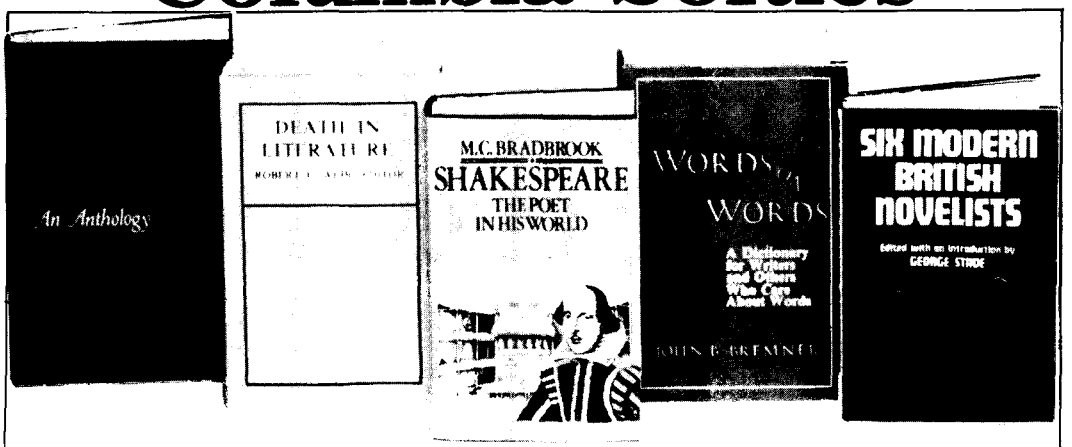
Reviewed by DENYS SUTTON

Nowadays it is sometimes claimed that American painting only came of age and made an impact outside the United States in our time, with the New York School. Memories are short. For to believe this is to overlook the fact that in the 1890s and 1900s two

DENYS SUTTON, editor of *Apollo*, is the author of books on Derain, Whistler, Rodin, and Sickert.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia Softies



Modern Japanese Drama

An Anthology

TED T. TAKAYA, TRANSLATOR. "Little modern Japanese drama has been translated, so this book is a breakthrough. Five very contemporary plays are presented . . . ranging from Mishima's modern Nō form, through Yashiro's realistic and earthy biography, to Betsuyaku's near-absurd portrayal of human existence."—*Library Journal* Illus., $9.95 paper

Death in Literature

ROBERT F. WEIR, EDITOR. A remarkable selection of over 100 examples from a variety of literatures and literary genres which deal with the universal theme of death. The selections include poetry, fiction, essays, biographies, journals, and letters, as well as the complete version of Tolstoy's *The Death of Ivan Ilych.* $8.50 paper

Shakespeapre

The Poet in His World

MURIEL C. BRADBROOK. The latest book from a world-renowned scholar of the Elizabethan and Jacobean theater is an "applied biography" which lucidly employs the facts of Shakespeare's life to illustrate his works. "Bradbrook showers her readers with intriguing insights into Elizabethan life and the politics of the theater of that age."—*Renaissance Quarterly* $5.95 paper

Words on Words

A Dictionary for Writers and Others Who Care About Words

JOHN B. BREMNER. "A work that every writing man or woman will want on a reference shelf. . . . To wander through this dictionary, the loving labor of years, is to spend all day in a country hardware store. Bremner romps through the English language [as if] words were made for his particular pleasure."—*James J. Kilpatrick* $7.95 paper

Six Modern British Novelists

GEORGE STADE, EDITOR. These essays on Arnold Bennett by John Wain, Evelyn Waugh by David Lodge, Ford Maddox Ford by Grover Smith, Joseph Conrad by Robert S. Ryf, Virginia Woolf by Carl Woodring, and E.M. Forster by Harry T. Moore are "... excellent as an introduction to the writings of significant contemporary writers."—*Los Angeles Times* $7.50 paper

To order send check or money order to **Dept. JN** at the address below, including $1.30 per order for postage and handling.

Columbia University Press

136 South Broadway
Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans achieved considerable reputation in Europe: John Singer Sargent and James McNeill Whistler. Sargent became the toast of the Royal Academy, and the beautiful and the fashionable besieged his London studio. Whistler was not the success as a portrait painter that he had hoped to be, but he was a hero to the symbolists, and in Paris Proust adored him. His influence on English painting was decided; he blazed a trail for many younger men, with Walter Richard Sickert in the vanguard.

Whistler loved the arena. This Yankee gentleman in white ducks, as Sickert called him, was a character with a sharp eye for publicity and his witty and sardonic manner of writing letters to the press won him attention in an age of literary dandies. He had one foot in Paris, the other in London. Few, if any, young men of his generation in England could rival his knowledge of the modern movement of the 1850s; he was aware of Courbet and the realists just as later he was aware of Degas and Monet.

Whistler made history when his *Symphony in White, No. 1: The White Girl*, now in the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., was exhibited at the Salon des Refusés in 1862, after having been turned down at the Salon and before that at the Royal Academy. It must have been a thrilling moment for a young man with a strongly developed ego. Courbet called the picture an "apparition" and Baudelaire found it charming; the poet also praised Whistler's etchings.

These remarks, although already published, are conveniently found in the catalogue of Whistler's oil paintings which was started some twenty years ago by Andrew M. Young, of Glasgow University, and which after his death was completed by Margaret MacDonald, Robin Spencer, and Hamish Miles. They have done an excellent job: the volume will remain as a definitive oeuvre catalogue of the master. As is customary with the large art books published by Yale University Press, the volume is neatly printed and remarkably light to carry—no slipped disks here!

The catalogue contains 554 items of which the present whereabouts of a certain proportion is unknown, so that discoveries await the vigilant. The authors have shown diligence in culling the Whistler correspondence (largely at Glasgow), sale catalogues, press cuttings, and other documents for the notes on paintings; these provide as many pertinent details as possible. In the aggregate, the result presents much information about the artist's patrons and friends and the vicissitudes that some of his works have undergone over the years.

By no means the least interesting sections concern the processes by which Whistler brought a painting to fruition, and in some cases failed to do so. The note on *The White Girl*, to return to that celebrated picture, is especially relevant, as it supplies technical details about the way in which the artist worked on it even after it was ostensibly finished. The vital evidence in this connection is provided by a photograph (in the Avery Collection, New York Public Library) which was made in London some time between 1865 and 1870. It shows that the alterations to the face took place subsequent to that date, and the fact that Whistler did alter the painting is also borne out by the X-ray photographs.

One note of considerable significance concerns *Rose et Vert L'Iris: Portrait of Miss Kinsella*, painted in 1894–1902. The artist wrote to his wife that Sargent found it "very beautiful." But, alas, Whistler could not leave well enough alone and repainted and scraped it away. He became a terrible ditherer about his work, as Sickert recalled. Obviously details of this sort are not only useful for the expert, but also for the assistance they offer anyone attempting to get closer to Whistler, both as man and as artist.

Owing to the death of Professor Young, the book lacks an introduction; understandably his helpers felt reluctant to pen one. Thus, by the nature of things, no attempt has been made to draw attention to such fresh points as have emerged in connection with the chronology of Whistler's work or the nature of his art. It must be said that the illustrations contain no surprises; this is the Whistler whom we already know. Inevitably a selection of plates can be more exhilarating than "a complete works," where failures as well as successes are included; the inexorable decline of the master's capacities is charted at the end of the volume.

Whereas Sargent in later years could barely restrain his enthusiasm, dashing off portraits (though with distaste) and producing scores of jolly watercolors of Venice and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first two volumes in a new series

Women and Culture

Fran Leeper Buss

La Partera

Story of a Midwife

Jesusita Aragon was fourteen when she earned the title "La Partera," midwife. This is the story, told in her own words, of her training as a midwife, her forced departure from home and the solitary struggle to support her children, and of her emergence as a community leader, often the only source of medical care in an isolated area of New Mexico.

$10.95 / *paper* $6.95

Valerie Kossew Pichanick

Harriet Martineau

The Woman and Her Work, 1802-76

Early in life Harriet Martineau determined to "do something with the pen, since no other means of action in politics are in a woman's power." Never afraid to speak her mind on unpopular and sensitive subjects, she claimed the respect of her contemporaries, even those who vigorously disagreed with her. This work examines Martineau's life and her writings on philosophy, religion, economics, politics, and the rights of women and blacks. Winner of the Alice and Edith Hamilton Prize Competition.

$15.00

W&C Women and Culture Series

The Women and Culture Series is dedicated to books that illuminate the lives, roles, position, and achievements of women, past or present.

The University of Michigan Press

P.O. Box 1104 Ann Arbor MI 48106

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Austrian mountains, Whistler became more reticent, as if his self-confidence and delight in life had ebbed away. Of the reasons that help to explain this situation, the premature death of his wife from cancer in 1896 counted for much. But age had also dimmed his vision.

Some of the final pictures have charm, but many are somber and sad. What remain in the memory are early works such as *The White Girls*, the *japonaiserie* pictures, the finest portraits, the etchings, the small studies of Paris and Chelsea, and the coast scenes. However, the progression is downward. Perhaps there was a sting in the tail of Henry James's remark to Whistler: "You have done too much of the exquisite not to have earned more despair than anything else." Indeed, Whistler's search for perfection did lead him to despair.

Early Shooter

WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT: PIONEER OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND MAN OF SCIENCE. *By H. J. P. Arnold. Hutchinson Benham, London. £13 50d.*

FOX TALBOT AND THE INVENTION OF PHOTOGRAPHY. *By Gail Buckland. Godine. $39.95.*

FOX TALBOT PHOTOGRAPHER. *By Robert Lassam. Foreword by Sir Cecil Beaton. Kent State University Press. $22.50.*

Reviewed by BEAUMONT NEWHALL

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800–77) is known, along with Nicéphore Niepce (1765–1833) and Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre (1789–1851), as one of the inventors of photography, and the main facts of his contributions are summarily recorded in all the standard histories of photography. It is strange, however, that no solid, scholarly biographical writings about this brilliant Englishman and his work have appeared until recently. The three books now under review give us a new understanding of Talbot's photographic work and, more especially, a sympathetic insight into his character and personality, as well as an explanation of the astounding breadth of his contributions to the scientific world in addition to his photographic discoveries.

H. J. P. Arnold's book is essentially an account of Talbot's contributions to science in general, and to the technology of photography in particular. Talbot was born in Melbury, Dorset, and educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University. A member of the landed gentry, he had, apparently, a comfortable income and was free to follow any pursuit. He chose that of science in the broadest sense. In 1832 he became a fellow of the Royal Society. The list of his contributions to the publications of this and other learned societies both at home and abroad indicates the diversity of his interests—astronomy, mathematics, botany, optics, electricity, and engineering, as well as the study of folklore, linguistics, philology, archaeology, and the translation of cuneiform inscriptions. He even dabbled in politics, somewhat unhappily it seems, as a member of Parliament. Arnold points out that Talbot could have excelled in almost any one of these fields, especially botany, had the unusual circumstances of his involvement with photography not occurred.

It began in 1833 on a trip to the Continent with his wife Constance. In Northern Italy he attempted to sketch the mountains and lakes with the help of a camera lucida, but with little success. He then thought of capturing the pictures created within the camera obscura, "fairy pictures, creations of a moment, and destined as rapidly to fade away." In 1834 he began experiments with the light sensitivity of silver chloride and by 1835 he produced a record of a camera image. It was a tiny picture, hardly larger than a postage stamp, of a lattice window in Lacock Abbey; Talbot took the trouble to mount it on a card and to document it: "Latticed Window (with the Camera Obscura) August 1835. . . . When first made, the squares of glass about 200 in number could be counted, with help of a lens." The transparent squares of glass were black; the diamond leading was white; the picture, in our terms, was a negative. Talbot noted that from such a reversed image, a re-reversed image could be made by copying. This discovery of the negative/positive system is the very basis of current photographic

BEAUMONT NEWHALL, director emeritus of the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, is visiting professor of art at the University of New Mexico. His books include *The History of Photography* and *The Daguerreotype in America.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A monumental study, now complete

POLITICS AND THE CONSTITUTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Volume III:
The Political Background of the Federal Convention

WILLIAM W. CROSSKEY
and **WILLIAM JEFFREY, JR.**

When the first two volumes of Crosskey's great work on the Constitution appeared in 1953, Arthur M. Schlesinger called it: "perhaps the most fertile commentary on that document since the *Federalist* papers." This third volume, which Crosskey did not live to complete, treats political activity in the period 1776-87 and reinforces his basic thesis—that the Founding Fathers truly intended a government with plenary, nationwide powers and not a limited federalism.

Volume III $27.00. Three-volume boxed set $100.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

techniques. At the time Talbot made this discovery he was unaware that similar work was being done in France and apparently felt no reason for haste in perfecting the process or publishing his experiments.

On January 7, 1839, the French Academy of Sciences announced its intention of securing government patronage for the publication of the daguerreotype process, the invention of Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre. On reading the news, Talbot later recollected: "I was placed in a very unusual dilemma (scarcely paralleled in the annals of science), for I was threatened with the loss of all my labours, in case M. Daguerre's process proved identical with my own." He rushed to establish priority by exhibiting specimens at the Royal Institution, by describing the process in general at the Royal Society, and on February 20 disclosing to that society full details in a paper which he subsequently published privately.

The fascination of Arnold's biography lies in the immense documentation that he has marshaled from the original papers in the Talbot estate. Talbot's notes are so complete that it is fairly possible to re-create his experiments and to trace the development of his photographic processes from their crude beginnings, through the calotype and into his work of the production, by photomechanical means, of metal plates for the reproduction of photographs in printer's ink. Arnold also traces the uses made of the perfected calotype process, its acceptance by the public, and problems associated with the patenting of his invention.

In only one respect is the book disappointing, and this is in the paucity and poor quality of the reproductions of Talbot's work. The illustrations are bunched together at random without that relation to the text that a biographical work almost demands, and are often reduced to such a small size—at times as small as two by two-and-one-half inches—that they cannot be adequately studied.

Happily Gail Buckland's book supplements the Arnold biography with some two hundred excellent reproductions, some in color. Its subtitle, it seems to me, should be "The Photographer as Artist," for that is the true thrust of the text and its illustrations which were selected from the rich holdings of the Science Museum in London—said to have approximately six thousand photographs. What gives this book its special character is that the author has chosen unsuccessful experiments as well as successful ones. We are shown, as it were, the usually discarded sketches of the master. Gail Buckland speaks with enthusiasm of their "sense of becoming—of becoming pictures. The most notable characteristic is their dynamism. . . . They appear to be in a state of becoming—of evolution, of slowly being created by dancing rays of light . . . objects in search of composition, images in search of meaning, pictures in search of a tradition." To my knowledge no other historian or critic has recognized Talbot's passion for photography. In those early years from 1839 until about 1845 he made hundreds of photographs of his family, servants, books in his library, furniture, trees, even his child's hobbyhorse and his own writing desk. Perhaps it was from this desk that Talbot wrote his friend Sir John Herschel, on April 30, 1840:

> I enclose some photographs, all done with the camera. . . . Whenever there comes a very bright day, it is as if nature supplied an infinite designing power, of which it is only possible to use an infinitesimal part. It is really wonderful to consider that every portion of the whole Solar flood of light should be endowed with so many complicated properties, which in a vast majority of instances must remain latent, without meeting any object. . . . I have interrupted this letter many times to listen to a nightingale who is perched on a bush just outside my window. . . .

Miss Buckland's narrative is also bolstered by an extremely useful collection of contemporary source material, much of which is not readily available.

Robert Lassam's volume is a more modest publication. Lassam is curator of the Fox Talbot Museum at Lacock Abbey, a part of the National Trust. It is good to see the plates reproduced, for the most part full page; among them are many talbotypes not hitherto reproduced, such as the astounding photogram dated 1839, *Head of Christ Superimposed on an Oak Leaf*—perhaps the first example of a deliberate double exposure.

But all three books put before students, scholars, and general readers a wealth of little-known imagery, accompanied by carefully researched, well-written texts. Together they make a major contribution to our understanding of the history of photography, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

increase the stature of Fox Talbot, a great British scientist and artist, in the very medium that he discovered.

A Place in the Country

THE VICTORIAN COUNTRY HOUSE. *By Mark Girouard. Yale University Press. $35.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM HALEY

The story is told that Marcel Proust was asked by a young American to describe his *A la recherche du temps perdu* in six words. (Poor Proust was not allowed even one of his serpentine sentences.) Professor Girouard's book has to be subject to no such challenge. This is fortunate.

To begin with, it is necessary to let new readers know what the book is not. For most of us who have enjoyed such relaxations, the English country house is a place where one stays over weekends with a small number of other guests. The owner is a fellow city-dweller whom one knows professionally or socially or politically, and the range in class is not wide. For Professor Girouard these are "houses in the country." Often they are houses that were "built for prosperous middle-class clients who liked the amenities of country life but were not prepared to set up as full-scale country gentry." Attractive as these houses can be, however, it would be difficult to write a book about them.

The Victorian country houses which give life and interest to this admirably written, well-designed, and handsomely illustrated volume were on a far grander scale:

> . . . houses built as the centres of sizeable country estates, with all their appurtenances of parks, lodge gates and tenantry. . . . Because of their size, their complexity and their social background, the occasional masterpieces and many curiosities

SIR WILLIAM HALEY was director-general of the British Broadcasting Corporation from 1944 to 1952, and editor of *The Times* (London) from 1952 to 1966.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers

The Writings of Henry David Thoreau

Edited by CARL HOVDE and the staff of the Thoreau Textual Center, WILLIAM L. HOWARTH and ELIZABETH WITHERELL
With an Historical Introduction by LINCK C. JOHNSON

Written as a memorial to his brother and now considered to be an appropriate predecessor to Walden, Thoreau's A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers has a history of several publications and revisions. This edition derives from careful study of numerous surviving manuscripts and printed texts. The corrected proof sheets bearing Thoreau's revisions and expressed intentions for both the 1849 and 1968 editions are the most authoritative versions and therefore serve as copy-text for this edition. Illus. $25.00.

Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among them, and the mixture of piety, snobbery, romanticism, idealism, and pretentiousness that contributed to their making [they] form a fascinating collection.

The charm of Professor Girouard's book is that it takes all these things into account.

When *The Victorian Country House* was first published in 1971, its architectural authority and distinction were at once acknowledged. This new and enlarged edition incorporates research and discoveries since then. Two individual houses, Harlaxton Manor and Tyntesfield, are added, as well as thirty-three new color plates. They enhance but cannot disturb the original judgments, which it would be presumptuous to challenge and otiose to confirm. The men who caused these palaces to be built and the sociological impulses that drove them to such excesses are a more rewarding study.

Generalizations about the Victorian Age abound. The foremost is that the years from 1837 to 1901—some predate the period to 1830 and others extend it to 1913—formed a coherent period with well-defined characteristics throughout. Thirty years ago Graham Hutton predicated two Victorian ages, with a great divide somewhere around 1870. Professor Girouard's chronological graph of the new and old country houses in the nineteenth century strikingly confirms this.

Another generalization is that Queen Victoria reigned over a nation in which individual status was ordained by God, accepted by man, and deemed immutable. It was said to be the age of deference. G. M. Young, in his study *Victorian England: Portrait of an Age*, pointed out that in a century increasingly devoted to money-making, the deference was to birth rather than to wealth. Where birth had been wanting, the way upward was to use wealth to emulate the living style of the aristocracy.

To be anything, to be recognised as anything, to feel himself as anything in the State at large, the rich English townsman, unless he was a man of remarkable gifts and character, had still to escape from the seat and source of his wealth; to learn a new dialect and new interests; and he was more likely to magnify than to belittle the virtues of the life into which he and his wife yearned to be admitted, the life, beyond wealth, of power and consideration on the land.

From time immemorial, Mr. Young added, the crown of a merchant's career had been a place in the country. The Industrial Revolution, which spawned rich men on a scale hitherto unknown, led to the building of fairyland palaces, monstrous mansions, sprawling piles that were willy-nilly to the glory of Mammon and, to be fair, to some houses that were a credit to their architects, adorned their time, and stood the test of later years. One looks at the illustrations in this book with incredulity, with awe, with admiration, with amusement—Venetian drawing rooms, inglenooks worthy of Versailles, raftered billiard rooms, castellated clock towers, and the whole of Harlaxton, which is pure fantasy. "Harlaxton," says Professor Girouard, "has to be seen to be believed; and even when one has seen it, it is not always easy to believe in it. It floats like a vision at the end of its avenue; it rises mysteriously out of the snows or ebullient from the late summer cornfields; it changes from season to season, and light to light. It is a work of genius."

In one notable instance the work was instigated and carried out by the wife, not the husband. (One of the pleasantest rewards of reading *The Victorian Country House* is to be reminded of old friends in other guises. The William de Morgan tiles at Adcote, Carlton Towers, and Greenham Lodge tempt one to pick up *Joseph Vance*, *Alice for Short*, and *The Old Man's Youth* once again.) It warmed my heart to find Professor Girouard almost at the outset introducing Lady Charlotte Guest. She was among the most remarkable of Victorian women, worthy to be mentioned with Florence Nightingale. Indeed her range was wider. Social improvements in Wales, relief work for Turkish women and children, museum collections and treatises, and, above all, *The Mabinogion*. The other things were worthy achievements, but this last was a miracle. How could the daughter of a Lincolnshire earl learn medieval Welsh so consummately as to be able to give the world, in a translation that has never been supplanted, a work that played its part in the Romantic movement and revived interest in chivalry?

Professor Girouard says Lady Charlotte was kept out of polite society because of her mother's second marriage to a drunken clergyman. But it was her own marriage to Sir John Guest, the greatest of Welsh iron-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

masters, that lost her her place in the aristocracy. With her accustomed determination she set about restoring it, one step being to get Barry to remodel Canford Manor. That she succeeded is without question. She always did. When her husband died, she ran his ironworks, then the largest in the world, until his eldest son, one of their ten children, came of age.

The instinct for spacious living ranged through the whole of English society. In today's much reduced circumstances it still does. The Victorian industrial millionaires were conforming to a pattern. I remember a talk I had with E. M. Forster at the time he was writing *Marianne Thornton*, the life of his great-aunt. Her father, Henry Thornton, was a banker. Her home was Battersea Rise, Clapham Common, on the outskirts of London. The family were pious Evangelicals. Wilberforce was a friend and neighbor. Forster made Battersea Rise sound like a good middle-class house. Then in the book comes a shock: "Upstairs there were thirty-four bedrooms." And Bertrand Russell used to relate how on many weekends the servants in a far from ostentatious country house had to carry scuttles of coal and ewers of hot water upstairs to forty bedrooms. But none of this was on the scale of grandeur of Harlaxton or Highclere Castle, and these in turn paled before the splendor of the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Hall in Cheshire. This was the real thing. The duke had fifty indoor servants and forty gardeners for the Hall alone. On the estate "he built 48 farmhouses, 360 cottages, 8 schools, 7 village halls and 3 churches." It is fitting that Professor Girouard starts his book with this "Great Victorian Gentleman," the beau ideal. Not even the riches from bullion, wool, guano, iron, armaments, and biscuits could compete on this scale.

The rise and fall of the Victorian country house was contained within the queen's reign. Richard Crossman said of the Victorian epoch: "It began in the turmoil and confusion of a social revolution, the rise to power of a new class with a new revolutionary philosophy: it ended with all the pomp and panoply of imperial fulfillment. It began in foreboding and it ended in complacency." This has only a veneer of truth. There was little panoply and no pomp in the work of the last generation of Victorian architects. The Victorian

MEDIEVAL WOMAN'S GUIDE TO HEALTH

The First English Gynecological Handbook

With Introduction, Transcription of the Middle English Text, and Modern English Translation by Beryl Rowland

A unique contribution not only to medieval studies but to the history of medicine and women's studies as well. Sloane manuscript 2463, with its detailed instructions for child delivery, its herbal recipes, its rules for the care of the sick, provides new insights into the life of the medieval woman. Illustrated.

Check/Visa/Mastercharge/$15.00

The Kent State University Press
Kent, Ohio 44242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country house had a worthier end than its heyday had threatened. The quieter style of Philip Webb, and to a lesser extent Norman Shaw, culminating in Webb's Standen in Sussex and John Stevenson's Ken Hill in Norfolk, expressed the mood of the time. The rise of industry had led to the fall of agriculture. "Landowning families made haste to move capital out of land into shares, and to send their younger, and even their elder, sons into business." To go less than a decade beyond the book's period: "By 1908, when Asquith became the first English Prime Minister not to own a country estate, England could no longer be said to be ruled from her country houses."

The social tides have swayed further since then. Steen Rasmussen, in his book on London, showed how the capital owed its great squares to the dukes and other nobility who found in the eighteenth century that they must spend part of each year at the seat of government to protect their interests politically. They built large town houses and what can be called small encampments around them, with offices and lodgings for their retainers and stables for their horses. The nineteenth century saw the businessmen moving into the country to gain status. The twentieth is ending with their jettisoning those expensive estates and coming back to the towns and cities to spend their retirement in apartments.

As for the Victorian country houses, the First World War saw the beginning of their end, and the years leading up to the Second World War finished them. "Seldom," Professor Girouard writes, "can so much money and such exhaustive study have produced a group of buildings that, as private houses, became so soon and painfully obsolete. Remarkably few big Victorian country houses are still privately lived in; and it is largely thanks to the English system of private education that so many remain in existence at all."

Bear Wood, the large sprawling "heavyweight" built by the second John Walter, owner of *The Times*, became a seamen's orphanage, and is now Bearwood College. Harlaxton is owned by the University of Evansville. Cragside belongs to the National Trust. Eaton Hall was largely demolished in 1961. A final irony is that—as I write and for some months to come—Rochford Hall in Lincolnshire, designed by William Burn (1789–1870), almost certainly the most prosperous architect of his day, is being used to house an official inquiry into whether the Vale of Belvoir, one of the most famous areas of natural beauty left in England, shall be turned into a vast coalfield to fend off the twenty-first century's fuel famine.

This review has dealt with *The Victorian Country House* as a work of social history. It must end by stressing the book's professional apparatus. There are sections on technology and materials, on heating and plumbing, on styles and services. There are a "Who's Who" of architects, a catalogue of houses, many ground plans, and two comprehensive indexes. For professionals and nonprofessionals alike it is an exemplification of Ruskin's belief, stated in his Edinburgh lectures of 1853, that in the right hands architecture is an interesting and entertaining subject, with power over the heart as well as over the mind.

Ars Longa, Vita Brevis

OUT OF THIS CENTURY: CONFESSIONS OF AN ART ADDICT. *By Peggy Guggenheim. Foreword by Gore Vidal. Introduction by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Universe Books. $17.50.*

Reviewed by SONYA RUDIKOFF

One of the finest pictures by Turner was recently sold at Sotheby Parke Bernet for $6.4 million. Everyone was staggered, even in that unreal and intoxicated world of art auctions: the bidding began at $500,000, and in less than seven minutes it surpassed the previous record of $5.5 million for a Velásquez in 1970 at Christie's. Some time before the sale, the Turner's owner, Mrs. Flora Whitney Miller, spoke of plans to give some of the proceeds (then estimated at more than a million dollars) to the Whitney Museum of American Art, founded by her mother, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. When asked at that time whether the rest would go to charity, the eighty-two-year-old Mrs. Miller replied that she had no charity other than her own children, and she added, "Money is not so easily

SONYA RUDIKOFF writes for various journals and is an advisory editor for the *Hudson Review*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come by these days." The unexpected $6.4 million may complicate her charitable plans, but the quick sale was not achieved easily; a lot of social history was necessary. The Turner had been off the market since 1901, quietly appreciating after its 1917 appraisal of $75,000. Mrs. Whitney had not sold it, however; she had other funds available for the Museum, and art patronage took much less money then. Disturbing thoughts arise: What if Mrs. Whitney had felt she had no charity except for her own family? What if other collectors had felt that way, other founders and benefactors important in the history of American collections—such as Peggy Guggenheim, whose memoirs have just been reissued? What of collectors of the present, of the future?

It could not have been easy to be Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, or to be Peggy Guggenheim, but perhaps it would have been easier then than now. Certainly it would cost far more money now to buy contemporary art, to support indigent artists, to live in France, to buy a palazzo in Venice, to run a gallery, or to do any of the things Peggy Guggenheim reported in the account published shortly before her recent death at the age of eighty-one. The profound change in money's relation to objects absorbed her toward the end of her life. "Painters whose work I had sold with difficulty for six hundred dollars now received twelve thousand," she observed with dismay after being away from the New York art world for twelve years. She could not afford to buy anything she wanted, she did not like most of the art that was being produced, and, in fact, she thought art, as she put it, had "gone to hell as a result of the financial attitude." In spite of that disenchantment, however, she defended her own sponsoring of Abstract Expressionism in the early years: "I fostered it. I do not regret it. It produced Pollock, or rather, Pollock produced it. This alone justifies my efforts." And in a seemingly fatuous but rather endearing, even prescient, conclusion, she announced: "Today is the age of collecting, not of creation. Let us at least preserve and present to the masses all the great treasures we have."

Those painters whose work she had sold with difficulty in the forties and who were re-

The Pennsylvania Edition of

Sister Carrie

Theodore Dreiser

Theodore Dreiser

Neda M. Westlake, general editor;
John C. Berkey and Alice M. Winters, historical editors;
James L. W. West III, textual editor

With the restoration of 36,000 words, Theodore Dreiser's original version of **Sister Carrie** is now available. Dubbed too bleak, too sexually explicit, and too morbid philosophically, the novel was rewritten by Dreiser even before it was submitted to the publisher. No published text has given us his own original words.

The editors of this edition have reinstated cut and censored passages and restored original names. The characters are significantly enlarged. The Pennsylvania edition includes maps, illustrations, historical notes, and a selected textual apparatus for the scholar. In its purified and expanded form, **Sister Carrie** is more tragic and infinitely richer; in effect, it is a new work of art by one of the major American novelists of this century.

$29.95 cloth **672 pages**
$12.95 paper

University of Pennsylvania Press
3933 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceiving twelve thousand in the sixties are now receiving thirty, forty, and fifty thousand, and much more. Whether or not this is really an age of artistic creation is a matter for discussion, but there is no question at all about its being an age of collecting. And whether "the masses" (wonderful phrase!) will or can flock to her Palazzo Venier dei Leoni to see her treasures, the crowds unquestionably assemble everywhere nowadays to see modern art, for which the appetite seems to grow by what it feeds on, with an intensity and on a scale that could hardly have been imagined when Peggy Guggenheim founded her gallery in 1942.

These memoirs, first published in 1946 and 1960 as *Out of This Century* and *Confessions of an Art Addict*, have now been united, reissued with some new material in one volume under the combined titles. The book is certainly a "cultural document," although Peggy Guggenheim was not in any sense a writer. She was able to enumerate, report, and chronicle the events she shared, but not to recreate them or narrate or really describe anything. Some critics have complained that the book doesn't illuminate the art movements whose histories it purports to relate, and that it is equally sketchy in recording its author's innumerable personal involvements. Indeed, the very number of sexual partners mentioned, and the occasions alluded to, seem to have afforded some license for dismissing Peggy Guggenheim's aesthetic choices as no more enduring than her sexual impulses. Aesthetic prurience and tendentious taste proliferate in the comments on the personal life of this admittedly priviledged personage, who was active during a notoriously flamboyant period of our history.

It's not clear who was counting, but surely Peggy Guggenheim's lovers could not have been more numerous than the troupes attached to many other men and women of the twenties or later; nor does she seem to have treated them with any greater heartlessness, indifference, cruelty, or inappropriateness than is characteristic of such alliances. She does not claim to have attempted to seduce anyone in a taxi or a telephone booth—accomplishments claimed by our contemporaries—nor does she seem to have contracted and spread venereal diseases, or succumbed to drink or drugs or criminal activities. If intemperate, she did not stab anyone. Married only twice, a devoted if idiosyncratic wife, she had only two children and was not noisily called to account for support of abandoned spouses or offspring. As a patron she was generous, even if capricious, as patrons often are. She gave Jackson Pollock a monthly income, loaned him money, did the same for many others, bought pictures in lieu of giving money, and continued this pattern from her girlhood on.

Some of the things she spent her money on may now seem to be of frivolous or questionable value. Not everyone will admire the elaborate Calder bed or jewelry (the only woman in the world, she claims, to sleep in such a bed and wear such earrings!), or the six or more Lhasa terriers always around her, or the money spent on various houses in Europe and America, or the companions she supported. People still manage a smirk about her Venetian palace—white, unfinished, a Grand Canal joke, with its large garden, its paintings, its modern decor that amused and horrified the Venetians, and its own gondola, the last one privately owned in Venice. These penchants absorbed her thought and resources as much as did her patronage of art, were part of it, but she was hardly unique even in her caprices.

Nor can everyone admire the art that Peggy Guggenheim fostered and sponsored in her galleries—Guggenheim Jeune and Art of This Century—and as an independent collector. It has become the art of the museums today, but when she first came upon it this art was not universally admired, not even among connoisseurs and modern collectors. Arp, Cocteau, Duchamp, Kandinsky, Moore, Calder, Ernst, Brancusi, Tanguy, Hélion, Giacometti, Pevsner, Léger, Man Ray, Mondrian, Magritte, Chirico, and many others were helped and had their works exhibited and purchased by this cheeky, determined American woman with her available funds and her deliberately outrageous behavior. She also had her follies, and supported some artists whose work never revealed the promise she saw in it, but of course this is one of the risks and not peculiar only to *her* career. Later in her life, the role she played in sponsoring many of the Europeans and her contribution in showing Pollock, Motherwell, Baziotes, and others were minimized in some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

histories of contemporary art and the accounts of its recent ascendancy. She protested this revisionism, a bit humorlessly and petulantly perhaps, but with reason: she was an important force, and due credit should be given her for determination and initiative. The enormous success of modern art and its triumphal conquest of contemporary sensibility may have obscured what was really a long history of indifference undisturbed by the aggressive aesthetic conversion of the media which we know so well by now.

Peggy Guggenheim had advice and her taste was counseled and she persevered. She does not, of course, explain what it was that attracted her to this art, nor can she give a very good theoretical account of it. This might be thought damaging to the whole enterprise, as if her service to art were therefore simply a mindless addiction. The history of collecting offers many examples of obsessions, whether with T'ang horses or Benin heads or Lamerie bowls or Hester Bateman spoons, or enamels, altarpieces, netsukes, laces, armor, or the Nuremberg Chronicles. Collectors are almost by definition passionate addicts less interested in aesthetic experience than in possession of aesthetic objects. If Peggy Guggenheim had collected French wood madonnas or Sienese paintings, however, there would be less of the slightly amused condescension that so often accompanies her name, because the explicit canonical evaluation of orthodox artifacts is itself the justification for collecting them. Even the substantial palpability of the Guggenheim Museum (which she called "my uncle's garage") validates the collection it houses. With far less money, Peggy Guggenheim put together a collection of great historical significance and aesthetic value and installed it in an original, even provocative, setting. She could have done it differently, could have become a facsimile Venetian in a palazzo full of ancient artifacts, forever seeking the tone of time.

Far less money—? Was she not a Guggenheim, an heiress if not of all the ages then at least of that fabled mining wealth, one of the great American fortunes? A Guggenheim she was, but one of the poorer ones. Her father, who lost his life on the *Titanic* (although his mistress survived), had severed business connections with his brothers, and had squandered his own fortune, so his daughters and

Reconnaissances
Rodney Needham

A sequel to Needham's *Primordial Characters*, the reconnaissances of this book are ventures in the deep analysis of the unconscious as testified to by world ethnography. In analysing imagery, comparison by analogy, and the elementary classification of sovereign powers, the author finds remarkable similarities among very different cultures. $10.00 cloth, $4.00 paper

The French Fictional Journal
Fictional Narcissism/Narcissistic Fiction
Valerie Raoul

In this theoretical study of the French diary-novel, the author discusses more than fifty novels or short stories, wholly or partly in diary form, written in France between 1800 and the present. Raoul deals with the fictivity of the diary-novel, analyses the internal communication model wherein the fictional diarist is narrator, actor, and narratee, and develops an abstract model to illustrate the fictional journal as a bi-textual form of communication. $12.50

Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*
A Literary Commentary
D.J. Conacher

This introductory study provides an overview of the main structure and theme of the play and detailed commentary on its various parts. Professor Conacher considers the degree of dramatic development to be discerned throughout the action of the play, discusses the fragmentary evidence for a Prometheus trilogy, and assesses scholarly opinion regarding the nature of Zeus as represented in *Prometheus Bound*. $15.00 cloth, $6.00 paper

University of Toronto Press
33 East Tupper Street, Buffalo, NY 14203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wife did not inherit what they might have anticipated. An inheritance of $450,000 was not then insignificant, but it was not equivalent to the magnificence of the Seligmans and Guggenheims which the young Peggy was brought up to believe would be hers. She lived well enough, of course; travel, cars, houses, furs, jewelry, animals, extravagant gestures, and all the rest were her life. But behind her were traditions of extreme luxury, which alone could cushion the eccentricity that characterized her innumerable relatives—the uncle who ate charcoal, the aunt who was an incurable soprano and gambler, the uncle who gave away fur coats, the others with their money and obsessions. It was not, according to her report, a happy childhood: lonely, sad, tormented, she was not at all helped by having a mother who was a Seligman. (Even in our own day, the identifying phrase "His [her] mother was a Seligman" can still be heard, although the spell is of limited, or at least unpredictable, efficacy.)

The Seligman mother provided the occasion for a Guggenheim family joke which contributes one of the few really amusing stories in a book not distinguished for its charm or vivacity. Apparently, when the young woman who was to be Peggy's mother became engaged to Benjamin Guggenheim, the Seligmans considered this something of a mésalliance. To attest to the propriety and desirability of the match, they cabled their relatives abroad, "Florette engaged Guggenheim smelter." Like many such cables, it was garbled, and thus the Seligmans in Europe were succinctly assured that "Guggenheim smelt her"! Not many of the other stories quite come up to that one, especially those that report "unconventional" behavior or "original" notions. Peggy's mother was devoted and generous, but strange; the father was handsome and distant, but adored; the three sisters were beautiful, their youth and young womanhood spent in luxury and privilege, their yearnings unarticulated. There were the tapestries, the Louis Seize parlor, the red velvet paneled walls, French maids, dinner parties, servants, the tea parties for "the most boring ladies of the haute Jewish bourgeoisie," the electric brougham, tea at Rumpelmayer's, Deal and Elberon, the Jacoby School, the St. Regis, the tea dances, the uncles with their houses copied from the Petit Trianon, and so on. Old photographs show the young Peggy in 1912 in a hobble-skirted dress, in 1913 with a little dog, in 1915 with a ribbon across her forehead, in a graduating-class picture in which all the young women have that wonderful look of the period. Later there are Egyptian and other glimpses of Laurence Vail, whom she married in 1922; there is Peggy herself in a Poiret cloth-of-gold dress and a headdress by Vera Stravinsky; there are her children, Pegeen and Sindbad, photographed by Berenice Abbott (another recipient of her generosity), and numerous pictures of herself with Tanguy, with her dogs in the Calder bed, in a gondola, on a throne, pictures of Ernst, Kiesler, Herbert Read, Beckett, Arp, Mondrian, and others, ending with some taken at her eightieth birthday party and herself in a close-up.

"My childhood was excessively unhappy. I have no pleasant memories of any kind. It seems to me now that it was one long protracted agony." Curiously, despite that characterization, the passages on her early years are poignant and touching, perhaps because anyone's early years have a certain inevitable tone when recounted once again, and *on a toujours eu une enfance quoi que l'on soit devenue.* The description and re-creation need not even be terribly skilled; the story almost writes itself. A more specific individuation of later choices and alliances and involvements can less easily be conveyed by statement; they require a reseeing, a perspective, a voice. So, unfortunately, the love affairs, the terrible tempestuous fights, the trips and searches and new ventures, the pursuit of art and freedom and experience are all much less evocatively vivid. The women friends whom Peggy Guggenheim cherished do not live in her pages. The adored father and sister, the men whom she loved do not speak out to us from her reports of them. Their attraction and enchantment remain only as recorded. Photographs can add to the written record but do not substitute for the re-creation; they don't explain or present or make us share the feelings. We look at those photographs with an eye different from those who took or sat for them, and then we wonder, why was she so enchanted with this man, that woman? Did she have the experience but miss the meaning? Or is it only that she can't convey the meaning? How can anyone know? The art

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that enchanted her remains after the enchantment faded, after the one it enchanted is gone, but her record of her experience does not preserve those experiences in the same way.

Pictures Without an Exhibition

THE DEMOCRATIC ART: PICTURES FOR A 19TH-CENTURY AMERICA. *By Peter C. Marzio. Godine. $50.*

Reviewed by JAMES KAUFMANN

Louis Prang, perhaps the best of the many chromolithographers who worked in the United States in the late nineteenth century, actively sought both commercial success and cultural approval for his medium. His attempts to advance the cultural status of the chromolithograph, or "chromo," were not uniformly successful, however, as a letter from an art critic named Russell Sturgis to Prang, dated 11 November 1867, shows. "I should not be willing to hang up any American chromolithograph that I have seen," said Sturgis,

> for, seeking to give color, it does not give it well. . . . I do not deny that your chromos are capable of doing good, by leading people slowly on to better things. But they will do this good only as people find out that there may be better things. If people believe that these chromos are as good as original paintings, & that, as they stand, they are in themselves pictures of great merit, more harm will come of your labors than good.

Sturgis's letter states clearly the complaints most frequently leveled against the chromolithograph: that chromos were merely inferior imitations of "real" art; that the middle class, which had bought chromos by the tens of thousands, had better understand that they were really seeing only the shadows on the wall of Plato's cave, nothing more; and that there were many more steps on the ladder to Culture with a capital C. Prang did say that "the people were on my side," and so they

JAMES KAUFMANN is a Jerome Foundation Fellow in the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa.

Into the Dark
Hannah Arendt and Totalitarianism
Stephen J. Whitfield

This book is an exploration of Hannah Arendt's theory of totalitarianism, its roots in contemporary European political thought, and its consequences in the context of American culture and experience. ". . . the most intellectually exciting book I've read in years."
—Dwight Macdonald
". . . thoughtful, informative, and fair-minded."
—Irving Howe

338 pp. November
ISBN 0-87722-188-X
$18.95

Temple University Press
Broad & Oxford Streets • Philadelphia 19122

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were—chromolithography was big business—but his lofty artistic aspirations were generally scorned by the cultural elite, who had a vested interest in keeping the "mass" arts and the "true" arts separate but unequal.

Until roughly the last decade and a half, most art historians shared views similar to those held by Sturgis and John Ruskin, who believed for the better part of his life that most chromos should be burned. Consequently, little research and study has been devoted to chromos. The failure of art historians to study demotic arts such as chromolithography goes beyond simple cultural elitism, however. It is, above all, practical for researchers to assign value to a select few works of "fine" art and to ignore mass-produced art. Instead of having to study, say, twenty-five thousand chromolithographs, one can devote a book to twenty-five paintings—an arrangement that eases serious problems of time and space in scholarship.

Today chromolithography might seem so obscure as to be unworthy of serious attention, but, as Peter Marzio shows us in *The Democratic Art*, "the opposite is true."

> Billions of pictures were chromolithographed in nineteenth century America ... the mass-produced color lithograph waved unchallenged as the flag of popular culture.... It was at the core of American life.

Chromolithography was first of all a profit-oriented enterprise. Beyond the balance sheet, however, great claims were made for the cultural enrichment derived from chromos that reproduced works of art. Marzio focuses on the chromolithographs that copied fine art, usually oil paintings, and that were framed and hung on living-room walls. All the while, of course, Marzio is aware that chromos were used for a variety of other purposes, most of which were specifically commercial: cards, posters, and advertisements.

But what interests Marzio is not so much the advertising of goods as the advertising of culture. For Marzio, the "most compelling aspect" of his study is the faith in fine art held by the buyers and sellers of chromos, their "belief in the power of art to enrich the life of anyone." Given our color printing technology, color photography, and color film and television, we may wonder how our nineteenth-century ancestors could be satisfied with these shabby reproductions of lush paintings.

Well, one hundred years ago there were no college art history courses, few museums or art galleries, no television shows about "the Masters," and few monographs on class artists. If you lived, say, in Omaha or Minneapolis in 1860, you had precious few encounters with what was generally understood to be original fine art. Your only chance for seeing or possessing "Art" was to buy chromos that reproduced the works of such artists as Thomas Moran, John James Audubon, A. F. Tait, Winslow Homer, and William Harnett.

And take the chance people did—by the tens of thousands. Lithography as a whole grew from a half-million-dollar business that employed less than a thousand people in 1860, to a twenty-million-dollar industry that provided work for eight thousand people in 1890. While chromolithography was a subspecies of lithography, its growth no doubt paralleled that of the entire industry. Concurrent with the increase—this era was when the "Graphic Revolution" hit high gear, according to Daniel Boorstin in *The Image*—was the rise of popular education in the form of the public school movement and the Chautauqua circuit. The latter half of the nineteenth century in America (and England) saw a middle class devoted to self-improvement, interested in the acquisition of cultural trim, a middle class that thought it important either to be or to seem more than it actually was. Chromos fit neatly into this cultural scenario. Rockwell prints, posters of van Gogh's *Sunflowers*, museum postcards, and the like fill a similar, if less desperate, need today.

The Democratic Art answers the "where," "how," "when," and "who" questions of chromolithography better than it answers the "why." Chapter by chapter, we meet the publishers of chromolithographs, see reproductions of their better selling chromos (the plates are beautifully done in this book, and the book as a whole is typical of the high-quality standards of Godine), read short biographical sketches of the finer artists of the chromo, and, in chapter five ("Tools, Techniques, and Tariffs") find an extremely clear account of how chromolithographs were made.

Chapter five, which is replete with all the nuts and bolts of the manufacture of chromos,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows how very thorough Marzio has been in his research. We are told where lithographic stones came from, how big they were, how they were stored, how many were ordered. We learn about the different types of presses. We read of the multiple inkings of stones, and the difficulties of image registration. We learn where the ink was made, by whom, and so on. More questions are answered in *The Democratic Art* than one would ever think of asking.

In other chapters, we learn of such masters of the chromo as Louis Prang, Currier and Ives, and F. R. Strobridge, to name but a few. Marzio even reproduces their price lists, letters to customers, and so forth. *The Democratic Art* is an extraordinarily thorough survey that will serve its medium much as Beaumont Newhall's *The History of Photography* has served photography—as an obligatory point of departure for future researchers.

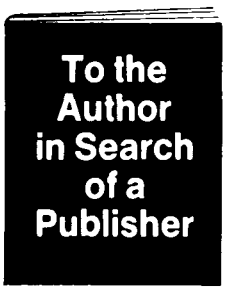
The Democratic Art is an unusual book, because Marzio anticipates almost all the questions one might have about the chromo, and answers them in simple, direct prose. Why, exactly, people felt the need to buy chromos, why they felt the need to advertise their cultural awareness during the period of 1840–1900 (or now, for that matter) is not as easily answered. Marzio's stab at solving it is as good as any, I think. "Putting myself in our forebears' shoes," he says,

> when I look at a chromo I see a colorful image through a public window. I see an attitude toward fine art that is articulated with a naive enthusiasm. I see a valiant attempt both to learn about art and to spread its ineffable benefits as wide and as deep as possible.

Given that art's benefits are "ineffable," it is hard to know what effect chromolithographs of fine art, let alone the "thing itself," had on viewers in the nineteenth century. But, as Marzio observes, a reproduction of a work of art should not be judged on its relationship with the original. "It must be judged," writes Marzio, "by what it *does*." If only a fraction of those who put chromos on the walls of their houses were moved to make art more intimate in their lives, as people today seem moved to buy novels after seeing them televised, then the chromolithograph is indeed worth more of our attention, just as Peter Marzio believes.

LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?

You are invited to send for a free illustrated guidebook which explains how your book can be published, promoted and marketed. Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized, (even controversial) this handsome 40-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.



Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. **For your free copy, write to: VANTAGE PRESS, Inc. Dept. F-71 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001**

FREUD TEACHES PSYCHOTHERAPY

Richard D. Chessick, M.D., Ph.D.

• Professor of Psychiatry, Northwestern University Medical School • Senior Attending Psychiatrist, Evanston Hospital

A unique and practical exploration of Freud's genius as it applies to current challenges in psychotherapy. Includes a valuable 29-page bibliography.

". . . a significant contribution to the teaching of psychotherapy at a very timely moment. Most recent writing in the field has been 'fast food' franchise manuals. This is a gourmet treatise by comparison."
—JOHN B. SCOFIELD, M.D.

"The clinical material is fascinating and some of the chapters, such as that on narcissism, are the best summaries I have seen anywhere."
—FRANKLIN M. WALKER, M.D.,
Chairman of Residents' Training,
Department of Psychiatry,
Indiana University School of Medicine

$25.00 clothbound

To order send check, money order or cash to:

Hackett Publishing Company, Inc.
P.O. Box 55573 Indianapolis, IN 46205

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SYMPOSIUM

The Center for Great Plains Studies will host its sixth interdisciplinary symposium, March 18–20, 1982. The symposium will organize the discussion of the plains into three major categories:

1) physical & geographic conditions
2) social, political, & historical constructs
3) imaginative ordering & reconstructions

The symposium committee asks interested scholars to submit, by July 1, 1981, 150–200 word abstracts of proposals for papers from which the committee will organize interdisciplinary sessions.

Scholars whose proposals are accepted will be provided direct travel and three-days' Lincoln lodging expenses through the University of Nebraska–Lincoln. Selected papers will be published in a special edition of *Great Plains Quarterly.*

Proposals should be sent by July 1, 1981, to:

Professor Frances W. Kaye
Department of English, Andrews Hall
University of Nebraska–Lincoln
Lincoln, Nebraska 68588

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation (Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR: 2. Date of Filing, October 15, 1980; 3. Frequency, Quarterly—March, June, October, December; 4. Office of Publication, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor: Publisher, The United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009; Editor, Joseph Epstein, 649 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois 60202.

7. Owner: The United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009; No Stockholders.

8. Known Bondholders, Mortgages, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None.

10. The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status or Federal income tax purposes have not changed during preceding 12 months.

11. Extent and Nature of Circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual No. of Copies Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	33,531	34,151
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	525	525 to date
2. Mail Subscriptions	26,578	26,300
C. Total Paid Circulation	27,103	26,825
D. Free Distribution By Mail, Carrier or Other Means Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	1,248	1,248
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	28,351	28,073
F. Copies Not Distributed		
1. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	5,085	6,078
2. Returns From News Agent	95	None to date
G. Total (Sum of E&F—should equal net press run shown in A)	33,531	34,151

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
Kenneth M. Greene

SANTAYANA AND KEATS
by
Elkin Calhoun Wilson

This essay reveals affinities between the philosopher and the poet. Douglas Bush, Gurney Professor of English, Emeritus, at Harvard University, has called it "excellent."

Printed for the author by the Commercial Printing Co., Birmingham, Alabama

Order from
Smith and Hardwick Bookstore
406 North 20th Street
Birmingham, Alabama 35203

Softbound, 50 pp. **$4.00**
(Add sixty cents for postage and handling.)

NOVELS
by J. Inchardi
$11 each

Lines On The Death Of A Fisherman
Three Jews In A Tub
Dreamship
Yurros
A Paper Toy
Intercurse
Jehovah Mafioso
Saturn Maru

Order by mail from
Sirius Books, P. O. Box 177
Freeport, Maine 04032

GEORGE GISSING

A Symposium

A three-day symposium devoted to the Victorian novelist, George Gissing, will take place in his native town, Wakefield, in Yorkshire, September 4–6, 1981. This event, which is sponsored by the Gissing Trust, will include a tour of Gissing sites in Wakefield and its vicinity led by Clifford Brook, and lectures by Pierre Coustillas, Peter Keating, Jacob Korg, Philip Collins, John Halperin, and Gillian Tindall. For further information, write to: Ros Stinton, 368 Springvale Road, Sheffield, S10 1LN, England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY COLLEGES FAIL

Administrators cite declining enrollment and rising costs as the reasons so many colleges are in trouble today. Former professor Alston Chase charges that the most serious problems, however, are *within* the ivied walls.

Colleges are offering too many options to too many people. Today's "sexy" courses and inflated grades lead to declining standards, over-crowded dormitories, inadequate libraries, and low morale among faculty and students alike. Chase's urgent, brilliantly reasoned call for reform outlines what can be done to save our colleges—and why their lives may depend on it.

"A shrewd and original book, a devastating indictment of the abdication of responsibility by the supposed leaders of higher education in America." —Jay Neugeboren

"Quirky, spirited, provocative and original. Combining the insights of an educator, the concerns of a parent, and the feelings of a student, this book tries to explain why our colleges and universities are now in such trouble and what can be done about it." —*Publishers Weekly*

GROUP MEMORY

a guide to college and student survival in the 1980s

ALSTON CHASE

$12.95

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SALMAGUNDI has established an indispensable position in American intellectual life."
—Christopher Lasch, 1975

Salmagundi

#50, Fall 1980, 300 pages
15th anniversary issue

ART & INTELLECT IN AMERICA

GEORGE STEINER	Archives of Eden
SUSAN SONTAG	Art in America
CHRISTOPHER LASCH	Historical Thinking
LESLIE FIEDLER	Death & Rebirth in Fiction
CYNTHIA OZICK	An American Dilemma
STANLEY KAUFFMANN	Film & Theatre
LARRY NACHMAN	Ideology in Social Science
MARTIN POPS	American Dance
JOHN LUKACS	The Bureaucratic Mind

other contributions by Ronald Paulson, Gerald Graff, Alan Spiegel, Henry Pachter, Charles Molesworth, Robert Garis, Dwight Macdonald, etc.
new poems by Belitt, Penn Warren, Nemerov, Snodgrass, Glück, etc.
new stories by Borges

**SPECIAL 15TH ANNIVERSARY-YEAR OFFER:

subscribe for five years (20 issues) at $20.
That's $20. for 20 issues with a combined bookstore price of $70. Also available: two years (8 issues) at $10.
Enclose check with name & address & mail to:

SALMAGUNDI/ A S /Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED